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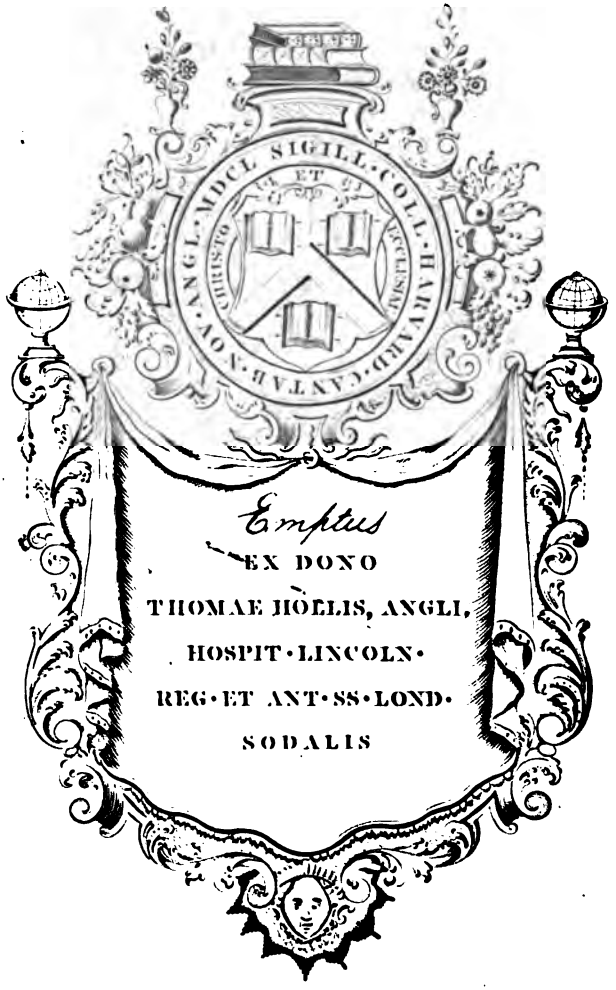


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THE

# MONTHLY REVIEW,

FROM

SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER INCLUSIVE.

1842.

VOL. III.

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## NOTICE TO READERS, PUBLISHERS, AND AUTHORS.

Besides a very considerable list of books, which we had hoped to review at length or to notice briefly in our December publication, but which must stand over till next month, so many are arriving, that the January number will be enlarged, in order to accommodate such a host, without, however, any increase in price. Other features of improvement will hereafter distinguish the *Monthly Review*, appropriately commmencing with a fresh volume and the New Year.

THE

# MONTHLY REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1842.

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ART. I.—*The Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton, with Notices of his Life, &c.* 2 vols. Cambridge.

THOMAS CHATTERTON, whose precocious genius and tragical end have rendered him an object of much interest and speculation, was born at Bristol on the 20th November, 1752. His ancestry moved in humble life; for a hundred and fifty years having held the office of sexton of St. Mary Redcliffe; his uncle being the last that filled it. His father appears to have been to some extent a *character;* and among sundry pursuits to his liking, he latterly was master of a free-school in Pyle-street. He died several months before his extraordinary son saw the light; leaving a widow and a little daughter. The poor woman, of course, had to struggle for a maintenance, which she did by keeping a small day-school and by the needle.

Of Chatterton's earliest years there appears to be no extraordinary record, unless we except his supposed dulness. At five he was put to the school of which his father had been master; but was shortly sent back to his mother, on account of his incapacity; and it was some time before she could teach him the alphabet. At length he "fell in love," to use her precise words, with the illuminated letters of an old French musical manuscript. His father had been a member of the cathedral choir, and therefore may be supposed musically inclined, just as he was magically. Young Chatterton's attention to the illuminated manuscript was coeval with his beginning to learn his letters; and what is hardly less remarkable, and perhaps was indicative of his future bent,—his reading made its progress from an old black-letter Bible. Nor did this take place without a development of literary taste and ardour.

"At eight years of age," says a neighbour who was much in the house, "he was so eager for books, that he read from the moment he waked, which was early, until he went to bed, if they would let him." And the dreams of ambition were already commenced. A manufacturer promised to make the children a present of some earthen-ware—a cup or plaything that might

gratify a child: he asked the boy what device should be inscribed on his. "Paint me," replied the future creator of Rowley, "paint me an angel, with wings and a trumpet, *to trumpet my name over the world.*" This anecdote rests upon credible authority, that of his sister.

The sister also thus expresses herself:

"My brother," writes the same relation, in her expressive letter to Sir Herbert Croft, "very early discovered a thirst for pre-eminence. I remember, before he was five years old, he would always preside over his playmates as their master, and they his hired servants. He was dull in learning, not knowing many letters at four years old, and always objected to read in a small book. He learnt the alphabet from an old folio music-book of my father's, my mother was then tearing up for waste paper: the capitals at the beginning of the verses I assisted in teaching him. I recollect nothing remarkable till he went into the school, which was in his eighth year, excepting his promising my mother and me a deal of finery when he grew up, as a reward of her care.

But there were other symptoms and of a melancholy temperament about him:

He grew reserved and thoughtful. He was silent and gloomy for long intervals together, speaking to no one, and appearing angry when noticed or disturbed. He would break out into sudden fits of weeping, for which no reason could be assigned; would shut himself up in some chamber, and suffer no one to approach him, nor allow himself to be enticed from his seclusion. Often he would go the length of absenting himself from home altogether, for the space, sometimes, of many hours; and his sister remembered his being most severely chastised for a long absence; at which he did not, however, shed one tear, but merely said "it was hard indeed to be whipped for reading."

Not unfrequently a search was instituted. His mother's house was close to the fine structure of St. Mary Redcliffe, and they well knew that the boy's favourite haunts were the aisles and towers of that noble pile. And there they would find the truant, seated generally by the tomb of Canynge, or lodged in one of the towers, reading sometimes, or—what if thus early imagining Rowley? Stealing away in this manner, he would constantly awaken the solicitude of his friends, to whom his little eccentricities were already the source of much uneasiness.

When eight years old, Chatterton was admitted into a charity-school, where the scholars were boarded and clothed, as well as instructed in reading English, writing, and casting accounts. But the rules of the foundation, and, no doubt, its charitable character, did not agree with the spirit of the young genius; and he declared that he here could not learn so much as he did at home, "for he had not books enough." Still, he remained for several years, and was noted for his arithmetical talent. The small amount of pocket-money which was allowed him by his mother, he spent at the circulating library; reading, it would appear, and as was natural for one so greedy and yet undirected, everything that came to hand, but dis-

playing a passion for antiquities, especially heraldry. As regarded his social disposition, he is said to have made few acquaintances among his school-fellows, and only with those of a thoughtful disposition.

It is not clearly ascertained when he first began to write verses; though undoubtedly it was while but a boy. It is remarkable, however, that when of an age at which something lightsome, or that might attract immediate attention, would be likely to occupy a boy, Thomas was eagerly engaged in some business, mysterious to all about him; the inference being now that he was preparing for the Rowley poems.

In the house in which Mrs. Chatterton resided—a poor back tenement, dismally situated in a kind of court, behind a row of somewhat better houses that fronted the street—there was a small garret which had been used as a lumber-room. Of this apartment Chatterton possessed himself: he kept the key, and suffered no one, if he could help it, to have access to it. In it were deposited all his papers and parchments, and a variety of other articles, for which his relations found no other terms than "rubbish" and "litter."

From twelve to seven, each Saturday, he was always at home, returning punctually a few minutes after the clock had struck, to get to his little room and shut himself up. In this room he always had by him a great piece of ochre in a brown pan, pounce-bags full of charcoal-dust, which he had from a Miss Sanger, a neighbour; also a bottle of black-lead powder, which they once took to clean the stove with, and made him very angry. Every holiday almost he passed at home; and often, having been denied the key when he wanted it (because they thought he hurt his health and made himself dirty), he would come to Mrs. Edkins, and kiss her cheek, and coax her to get it for him, using the most persuasive expressions to effect his end; so that this eagerness of his to be in this room so much alone, the apparatus, the parchments (for he was not then indentured to Mr. Lambert,) both plain as well as written on, and the begrimed figure he always presented when he came down at tea-time, his face exibiting many stains of black and yellow—all these circumstances began to alarm them; and when she could get into his room, she would be very inquisitive, and peep about at every thing. Once he put his foot on a parchment, on the floor, to prevent her from taking it up; saying, "You are too curious and clear-sighted—I wish you would bide out of the room: it is my room." To this she answered by telling him, it was only a general lumber room, and that she wanted some parchment to make thread-papers of: but he was offended, and would not permit her to touch any of them, not even those that were not written on; but at last with a voice of entreaty, said, "Pray don't touch any thing here," and seemed very anxious to get her away: and this increased her fears lest he should be doing something improper, knowing his want of money and ambition to appear like others. At last they got a strange idea that these colours were to colour himself; and that, perhaps, he would join some gipsies, one day or other, as he seemed so discontented with his station in life, and unhappy.

It is not of course certainly known which of the Rowley pieces

was first fabricated; although the probability is that in the case of an author who was so fertile, ingenious, and industrious as the young poet of Bristol, they were composed as occasion required or tempted. The production that was earliest in the field was a genealogical account, called the Burgum Pedigree, of the family of a pewterer in Bristol, of the name of Burgum, a vain body and ready to be duped. For this Chatterton received five shillings; a reward which must have fed his vanity, and served to induce him to make another experiment, and which might be regarded as a supplement to the heraldic tree. In this he flattered the pewterer not only with a descent from noble families, but an alliance with a poet; and to complete the deception and crown the effort, he produced "The Romaunte of the Cnyghte" as written by John De Bergham.

This poem Chatterton had transcribed in all its genuine orthography; and, the better to elucidate its beauties, as Mr. Burgum was unskilled in Gothic lore, he accompanied it with a modernized version, by *himself*. "To give you," says he to the pewterer, "an idea of the poetry of the age, take the following piece, wrote by him (John de Bergham), about 1320." This was not all; he adds a list of some of the works of which this said ancestor was the author. "This John was one of the greatest ornaments of the age in which he lived. He wrote several books, and translated some of the Iliad, under the title *Romance of Troy;* which possibly may be the book alluded to in the following French memoire: 'Un Lyvre ke parle de quartee principal gestes, et de Charles; the romaunce Titus et Vespasian, le romaunce de Agyres, le romaunce de Marchaunce, le romaunce de Edmund et Agoland, le Riband par Monsieur Iscannus, le romaunce de Tibbot de Arable, le romaunce de Troys,' &c." He brought likewise the De Bergham arms "laboriously painted" on parchment. In this second portion of the pedigree, the "account" is carried down to the reign of Charles the Second; and there, as the pewterer was not unlikely to know something of his ancestry—it being only removed by a period of a hundred years—Chatterton very wisely stopped.

At the age of fourteen, Thomas was articled, as an apprentice, to Mr. John Lambert, an attorney at Bristol. Here he was treated as a clerk in a very humble capacity. The trustees of the charity-school paid the apprentice fee. These were circumstances which are understood to have irritated the morbidly proud temperament of the lad; and most likely the stated number of hours he was obliged to spend in the attorney's office, whether employed or not,—seeing that he was thereby prevented, excepting a short space each day, from pursuing his secret occupation in his own room,—was a subject of disgust. Nevertheless, he is represented as having been a faithful apprentice, and in regard to general conduct, no way exceptionable.

There was very little business transacted in Lambert's office; and, with the exception of two or three hours, Chatterton had the whole day to himself. He was kept sufficiently strict, however; being sent to the office every morning at eight o'clock, where he remained, omitting the sixty minutes allotted for din-

ner, till the clock stood at the same hour in the evening. He was then at liberty till ten o'clock, at which time the family went to bed. When in the house, which was distinct from the office, he was confined to the kitchen; he slept with the foot-boy, and was subjected to other indignities of a like nature. His pride, which always characterized him, took offence at this mortifying treatment, and he became gloomy and sullen, exhibiting frequent fits of ill-temper.

Lambert, indeed, was a vulgar, insolent, imperious man; who, because the boy wrote poetry, was of a melancholy and contemplative disposition, and disposed to study and reading, thought him a fit object of insult and contemptuous usage. Yet, notwithstanding, he bears the highest testimony to the worth of Chatterton, to his regularity in his profession, his punctual attendance on all the duties required of him, and admits that he once only had occasion to correct him. And then Chatterton must needs satirize the head-master of the school he had just left, a Mr. Warner, in an anonymous letter, written in very abusive terms, but which the handwriting, only partially disguised, and the texture of the paper, being the same as that used in the office, brought home to the real culprit. On this occasion he struck him a few blows.

Chatterton was a good apprentice. There are still extant in his handwriting a folio book of law-forms and precedents; containing three hundred and thirty-four closely written pages; also thirty-six pages in another book of the same kind. In the noting-book are thirty-six notarial acts, besides many notices and letters transcribed in the ordinary book. These were done independently of his regular duties. At night, punctually as the clock struck ten, he would be at Mr. Lambert's door. "We saw him," his sister writes, "most evenings before nine; and he would in general stay to the limits of his time, which was ten. He was seldom two evenings together without seeing us." The time also which was at his command, when he neglected to visit his friends, was generally spent in solitary rambles. Mr. Lambert says that he never knew him in bad company, or suspected him of any inclination thereto.

The two hours a day and the Sundays, which Chatterton had for his own favourite pursuits, did not constitute all the time which he devoted to them. His sister's account shows that much of the night was spent by him awake and in study. They heard him frequently say that "he found he studied best towards the full of the moon, and would sit up all night and write by moonlight." He also would seldom eat animal food; "not, like Byron, for fear of getting fat, but like Shelley, because he supposed it to impair the intellect." We are also told that he never tasted strong liquors; but lived "upon a tart only, and a crust of bread and a draught of pure spring water." "Sometimes his mother would tempt him, when he paid her a visit, with the offer of a hot meal; to which he would reply, that 'he had a work in hand, and must not make himself more stupid than God had made him.'" But even the leisure amid the dull routine of the attorney's office was not likely, by such an aspiring and enthusiastic youth, to be wasted apart from the dreams and the *work in hand* which are identified with the name of Chatterton.

There was in Lambert's office-library, among a heap of law-books possessing

little interest to Chatterton, an old copy of Camden's Britannia. From a bookseller of Bristol he obtained, as a loan, an edition of Speight's Chaucer, which everybody knows to be in black letter; and for his own use compiled from the scanty glossary which is appended to that work a counter-glossary, having for its arrangement, in something like alphabetical order, so as to be easy of reference, the words in *modern* English, with the word corresponding to each in the antiquated diction of Chaucer. The books, however, from which he derived most assistance, were the English Dictionaries of Kersey and Bailey; from which it has been incontestably proved that nearly the whole of the obsolete words employed in the Rowley poems were obtained: He had access also to the old library at Bristol, in which were to be consulted such works as Holinshed's Chronicles, Geoffry of Monmouth, and Fuller's Church History.

Chatterton was now prepared as well as inclined to practice his deceptions upon a wider scale, and wiser heads than the pewterer presented. In the year 1768, when a new bridge was completed at Bristol, there appeared in *Farley's Bristol Journal*, from a correspondent signing himself "Dunhelmus Bristolensis," a "description of the Mayor's first passing over the old bridge, taken from an old manuscript." At the office of the journal no one could tell who sent the contribution or who had discovered the alleged original. On the appearance of a second paper, however, Chatterton was recognised as the correspondent, and was instantly besieged by the Bristolian antiquaries, who never suspected the trick, in order to have a sight and an account of the original; accompanying their application with threats, although they were at last obliged to be satisfied with the story, that it had been found among manuscripts belonging to his father, which had been taken from a chest in Redcliffe church. We must add some particulars with regard to this muniment-coffer.

In the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, which was founded or rebuilt by W. Canynge, an eminent merchant of Bristol, in the reign of Edward IV., there is a room in which were deposited six or seven chests, one of which was called Mr. Canynge's coffer. This chest had formerly been secured by six keys, entrusted to different persons; but in process of time the keys were lost; and when, about 1727, a notion prevailed that the chest contained some title-deeds, an order was made for its examination by an attorney and the locks were broken open. The deeds found in it were taken away; but a number of other manuscripts were left exposed to casual depredation. Many of them were carried off; but the father of Chatterton, his relationship to the sexton affording particular opportunities, was insatiable in his plunder, and removed baskets full of parchments; of which, however, he made no better use than as covers to books. Young Chatterton has been said, soon after the commencement of his clerkship, to have been accidentally struck with one of these parchments, converted into his mother's thread-paper, and on

inquiry, to have obtained a remaining hoard of them yet unused. Whatever was the fact of his first knowledge of them, it is probable that he early formed the design of converting the circumstance into a system of literary forgery.

Every attempt of the kind had hitherto encouraged the youth; and still farther to flatter him, Mr. Calcott, the partner of the pewterer Burgum, and a person of some literary curiosity, calls upon Thomas, to learn something more about the contents of the old chest.

With this gentleman our friend is disposed to be somewhat communicative. He gives him a copy of the Bristowe Tragedy, Rowley's Epitaph upon Canynge's Ancestor, and other smaller pieces. In a few days afterwards, he gives him the Yellow Roll. About this period, Mr. Barrett, a surgeon of Bristol, and a man of great respectability, has undertaken to publish a history of Bristol, and is anxiously collecting materials for that work. His friends, eager to procure him intelligence, fail not to apprize him of the treasure of ancient poems and other manuscripts relative to Bristol, which have been discovered in the oaken repository in Redcliffe church. Mr. Calcott hastens, specimens in hand, to his study. The poems are examined, pronounced authentic, and Chatterton is introduced to the believing historian; whom he immediately supplies, not only with poems, but with materials of the utmost value for his own work. It is Mr. Barrett's purpose to collect information on the subject of the churches and public edifices of Bristol. Chatterton undertakes to examine the papers of Rowley for that purpose; and in a few days brings him a true and particular account of the *ancient* churches of Bristol, which formerly occupied the sites of the existing structures. The historian entertains no doubt of the authenticity of the document; rewards his young friend with a sum of money; and Chatterton, more elated than ever, goes off to coin his brains afresh, and invent, not only churches, but castles, and even palaces.

And from time to time does he furnish Mr. Barrett with similar documents, of such magnitude, moreover, that as he does not hesitate to publish them, they occupy no inconsiderable portion of his large quarto volume, a work otherwise of considerable value and research. Besides, Mr. Barrett's book was the means of extending Chatterton's fame, so as to feed his propensity. His constitutional temperament continued also to develop itself more fully; leading people to think that he was going mad. "For days together, he would hardly utter a word; he would enter and quit his master's house without deigning to address a single individual." However, his studies extended as well as his ambition; medicine and Latin coming in for a share of his time, for a short period. In December of 1768, he wrote anonymously to Dodsley, intimating that the writer could procure a variety of productions, "wrote by one Rowley, a priest of Bristol, who lived in the reigns of Henry the Sixth and Edward the Fourth," and offering to transmit copies. In the February following Chatterton wrote in more direct and explicit

terms, saying that he had had an opportunity of perusing a tragedy called Ella, of which he not only pronounced a high opinion, but furnished a specimen. He required a guinea for a copy, alleging that the possessor absolutely refused giving one, "unless I give him a guinea for a consideration." But Dodsley does not appear to have paid any such heed to these letters as amounted to a money return.

Chatterton next made a bolder attempt, addressing Horace Walpole. The letter is dated March, and runs thus:—"Sir,—being versed a little in antiquities, I have met with several curious manuscripts, among which the following may be of service to you in any future edition of your truly entertaining *Anecdotes of Painting*. In correcting the mistakes (if any) in the notes, you will greatly oblige your most humble servant, Thomas Chatterton."

The *curious manuscripts* consisted of a pretended History of Painting in Great Britain, going back to its alleged introduction in the time of Hengist, whose heraldic bearings and those of the period were also described. There were also added some notes, and a poem of a certain priest, "who was inducted in 1786." Walpole's skill was sufficient to lead him to suspect the heraldry of the story; but he sent a polite reply, intimating that he was ignorant of the Saxon language, yet willing to receive more specimens, and that he might even be induced to further the publication of Rowley's poems. Chatterton was emboldened, and supplied Walpole with not merely a variety of specimens, but with an account of his condition, and a hint about patronage. The specimens were submitted to Gray and Mason, who pronounced them fabrications. Walpole now wrote to Chatterton more guardedly and coolly, tendering some good advice; but delaying to return the manuscripts.

About the same time the poet, among other wayward notions, bethought himself of becoming a Methodist preacher, although he had grown sceptical in a religious sense. He also gave heed to his satirical powers, and bred himself sundry enemies. Bristol and the attorneyship had become altogether distasteful to him; and as he had already been a contributor to several London periodicals, he at last determined to try his fortune in the metropolis, as a literary adventurer. How he arranged matters with his master, it is needless to inquire; but with some pecuniary assistance by his friends he reached, on the 26th April, 1770, the grand sphere of his ambitious hopes. A few days after his arrival he wrote to his mother in the following sanguine terms:

I am settled, and in such a settlement as I would desire. I get four guineas a month by one magazine: shall engage to write a history of England and other pieces, which will more than double that sum. Occasional essays for the daily papers would more than support me. What a glorious prospect! Mr. Wilkes knew me by my writings since I first corresponded with the booksellers here. I shall visit him next week, and by his interest will insure Mrs.

Balance the Trinity House. He affirmed, that what Mr. Fell had of mine could not be the writings of a youth; and expressed a desire to see the author. By the means of another bookseller I shall be introduced to Townsend and Sawbridge. I am quite familiar at the Chapter Coffee House, and know all the geniuses there. A character is now unnecessary; an author carries his character in his pen. My sister will improve herself in drawing. My grandmother is, I hope, well. Bristol's mercenary walls were never destined to hold me—there I was out of my element; now I am in it—London. Good God! how superior is London to that despicable place Bristol. Here is none of your little meannesses, none of your mercenary securities, which disgrace that miserable hamlet. Dress, which is in Bristol an eternal fund of scandal, is here only introduced as a subject of taste: if a man dresses well he has taste; if careless, he has his own reasons for so doing, and is prudent. Need I remind you of the contrast? The poverty of authors is a common observation, but not always a true one. No author can be poor who understands the arts of booksellers. Without this necessary knowledge, the greatest genius may starve; and with it, the greatest dunce live in splendour. This knowledge I have pretty well dipped into.

Again, and a few dates later:

Matters go on swimmingly. Mr. Fell having offended certain persons, they have set his creditors upon him, and he is safe in the King's Bench. I have been bettered by this accident; his successors in the *Freeholder's Magazine* knowing nothing of the matter, will be glad to engage me on my own terms. Mr. Edmunds has been tried before the House of Lords, sentenced to pay a fine, and thrown into Newgate. His misfortunes will be to me of no little service. Last week, being in the pit of Drury Lane Theatre, I contracted an immediate acquaintance (which you know is no hard task to me) with a young gentleman in Cheapside, partner in a music shop, the greatest in the City. Hearing I could write, he desired me to write a few songs for him. This I did the same night, and conveyed them to him the next morning. These he shewed to a doctor in music; and I am invited to treat with this doctor, on the footing of a composer, for Ranelagh, and the Gardens. Bravo! hey boys, up we go! Besides the advantage of visiting these expensive and polite places gratis, my vanity will be fed with the sight of my name in copper-plate, and my sister will receive a bundle of printed songs, the words by her brother. These are not all my acquisitions: a gentleman, who knew me at the Chapter as an author, would have introduced me to the young Duke of Northumberland, in his intended general tour. But, alas! I spake no tongue but my own.

And again on the 30th May:

My present profession obliges me to frequent places of the best resort. To begin with what every female conversation begins with, dress: I employ my money in fitting myself fashionably and getting into good company; this last article always brings me in interest. But I have engaged to live with a gentleman, the brother of a lord, (a Scotch one indeed,) who is going to advance pretty deeply into the bookselling branches. I shall have lodging and boarding, genteel and elegant, gratis: this article, in the quarter of the town he

lives, with worse accommodations, would be fifty pounds per annum. I shall have likewise no inconsiderable premium, and assure yourself every month shall end to your advantage. I will send you two silks this summer; and expect in answer to this, what colours you prefer. My mother shall not be forgotten. My employment shall be writing a voluminous history of London; to appear in numbers, the beginning of the next winter. As this will not, like writing political essays, oblige me to go to the coffee-house, I shall be able to serve you the more by it; but it will necessitate me to go to Oxford, Cambridge, Lincoln, Coventry, and every collegiate church near; not at all disagreeable journies, and not to me expensive. The manuscript glossary I mentioned in my last, must not be omitted. If money flowed as fast upon me as honours, I would give you a portion of 5,000*l*. You have, doubtless, heard of the Lord Mayor's remonstrating and addressing the King; but it will be a piece of news to inform you that I have been with the Lord Mayor on the occasion. Having addressed an essay to his lordship, it was very well received, perhaps better than it deserved; and I waited on his lordship to have his approbation to address a second letter to him, on the subject of the remonstrance and his reception. His lordship received me as politely as a citizen could; and warmly invited me to call on him again. The rest is a secret. But the devil of the matter is, there is no money to be got on this side of the question. Interest is on the other side. But he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides. I believe I may be introduced (and if I am not, I'll introduce myself) to a ruling power in the court party.

This last letter also says that "I might have a recommendation to Sir George Colebrook, an East India Director, as qualified for an office no ways despicable; but I shall not take a step to the sea whilst I can continue on land." Now, not to speak of the sort of insane hopefulness and boastings in these letters, this last mentioned statement about the *sea* and *land*, looks very like desperate circumstances. The fact is, as is proved by Chatterton's uniform asseverations about the Rowley poems, his word was unworthy of reliance. Allowance may be made for his imaginary castles, and even for his enthusiasm becoming the dupe of his own fabrications. But still, it must be from other sources that certainty is to be attained relative to his condition and doings from the moment he arrived in London. Hear how he writes about a month before committing suicide, and after he had removed to Mrs. Angel's, a dress-maker in Brook-street, Holborn:

"20th July, 1770.

"I am now about an oratorio, which, when finished, will purchase you a gown. You may be certain of seeing me before the 1st Jan., 1771. The clearance is immaterial. My mother may expect more patterns. Almost all the next *Town and Country Magazine* is mine. I have an universal acquaintance; my company is courted everywhere, and, could I humble myself to go into a compter, could have had twenty places before now: but I must be among the great; state matters suit me better than commercial. The ladies are not out of

my acquaintance. I have a deal of business now, and must therefore bid you adieu. You will have a longer letter from me soon, and more to the purpose.

Yours, T. C."

If there was not gross invention in this account, in order to gull the people of Bristol and give them a most extravagant notion of his importance, there was a delusion bordering on the dreams of a madman. Most likely there was a mixture of the two elements,—of deception and of the distortions to which a diseased imagination had so habitually lent itself, as that these became like a second nature to him. That at the very time he thus wrote, his hands were full of work, there is no question. The ascertained fact is that he contributed to most newspapers and magazines of the day; and fearlessly, without any apparent diffidence, not only writing on both sides of party questions, but composing, with unexampled rapidity, tales in prose, and pieces of poetry in all its styles and departments,—the sentimental, the satirical, and the lyrical. He even essayed the drama, and had a burlesque burletta, which was set to music and performed at Marylebone Gardens. For this production, "The Revenge," he is said to have received five guineas.

It is unknown what were the receipts from his combined exertions. However, it is certain that they were not merely precarious, but inadequate to his wants. He was even so driven, that he contemplated taking the situation of a surgeon's mate to the African coast, and which must have involved the relinquishment of his grand literary dreams. Still, he appears to have used every endeavour to screen the extent and even the existence of his privations. It is believed that he had moved from one lodging to Mrs. Angel's on this account; and now starvation stared him in the face. An apothecary in Brook-street informed Mr. Warton, that while Chatterton lived in the neighbourhood, he frequently called at the shop, and was repeatedly pressed to dine or sup with him in vain. One evening, however, human frailty so far prevailed over his dignity or pride, as to tempt him to partake of the regale of a barrel of oysters, when he was observed to eat most voraciously. A barber's wife in the same neighbourhood afforded ample testimony, both as to his poverty and his pride. She reported that "Mrs. Angel told her, after his death, that on the 24th of August, as she knew he had not eaten anything for two or three days, she begged he would take some dinner with her; but he was offended at her expressions, which seemed to hint he was in want, and assured her he was not hungry." In these desperate circumstances, his mind, uncorrected it is to be feared by religious principles, reverted to what he had accustomed himself to regard as a last resource. As appears by the coroner's inquest, he swallowed arsenic in water, on the 24th of August, 1770, and died in consequence thereof the next day. He was buried in a shell, in the

burying-ground of Shoe-lane workhouse. Whatever unfinished pieces he might have, he had cautiously destroyed; and his room, when broken open, was found covered with little scraps of paper.

Thus perished the poetic prodigy of Bristol, when three months short of eighteen years of age. He was a miracle in sundry respects. Not only was his precocity marvellous; but his confidence, ambition, and pride knew no bounds. "It is my pride, my damned, native, unconquerable pride," he says on one occasion, "that plunges me into distraction. You must know that 19-20ths of my composition is pride." And then his industry, the number and variety of his productions, would have been accounted sufficient for a writer and poet who had reached a good old age; not to speak of the circumstances under which they grew into bulk and beauty, but allowing the advantages of time, ease, education, and support to have attended the author.

The Works and the Life of Chatterton have given rise to more of speculation and controversy, than almost any other literary subject of a purely English nature. It is now, however, admitted by all competent judges, that the most wonderful of his productions were pertinaciously attributed by him to a purely fictitious character, placed in the fifteenth century. The internal evidence alone sets the question at rest. But we must go farther into it.

Rowley's poems consist of pieces of all the principal classes of poetical composition,—tragedies, lyric and heroic poems, pastorals, epistles, ballads, &c. Many of them abound in sublimity and beauty, and display wonderful powers of imagination and facility of composition; yet there is also much of the common-place flatness and extravagance, that might be expected from a juvenile writer, whose fertility was greater than his judgment, and who had fed his mind upon stores collected with more avidity than choice. The spelling is designedly uncouth; and strange words are copiously besprinkled, which good judges say were never the diction of any one age of English literature, but are culled from glossaries. There is no doubt that these peculiarities have thrown a veil over the defects of the poems, and have aggrandized their beauties, by referring the imagination, even of those who were disbelievers of their genuineness, to a remote age, when they would have been really wonders. That an unknown writer of the 15th century should, in productions never heard of, but made to be locked in a chest, so far surpass the taste and attainments of his age, as to unite pieces of uniform correctness, free from all vulgarity, requiring nothing but a change of spelling to become harmonious to a modern ear, and even containing measures peculiar to the present age of English poetry, has been pronounced a moral impossibility; while, that such could be produced by a boy of fifteen, is marvellous, and must perpetuate the name of Chatterton among those of the most remarkable examples of premature genius.

Whether, had Chatterton lived to the maturity of his faculties, he would have risen to, so as to maintain, the very first rank of English poetry, has been a point for speculation. The high promise of youth is not always fulfilled in riper years. Besides, the fabricator of Rowley's poems appears to have been of a too volatile disposition to have allowed him steadily to cultivate his imagination, or to pursue perfection in any one walk; even had his mental powers never have been perverted or exhausted by disease.

The poems of Chatterton may be divided into two great classes, those ascribed to Rowley, and those which he avowed to be his own. But here an extraordinary difference appears; for the former are vastly superior to the latter in poetical power and diction. And yet this difference may be accounted for, and has been done, in the following way:—he produced the antiquated poems by throwing the whole powers and energies of his extraordinary talents towards the acquisition of an obsolete language and peculiar style, necessary to support a deep-laid deception. Having acquired the due skill in ancient lore for the execution of his project, he had to create the character and history of one who could properly make use of the language and style so acquired. And now, relying on the strength of his own genius, and in a direction of his own choice, he went like a giant, conscious of his potency, to work; stimulated by his favourite ambition of imposing upon the literary world.

On the other hand, in his modern poems, which are chiefly satirical, or amatory, he engaged in a style of composition to which he had not prepared himself by a due course of time, or a fond partiality. As Rowley, he had put forth his whole strength, and exerted himself to the utmost to describe scenes of antique splendour which had captivated his imagination; but when he wrote in his own character he was cramped by being under the necessity of avoiding every thought, subject, and mode of expression, however dear to him, which could tend to identify the style of Chatterton with that of Rowley. Besides, and even with all his energies and imagination, he appears, from the habit of writing as a fictitious personage, and in a strangely obsolete dialect, to have in some degree formed a character for his supposed Rowley, superior to what he was capable of maintaining in his own person, and when the real took the place of the ideal.

It has also been justly remarked that nothing can be more extraordinary than the delight which Chatterton appears to have experienced, in executing his numberless and multifarious impositions. Indeed, it may be said, that the art and avidity with which the stripling poet seized every opportunity to deceive the credulous, was the predominant quality which elucidates his character. And how skilful was he at literary and even artistic deception; being alike an imitator of style, of MSS., and of drawings! His ruling passion was not the vanity of a poet, but the stoical pride of talent, which took its

nourishment in the contemplation of superiority over the dupes who were gulled by him.

With regard to the precise order of genius which characterized Chatterton, or the peculiar merit of his works, it is not easy, it would not be safe, to speak in any positive or particular terms. That he was a poet, many of whose productions vie in original merit with pieces long acknowledged to be sterling and standard, no one can deny. He is often like a master, both in the beautiful and the sublime. His satire was less happy, and was personal and abusive, rather than essential. But even his earliest productions, and such as were acknowledged to be his own, are extraordinary things. One of these which is said to have been written about the age of eleven, bears ample testimony to the premature powers of the author. The piece which we refer to is a hymn for Christmas-day; a few of its verses must convince any reader that the boy's premature powers were almost miraculous.

Almighty Father of the skies,
O let our pure devotion rise
Like incense in thy sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable shade,
The texture of our souls were made,
Till thy command gave light.

The sun of glory gleamed the ray,
Refined the darkness into day,
And bid the vapours fly;
Impelled by His eternal love,
He left his palaces above,
To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate the day,
When God appeared in mortal clay,
The mark of worldly scorn,—
When the Archangel's heavenly lays
Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
And hailed Salvation's morn?

A humble form the Godhead wore;
The pains of poverty he bore,
To gaudy pomp unknown:
Though in a human walk he trod,
Still was the man Almighty God,
In glory all his own.

Despised, oppressed, the Godhead bears
The torments of this vale of tears,
Nor bid his vengeance rise;
He saw the creatures he had made
Revile his powers, his peace invade,
He saw with mercy's eyes.

It is true that Chatterton has been exalted by his admirers beyond measure, and made to be a precocious Shakspeare. On the other hand he has been degraded to the capacity of a mere puerile imitator. But surely this latter judgment is greatly more that of a person who is steeled to every charitable and generous sentiment, than of him who is alive to the inspirations, although frequently the erratic lights, of an untaught boy. We admit that there was much that was crude, unshapen, and trifling, in Thomas's effusions, real as well as fabricatory; but not to speak of the wonder of his forgeries, in the circumstances under which they were produced, there ought to be great allowance made in respect of a dreadful disease, which does not seem to have been altogether invoked by his own wilful and perverse course; seeing that there was constitutional madness in the family, which rendered it necessary to submit even his sister to restraint, and which also re-appeared in her son. To this dreadful disease it has been remarked, much that seemed vicious, and much that was irreconcileable in his character, is to be attributed. To what other indeed, but disease, can we point for a solution of his alternate fits of melancholy and bursts of high spirits, of which the strange paper, entitled his *will*, gave strong manifestations; presenting a mixture of levity, of bitter satire, and natural despair? Indeed, the extravagant hopes which marked his arrival in London, and the circumstance of the suicide which suddenly closed his feverish career, all announce, as says a writer in the Edinburgh Review, that irregular ambition and impatience of the natural progress of society, which indicate an inflamed imagination and a precarious judgment.

Again, with regard to the moral character of Chatterton,—we do not find anything conclusive to impugn him for profligate debauchery. On the contrary, he seems to have been exemplary as a son, also for temperance, and a sense of dignity, worthy of himself. It is admitted even by his eulogists, and also by his extenuators, that his literary fabrications were departures from virtue, and which at best must be set down to the internal satisfaction of imposing upon the world, or the obstinacy of maintaining an assertion which had been hastily made. Still, all this was done at the sacrifice not only of a poetical reputation, justly due, but at the yet more important dereliction of truth and rectitude. At the same time, we do not see that it is just to visit upon him the sentence of guilt, as if the forgery had been of a pecuniary nature by bill or bond. He derived

no money-advantage from his fraud,—he cannot be said to have injured the fame of any one, unless we except the fabrication of facts connected with the antiquities of Bristol, so as to vitiate the historical value and veracity of Barrett's book. There was something of ingratitude in this, as well as of deliberate and injurious falsification. In a word, when on this branch of the subject, we may pronounce the prodigy of Bristol to have cherished no high or even ordinary standard of morality.

Three particulars remain to be noticed in our rather desultory remarks. First, with regard to Chatterton's prose pieces, it has to be said, that they never would have deservedly brought him into notice. When satirical, they were coarse and poor; when pretended translations from Saxon, they were ungenial imitations of Ossian, and utterly incongruous with the style of the language which they affected to represent.

Again, as regards his hardships and the neglect that has been thought to have blighted him,—especially Walpole's conduct, there was not more to be said for the youth than belongs to his inexperience, extravagant notions, and impatience. The author of the "Anecdotes of Painting" has very properly replied, that Chatterton could not appear to him in any other light than that of a young man, disgusted with his proper profession, and attempting to obtain his notice by passing a forgery on him. Whatever was the merit of the pieces, as he himself imputed them to another, they implied no singular abilities in him.

Once more,—the person and manners of the poet-boy of Bristol are said to have been as precocious as his genius; being stately and manly beyond his years. He had "a proud air;" and while both his grey eyes were piercingly bright, one was more remarkable than the other: it was "a kind of hawk's eye," so that a person "could see his soul through it." His manners were exceedingly prepossessing when he pleased; but he seems ever to have borne himself as a conscious and acknowledged superior; and could not only be haughty, but must have been repulsive to tamer and more judicious persons.

It remains only that we speak of the editions of Chatterton's works. In 1777, were published in one volume 8vo, "Poems supposed to have been written at Bristol, by Thomas Rowley, and others, in the fifteenth century; the greatest part now first published from the most authentic copies, with an engraved specimen of one of the MSS., to which are added, a Preface, an Introductory Account of the several pieces, and a Glossary." And in 1778, were published in one volume, 8vo, "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse, by Thomas Chatterton, the supposed author of the Poems published under the names of Rowley, &c."

The Bristol prodigy and his works gave rise to a protracted controversy among critics and antiquaries. The Poems published in 1777

were republished in 1778, with an "Appendix, containing some observations upon the language of the poems attributed to Rowley; tending to prove that they were written not by any ancient author, but entirely by Thomas Chatterton." Mr. Warton, in the third volume of the History of English Poetry, espoused the same side of the question. On the other hand, there have appeared "Observations" upon these poems, "in which their antiquity is ascertained," by Jacob Bryant, Esq., 1781, 8vo.; and another edition of the "Poems, with a Commentary, in which their antiquity is considered and defended," by Jeremiah Milles, D.D., Dean of Exeter, 1782, 4to.

A subscription edition, for the benefit of Mrs. Newton, Chatterton's sister, was announced in 1799; but for want of encouragement the publication was postponed till 1803, when it came forth under the joint editorship of Messrs. Southey and Cottle, with the Life of the Poet prefixed, by G. Gregory, D.D., which had appeared in Kippins's edition of the Biographia Britannica.

Over this last-mentioned and respectable edition, which is in three vols. octavo, the present appears to us to have no other claim, than that of being in a more compact shape, and at a more accessible price. It contains, we are bound also to state, a readable and sensible Life of the Poet, a History of the Rowley Controversy, a Selection of his Letters, and Notes Critical and Explanatory. We have not, however, confined ourselves to the Cambridge edition, but wandered at will; and accordingly close with Campbell's elegant, amiable, and discriminating account of Chatterton, in the "Specimens of the British Poets." We throw the extract, as it deserves, into our larger type.

"When we conceive," says Mr. C., "the inspired boy transporting himself in imagination, back to the days of his fictitious Rowley, embodying his ideal character, and giving to airy nothing a 'local habitation and a name,' we may forget the impostor in the enthusiast, and forgive the falsehood of his reverie for its beauty and ingenuity. One of his companions has described the air of rapture and inspiration with which he used to repeat his passages of Rowley, and the delight which he took to contemplate the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, while it awoke the associations of antiquity in his romantic mind. There was one spot in particular, full in view of the church, where he would often lay himself down, and fix his eyes, as it were, in a trance. On Sundays, as long as daylight lasted, he would walk alone in the country around Bristol, taking drawings of churches, or other objects that struck his imagination.

"During the few months of his existence in London, his letters to his mother and sister, which were always accompanied with presents, expressed the most joyous anticipations. But suddenly all the flush of his gay hopes and busy projects terminated in despair. The particular causes which led to his catastrophe, have not been distinctly traced. His own descriptions of his prospects were but little to be

trusted; for while apparently exchanging but shadowy visions of Rowley, for the real adventures of life, he was still moving under the spell of an imagination that saw everything in exaggerated colours. Out of this dream he was at length awakened, when he found that he had miscalculated the chances of patronage or the profits of literary labours.

"The heart which can peruse the fate of Chatterton without being moved, is little to be envied for its tranquillity: but the intellects of those men must be as deficient as their hearts are uncharitable, who, confounding all shades of moral distinction, have ranked his literary fiction of Rowley in the same class of crimes with pecuniary forgery; and have calculated that if he had not died by his own hand, he would have probably ended his days upon a gallows. This disgusting sentence has been pronounced upon a youth who was exemplary for sincere, strong temperance, and natural affection. His Rowley forgery must indeed be pronounced improper by the general law which condemns all falsification of history; but it deprives no man of his fame; it had no sacrilegious interference with the memory of departed genius; it had not, like Lauder's imposture, any malignant motive, to rob a party or a country, of a name, which was its pride and ornament.

"Setting aside the opinion of those uncharitable biographers, whose imaginations have conducted him to the gibbet, it may be owned that his unformed character exhibited strong and conflicting elements of good and evil. Even the momentary project of the infidel boy to become a methodist preacher, betrays an obliquity of design, and a contempt of human credulity, that is not very creditable. But had he been spared, his pride and ambition would have come to flow in their proper channels; his understanding would have taught him the practical value of truth and the dignity of virtue, and he would have despised artifice, when he had felt the strength and security of wisdom. In estimating the promises of his genius, I would rather lean to the utmost enthusiasm of his admirers, than to the cold opinion of those who are afraid of being blinded to the defects of the poems attributed to Rowley, by the veil of absolute phraseology which is thrown over them.

"The inequality of Chatterton's various productions may be compared to the disproportions of the ungrown giant. His works had nothing of the definite neatness of that precocious talent, which stops short in early maturity. His thirst for knowledge was that of a being taught by instinct, to lay up materials for the exercise of great and undeveloped powers. Even in his favourite maxim, pushed it might be to a hyperbole, that a man, by abstinence and perseverance, might accomplish whatever he pleased, may be traced the indications of a genius, which nature had meant to achieve works of immortality. Tasso alone can be compared to him as a juvenile prodigy. No English poet ever equalled him at the same age."

ART. II.—*Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay*, Vol IV. Colburn.

WE should not have thought of making another volume by itself, of the Burney papers, the subject of an article, had there been anything like a pressure of new books at this season. But the state of the market and the period of the year, afford an excuse for returning to a still unfinished publication, which will, in spite of its egotism, affected sensibilities, and wiredrawn conversations, present something almost in every page, that is an antidote to dulness, as well as suggestive of passages of history, biography, and domestic concerns which one has a wish to have recalled and vivified by a clever pen; although it can hardly be understood how every word and movement have been so minutely and clearly set down, unless the Diarist be supposed to have constantly held pen in hand, or with great painstaking entered at her leisure into the numberless details of her recollections; dressing and disposing of them as she best might. As usual, it will be found that she herself, her sufferings, sympathies, tender alarms, and *oppressed* humility are always prominent, unless when the subject or event positively prevents intrusion. Accordingly, without impugning the prolix stories on the score of accuracy, or going the length of saying that the writer retouched till the picture in regard to fidelity was vitiated, we may allow that the never-absent importance of the lady, and the watchful sense of conscious but *painful* observance, were the basis of truth and a sufficient guarantee for essential correctness.

In the present portion of the Diary, as no doubt there will be in every succeeding instalment, there occur characters, scenes, and events, which the author of "Cecilia" knew how to render piquant in spite of prolixity, and transparent although elaborated in discourse. One of the most important matters in the volume is the trial of Warren Hastings, of which ample notices are given; Miss Burney having been a frequent and an anxious attendant. We cite her sketch of the opening scene of the impeachment:—

We got to Westminster Hall between nine and ten o'clock; and, as I know my dear Susan, like myself, was never at any trial, I will give some account of the place and arrangements; and whether the description be new to her or old, my partial Fredy will not blame it. The Grand Chamberlain's box is in the centre of the upper end of the Hall: there we sat, Miss Gomme and myself, immediately behind the chair placed for Sir Peter Burrell. To the left, on the same level, were the green benches for the House of Commons, which occupied a third of the upper end of the Hall, and the whole of the left side: to the right of us, on the same level, was the Grand Chamberlain's gallery. The left side of the Hall opposite to the green benches for the Commons, was appropriated to the Peeresses and Peers' daughters. The bottom of the Hall contained the Royal Family's box and the Lord High Steward's, above which

was a large gallery appointed for receiving company with Peers' tickets. A gallery also was run along the left side of the Hall, above the green benches, which is called the Duke of Newcastle's box, the centre of which was railed off into a separate apartment for the reception of the Queen and four eldest Princesses, who were then *incog.*, not choosing to appear in state, and in their own box. Along the right side of the Hall ran another gallery, over the seats of the Princesses, and this was divided into boxes for various people; the Lord Chamberlain, (not the *Great* Chamberlain,) the Surveyor, the Architect, &c. So much for all the raised buildings; now for the disposition of the Hall itself, or ground. In the middle was placed a large table, and at the head of it the seat for the Chancellor, and round it seats for the Judges, the Masters in Chancery, the Clerks, and all who belonged to the Law; the upper end, and the right side of the room, was allotted to the Peers in their robes; the left side to the Bishops and Archbishops. Immediately below the Great Chamberlain's box was the place allotted for the Prisoner. On his right side was a box for his own Counsel, on his left the box for the Managers, or Committee, for the Prosecution; and these three most important of all the divisions in the Hall were all directly adjoining to where I was seated. Almost the moment I entered I was spoken to by a lady I did not recollect, but found afterwards to be Lady Claremont; and this proved very agreeable, for she took Sir Peter's place, and said she would occupy it till he claimed it; and then, when just before me, she named to me all the order of the buildings, and all the company, pointing out every distinguished person, and most obligingly desiring me to ask her any questions I wanted to have solved, as she knew, she said, all those creatures that filled the green benches, looking so little like gentlemen, and so much like hair-dressers. These were the Commons. In truth, she did the honours of the Hall to me with as much good nature and good breeding as if I had been a foreigner of distinction, to whom she had dedicated her time and attention. My acquaintance with her had been made formerly at Mrs. Vesey's. The business did not begin till near twelve o'clock. The opening to the whole then took place, by the entrance of the *Managers of the Prosecution;* all the company were already long in their boxes or galleries; I shuddered, and drew involuntarily back, when, as the doors were flung open, I saw Mr. Burke, as head of the Committee, make his solemn entry. He held a scroll in his hand, and walked alone, his brow knit with corroding care, and deep labouring thought; a brow, how different to that which had proved so alluring to my warmest admiration, when first I met him! so highly as he had been my favourite, so captivating as I had found his manners and conversation, in our first acquaintance, and so much as I had owed to his zeal and kindness to me and my affairs in his progress! How did I grieve to behold him now the cruel persecutor (such which he appeared) of an injured and innocent man.

We pass to a livelier subject, and introduce a character that is entirely new in the Burney papers. Certainly there have been few writers who with such lengthy prose and such quantity of little discourse, have so distinctly brought out their people.

While I was surrounded with band-boxes, and unpacking, Dr. Shepherd was announced. Eager to make his compliments on the safe return, he forced a passage through the back avenues and stairs, for he told me he did not like

being seen coming to me at the front door, as it might create some jealousies amongst the other Canons! A very commendable circumspection! but whether for my sake or his own he did not particularize. M. de Lalande, he said, the famous astronomer, was just arrived in England, and now at Windsor, and he had expressed a desire to be introduced to me. Well, while he was talking this over, and I was wondering and evading, entered Mr. Turbulent. What a surprise at sight of the reverend Canon! The reverend Canon, also, was interrupted and confused, fearing, possibly, the high honour he did me might now transpire amongst his brethren, notwithstanding his generous efforts to spare them its knowledge. Mr. Turbulent, who looked big with heroics, was quite provoked to see he had no chance of giving them vent. They each outstayed the patience of the other, and at last both went off together. Some hours after, however, while I was dressing, the Canon returned. I could not admit him, and bid Goter tell him at the door I was not visible. He desired he might wait until I was ready, as he had business of importance. I would not let him into the next room, but said he might stay in the eating-parlour. When I was dressed I sent Goter to bring him in. She came back, grinning and colouring: she had not found him, she said, but only Mrs. Schwellenberg, who was there alone, and had called her in to know what she wanted. She answered she came to see for a gentleman. "There's no gentleman," she cried, "to come into my parlour! it is not permit. When he comes I will have it locked up." O, ho, my poor careful Canon! thought I. However, soon after a tap again at my door introduced him. He said he had been waiting below in the passage, as he saw Madame Schwellenberg in the parlour, and did not care to have her know him; but his business was to settle bringing M. de Lalande to see me in the evening. I told him I was much honoured, and so forth, but that I received no evening company, as I was officially engaged. He had made the appointment, he said, and could not break it without affronting him; besides, he gave me to understand it would be an honour to me for ever to be visited by so great an astronomer. I agreed as to that, and was forced, moreover, to agree to all the rest, no resource remaining. I mentioned to her Majesty the state of the case. She thought the Canon very officious, and disapproved the arrangement, but saw it was unavoidable. But when the dinner came I was asked by the *présidente*, "What for send you gentlemen to my parlour?" "I was dressing, ma'am, and could not possibly receive company in mine, and thought the other empty." "Empty or full is the same! I won't have it. I will lock up the room when it is done so. No, no, I won't have no gentlemen here; it is not permit, particklere when they won't not speak to me!" I then heard that "a large man, what you call," had entered that sacred domain, and seeing there a lady, had quitted it "bob short!" I immediately explained all that had passed, for I had no other way to save myself from an imputation of favouring the visits and indiscretion of this most gallant Canon. "Vell, when he comes so often he might like you. For what won't you not marry him?" This was coming to the point, and so seriously, I found myself obliged to be serious in answer, to avoid misconstruction, and to assure her, that were he Archbishop of Canterbury, and actually at my feet, I would not become archbishopess. "Vell, you been right when you don't not like him; I don't not like the men neither: not one from them!" So this settled us very amicably till tea time, and in the midst of that, with a room full of people, I was called out by Westerhaults to Dr. Shepherd!

Mrs. Schwellenberg herself actually *te-he'd* at this, and I could not possibly help laughing myself, but I hurried into the next room, where I found him with his friend, M. de Lalande. What a reception awaited me! how unexpected a one from a famed and great astronomer! M. de Lalande advanced to meet me—I will not be quite positive it was on tiptoe, but certainly with a mixture of jerk and strut that could not be quite flat-footed. He kissed his hand with the air of a *petit-maître*, and then broke forth into such an harangue of elogies, so solemn with regard to its own weight and importance, and so *fade* with respect to the little personage addressed, that I could not help thinking it lucky for the planets, stars, and sun, they were not bound to hear his comments, though obliged to undergo his calculations. On my part, sundry profound reverences, with now and then an "*O monsieur!*" or "*c'est trop d'honneur,*" acquitted me so well, that the first harangue being finished, on the score of general and grand reputation, *Eloge* the second began, on the excellency with which "*cette celèbre demoiselle*" spoke French! This may surprise you, my dear friends; but you must consider M. de Lalande is a great *discoverer*. Well, but had you seen Dr. Shepherd! he looked lost in sleek delight and wonder, that a person to whom he had introduced M. de Lalande should be an object for such fine speeches. This gentleman's figure, meanwhile, corresponds no better with his discourse than his scientific profession, for he is an ugly little wrinkled old man, with a fine showy waistcoat, rich lace ruffles, and the grimaces of a dentist. I believe he chose to display that a Frenchman of science could be also a man of gallantry. I was seated between them, but the good doctor made no greater interruption to the florid professor than I did myself: he only grinned applause, with placid, but ineffable satisfaction. Nothing therefore intervening, *Eloge the third* followed, after a pause no longer than might be necessary for due admiration of Eloge the second. This had for *sujet* the fair female sex; how the ladies were now all improved; how they could write and read, and spell; how a man now-a-days might talk with them and be understood, and how delightful it was to see such pretty creatures turn rational! And all this, of course, interspersed with particular observations and most pointed applications: nor was there in the whole string of compliments which made up the three *bouquets*, one single one amongst them that might have disgraced any *petit maître* to utter, or any *petite maîtresse* to hear. The third being ended, a rather long pause ensued. I believe he was dry, but I offered him no tea. I would not voluntarily be accessory to detaining such great personages from higher avocations. I wished him next to go and study the stars: from the moon he seemed so lately arrived there was little occasion for another journey. I flatter myself he was of the same opinion, for the fourth eloge was all upon his unhappiness in tearing himself away from so much merit, and ended in as many bows as had accompanied his entrance. I suppose, in going, he said, with a shrug, to the canon, "*M. le Docteur, c'est bien gênant, mais il faut dire des jolies choses aux dames!*" He was going the next day to see Dr. Maskelyne's observatory. Well! I have had him first in mine; I was obliged on my return to the tea-room to undergo much dull raillery from my fair companion, and much of wonder that "since the Canon had such good preferment" I did not "marry him at once," for he "would not come so often if he did not want it.

The formalities of palace-life cannot often admit of variety or exciting relief, if there be not a Burney to take notes. Courtly

restraint must impose monotony and dulness, to which the very highest in the land seems to be fully as much subjected as her ordinary tirewoman or even the lowliest of her pages. Hearts are sealed, and personal liberty greatly abridged. What indeed but the smallest of talk, sheer artificialities, jealousies, and intrigue, can one imagine to be the staple of thought in the atmosphere? How glad must the Diarist have been to escape to some out-door scene,—how welcome in one sense a trial in Westminster! Still, she was not without occasions of excitement within the precincts of royalty. There was at least a member of the household whom she designates by the homely name of *Fairly*, that was a fit, welcome, and willing associate. But deeper and more awakening still,—there were passages in the history of the family which she served, that had much of a tragic interest, and which form the theme of a large portion of this volume: we allude to the mind diseased of the king, and a multitude of domestic anxieties and circumstances connected with that alarming illness, which have never before been so particularly stated and touchingly combined. Without further preface we proceed to give as ample extracts of Miss Burney's record as we can make room for.

In October his Majesty's manner gave indications that puzzled and alarmed those around him. Speaking of the 25th, the Diarist says, "I had a sort of conference with his Majesty, or rather was the object to whom he spoke, with a manner so uncommon, that a higher fever alone could account for it; a rapidity, a hoarseness of voice, a volubility, an earnestness—a vehemence rather—it startled me inexpressibly; yet with a graciousness exceeding even all I ever met with before—it was almost kindness! Heaven—Heaven preserve him." Reference is next made to the Queen's uneasiness, and also to her command over herself. On the Sunday following, the King was prevailed upon not to go to chapel; and had another conversation with the Diarist upon his own health; when he again had all the manner which belongs to a fever. "He hardly sleeps, he tells me, one minute all night." "He is all agitation, all emotion, yet all benevolence and goodness, even to a degree that makes it touching to hear him speak. He assures everybody of his health; he seems only fearful to give uneasiness to others." "Nobody speaks of his illness, nor what they think of it."

The record for November 1st says that "Our King does not advance in amendment; he grows so weak that he walks like a gouty man, yet he has such spirits that he has talked away his voice." "The King was hunting. The moment he arrived he sent a page to desire to have coffee and take his bark in the Queen's dressing-room. She said she would pour it out herself, and sent to inquire how he drank it. The King is very sensible of the great change there is in himself." "I was present at his first seeing Lady Effingham on his

return to Windsor this last time. 'My dear Effie,' he said, 'you see me, all at once, an old man.' I was so much affected by this exclamation, that I wished to run out of the room. (We avoid as much as possible in our excerps the Diarist's self.) Yet I could not help but recovering when Lady Effingham, in her well-meaning but literal way, composedly answered, 'We must all grow old, sir; I am sure I do.' He then produced a walking-stick which he had just ordered. 'He could not,' he said, 'get on without it; his strength seemed diminishing hourly!' He took the bark, he said; 'but the *Queen*,' he cried, 'is my physician, and no man need have a better; she is my *friend*, and no man *can* have a better.'" "When I came to the Queen's dressing-room, he was still with her. He constantly conducts her to it before he retires to his own. He was begging her not to speak to him when he got to his own room, that he might fall asleep, as he felt great want of that refreshment. He repeated this desire, I believe, at least a hundred times, though far enough from needing it. The poor Queen never uttered one syllable!"

We soon after hear that his Majesty is better and worse so frequently, "that everything is to be apprehended, if his nerves are not some way quieted." "The Queen is almost overpowered with some secret terror." "To-day she gave up the conflict when I was alone with her, and burst into a violent fit of tears." "The Duke of York has been here, and his fond father could hardly bear the pleasure of thinking him anxious for his health. 'So good,' he says, 'is Frederick.'"

We shall not stop to point out, or to sentimentalize upon, the slight allusions which occur in the Diary, to family misunderstandings, and jealousies in matters of state. These Miss Burney, of course, avoided recording and explaining as much as possible, and as was becoming her delicate confidence with the Queen. But evidently no small share of her Majesty's concern arose from the relation which feelings and parties bore towards the Prince of Wales, and the Regency. We go on with the record.

Wednesday's entry, November 5th, opens with this exclamation,—"Oh dreadful day!" "I found my poor Royal Mistress, in the morning, sad and sadder still; something horrible seemed impending, and I saw her whole resource was in religion. We had talked lately much upon solemn subjects, and she appeared already preparing herself to be resigned for whatever might happen. I was still wholly unsuspicious of the greatness of the cause she had to dread." We next hear of days passing in deep suspense, when even Lady Effingham could only hear from a page "how the royal family went on." We, however, soon after are told that the Prince of Wales arrives suddenly. "He came into the room. He had just quitted Brighthelmstone. Something passing within seemed to render this meeting awfully distinct on both sides. She asked if he should not return

to Brighthelmstone? He answered yes, the next day. He desired to speak with her; they retired together." "Meanwhile, a stillness the most uncommon reigned over the whole house. Nobody stirred, not a voice was heard; not a step, not a motion." "The music was all forbid, and the musicians ordered away! This was the last step to be expected, so fond as his Majesty is of his concert." We next learn that the house was all in disturbance of a sudden; that the King was in someway worse, and the Queen taken ill. "The King, at dinner, had broken forth into positive delirium, which long had been menacing all who saw him most closely; and the Queen was so overpowered as to fall into violent hysterics. All the princesses were in misery, and the Prince of Wales had burst into tears." Miss Burney is left alone for several hours, and in dreadful anxiety; but, a little after one o'clock in the morning, a page announces that she must come to the Queen. "My poor Royal mistress! never can I forget her countenance—pale, ghastly pale she looked; she was seated to be undressed, and attended by Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave and Miss Goldsworthy; her whole frame was disordered, yet she was still and quiet. These two ladies assisted me to undress her, or rather I assisted them, for they were firmer, from being longer present; my shaking hands and blinded eyes could scarce be of any use. I gave her some camphor julep, which had been ordered her by Sir George Baker. "How cold I am!" she cried, and put her hand on mine; marble it felt! and went to my heart's core! The King, at the instance of Sir George Baker, had consented to sleep in the next apartment, as the Queen was ill. For himself, he would listen to nothing. Accordingly, a bed was put up for him, by his own order, in the Queen's second dressing-room, immediately adjoining to the bed-room. He would not be further removed."

The drama deepens and is more bustling. Dr. Warren is sent for to consult Sir George Baker; and her Majesty in the agony of anxiety awaits the first-named physician's opinion, in order that she may decide how to shape her conduct:—

> At length news was brought that Dr. Warren was arrived. I never felt so rejoiced; I could have run out to welcome him with rapture. With what cruel impatience did we then wait to hear his sentence! An impatience how fruitless! It ended in information that he had not seen the King, who refused him admittance. This was terrible. But the King was never so despotic: no one dared oppose him. He would not listen to a word, though, when unopposed, he was still all gentleness and benignity to every one around him. Dr. Warren was then planted where he could hear his voice, and all that passed, and receive intelligence concerning his pulse, &c., from Sir Geo. Baker. We now expected every moment Dr. Warren would bring her Majesty his opinion; but he neither came nor sent. She waited in dread incessant. She sent for Sir George—but he would not speak alone: she sent for Mr. Hawkins, the household surgeon; but all referred to Dr. Warren. Lady Elizabeth and

Miss Goldsworthy earnestly pressed her to remove to a more distant apartment, where she might not hear the unceasing voice of the unhappy King; but she would only rise and go to the little dressing-room, there to wait in her night-clothes Dr. Warren's determination what step she should take. At length Lady Elizabeth learnt among the pages, that Dr. Warren had quitted his post of watching. The poor Queen now, in a torrent of tears, prepared herself for seeing him. He came not. All astonished and impatient, Lady Elizabeth was sent out on inquiries. She returned and said Dr. Warren was gone. "Run! stop him!" was the Queen's next order. "Let him but let me know what I am to do." Poor, poor Queen! how I wept to hear those words! Abashed and distressed, poor Lady Elizabeth returned. She had seen Colonel Goldsworthy, and heard Dr. Warren, with the other two physicians, had left the house too far to be recalled; they were gone over to the Castle, to the Prince of Wales. I think a deeper blow I have never witnessed. Already to become but second even for the King! The tears were now wiped; indignation arose, with pain, the severest pain of every species.

Distrusts and jealousies combined with the mad obstinacy and delirious freaks of the King, continued to distract all parties in the house. The following is the report by the Prince one morning:—

While I was yet with my poor royal sufferer this morning, the Prince of Wales came hastily into the room. He apologized for his intrusion, and then gave a very energetic history of the preceding night; it had indeed been most affectingly dreadful! The King had risen in the middle of the night, and would take no denial to walking into the next room. There he saw the large congress I have mentioned; amazed and in consternation, he demanded what they did there? Much followed that I have heard since, particularly the warm eloge on his dear son Frederick, his favourite, his friend. "Yes," he cried, "Frederick is my friend!" and his son was then present amongst the rest, but not seen! Sir George Baker was there, and was privately exhorted by the gentlemen to lead the King back to his room; but he had not courage: he attempted only to speak, and the King penned him in a corner, told him he was a mere old woman, that he wondered he had ever followed his advance, for he knew nothing of his complaint, which was only nervous! The Prince of Wales by signs and whispers, would have wished others to have drawn him away, but no one dared approach him, and he remained there a considerable time. "Nor do I know when he would have got back," continued the Prince, if at last Mr. Fairly had not undertaken him. I am extremely obliged to Mr. Fairly indeed. He came boldly up to him and took him by the arm, and begged him to go to bed, and then drew him along, and said he must go. Then he said he would not, and cried, 'who are you!' 'I am Mr. Fairly, Sir,' he answered, 'and your Majesty has been very good to me often, and now I am going to be very good to you, for you must come to bed, Sir; it is necessary to your life!' And then he was so surprised, that he let himself be drawn along, just like a child; and so they got him to bed. I believe else he would have stayed all night."

We shall not accompany the Diarist step by step to the climax of the King's malady, nor through the stages till symptoms of recovery were observable. But there is a long passage at the close of the

present volume which we must not curtail. Miss Burney was advised to take daily exercise, and walked into the garden. She continues,—

I had strolled in my quick way, nearly half the round, when I suddenly perceived, through some trees, two or three figures. Relying on the instruction of Dr. John, I concluded these to be workmen and gardeners; yet tried to look sharp, and in so doing, as they were the less shaded, I thought I saw the person of his Majesty! Alarmed past all possible expression, I waited not to know more, but turning back, ran off with all my might. But what was my terror to hear myself pursued! to hear the voice of the King himself loudly and hoarsely calling after me, "Miss Burney! Miss Burney!" I protest I was ready to die. I knew not in what state he might be at the time; I only knew the orders to keep out of his way were universal; that the Queen would highly disapprove any unauthorized meeting, and that the very action of my running away might deeply, in his present irritable state, offend him. Nevertheless, on I ran, too terrified to stop, and in search of some short passage, for the garden is full of little labyrinths, by which I might escape. The steps still pursued me, and still the hoarse and altered voice rang in my ears; more and more footsteps resounded frightfully behind me, the attendants all running, to catch their eager master, and the voices of the two Doctor Willises loudly exhorting him not to heat himself so unmercifully. * * * Soon after I heard other voices, shriller, though less nervous, call out "stop! stop! stop!" I could by no means consent; I knew not what was purposed, but I recollected fully my agreement with Dr. John that very morning, that I should decamp if surprised, and not be named. * * * Still therefore, on I flew; and such was my speed, so almost incredible to relate or recollect, that I fairly believe no one of the whole party could have overtaken me, if these words, from one of the attendants, had not reached me, "Doctor Willis begs you to stop!" "I cannot! I cannot!" I answered, still flying on, when he called out "You must ma'am; it hurts the King to run." Then, indeed, I stopped, in a state of fear really amounting to agony. I turned round, I saw the two Doctors had got the King between them, and three attendants of Dr. Willis's were hovering about. They all slackened their pace, as they saw me stand still; but such was the excess of my alarm, that I was wholly insensible to the effects of a race which, at any other time, would have required an hour's recruit. As they approached, some little presence of mind happily came to my command: it occurred to me that to appease the wrath of my flight, I must now show some confidence; I therefore faced them as undauntedly as I was able, only charging the nearest of the attendants to stand by my side. When they were within a few yards of me, the King called out, "Why did you run away?" Shocked at a question impossible to answer, yet a little assured by the mild tone of his voice, I instantly forced myself forward to meet him, though the internal sensation which satisfied me this was a step the most proper, to appease his suspicions and displeasure, was so violently combated by the tremor of my nerves, that I fairly think I may reckon it the greatest effort of personal courage I have ever made. The effort answered; I looked up, and met all his wonted benignity of countenance, though something still of wildness in his eyes. Think, however, of my surprise, to feel him put both his hands round my two shoulders, and then kiss my cheek! I wonder I did not really sink, so exquisite was my affright when I saw him spread out his arms! Involuntarily, I concluded he meant to crush me; but

the Willises, who have never seen him till this fatal illness, not knowing how very extraordinary an action this was from him, simply smiled and looked pleased, supposing, perhaps, it was his customary salutation! I believe, however, it was but the joy of a heart unbridled, now, by the forms and proprieties of established custom and sober reason. To see any of his household thus by accident, seemed such a near approach to liberty and recovery, that who can wonder it should serve rather to elate than lessen what yet remains of his disorder! He now spoke in such terms of his pleasure in seeing me, that I soon lost the whole of my terror; astonishment to find him so nearly well, and gratification to see him so pleased, removed every uneasy feeling, and the joy that succeeded, in my conviction of his recovery, made me ready to throw myself at his feet to express it. What a conversation followed! When he saw me fearless, he grew more and more alive, and made me walk close by his side, away from the attendants, and even the Willises themselves, who, to indulge him, retreated. I own myself not completely composed, but alarm I could entertain no more. Everything that came uppermost in his mind he mentioned; he seemed to have just such remains of his flightiness as heated his imagination without deranging his reason, and robbed him of all control over his speech, though nearly in his perfect state of mind as to his opinions. What did he not say!—He opened his whole heart to me,—expounded all his sentiments, and acquainted me with all his intentions. The heads of his discourse I must give you briefly, as I am sure you will be highly curious to hear them, and as no accident can render of much consequence what a man says in such a state of physical intoxication. He assured me he was quite well—as well as he had ever been in his life; and then inquired how I did, and how I went on? and whether I was more comfortable? If these questions, in their implication, surprised me, imagine how that surprise must increase when he proceeded to explain them! He asked after the coadjutrix, laughing, and saying, "Never mind her!—don't be oppressed—I am your friend!—don't let her cast you down!—I know you have a hard time of it—but don't mind her!" Almost thunderstruck with astonishment, I merely curtsied to his kind "I am your friend," and said nothing. Then presently he added, "Stick to your father—stick to your own family—let them be your objects." How readily I assented!

Again he repeated all I have just written, nearly in the same words, but ended it more seriously; he suddenly stopped, and held me to stop too, and putting his hand on his breast, in the most solemn manner, he gravely and slowly said, "I will protect you!—I promise you that—and therefore depend on me!" I thanked him; and the Willises, thinking him rather too elevated, came to propose my walking on. "No, no, no!" he cried, a hundred times in a breath; and their good humour prevailed, and they let him again walk on with his new companion. He then gave me a history of his pages, animating almost into a rage, as he related his subjects of displeasure with them, particularly with Mr. Ernst, who, he told me, had been brought up by himself. I hope his ideas upon these men are the result of the mistakes of his malady. Then he asked me some questions that very greatly distressed me, relating to information given him in his illness, from various motives, but which he suspected to be false, and which I knew he had reason to suspect: yet it was most dangerous to set anything right, as I was not aware what might be the views of their having been stated wrong. I was as discreet as I knew how to be, and I hope I did no mischief; but this was the worst part of the dialogue. He next talked to me a

great deal of my dear father, and made a thousand inquiries concerning his "History of Music." This brought him to his favourite theme, Handel; and he told me innumerable anecdotes of him, and particularly that celebrated tale of Handel's saying of himself, when a boy, "While that boy lives, my music will never want a protector." And this, he said, I might relate to my father. Then he ran over most of his oratorios, attempting to sing the subjects of several airs and choruses, but so dreadfully hoarse that the sound was terrible. Dr. Willis, quite alarmed at this exertion, feared he would do himself harm, and again proposed a separation. "No! no! no!" he exclaimed, "not yet; I have something I must just mention first." Dr. Willis, delighted to comply, even when uneasy at compliance, again gave way. The good King then greatly affected me. He began upon my reverend old friend, Mrs. Delany; and he spoke of her with such warmth—such kindness! "She was my friend!" he cried, "and I loved her as a friend! I have made a memorandum when I lost her—I will show it you." He pulled out a pocket-book, and rummaged some time, but to no purpose. The tears stood in his eyes—he wiped them, and Dr. Willis again became very anxious. "Come, sir," he cried, "now do you come in and let the lady go on her walk,—come, now you have talked a long while,—so we'll go in,—if your Majesty pleases." "No, no!" he cried, "I want to ask her a few questions;—I have lived so long out of the world, I know nothing!" This touched me to the heart. We walked on together, and he inquired after various persons, particularly Mrs. Boscawen, because she was Mrs. Delany's friend! Then, for the same reason, after Mr. Frederick Montagu, of whom he kindly said, "I know he has a great regard for me, for all he joined the opposition." Lord Grey de Wilton, Sir Watkin Wynn, the Duke of Beaufort, and various others followed. He then told me he was very much dissatisfied with several of his state officers, and meant to form an entire new establishment. He took a paper out of his pocket-book, and shewed me his new list. This was the wildest thing that passed; and Dr. John Willis now seriously urged our separating; but he would not consent; he had only three more words to say, he declared, and again he conqnered. He now spoke of my father, with still more kindness, and told me he ought to have had the post of Master of the Band, and not that little poor musician Parsons, who was not fit for it: "But Lord Salisbury," he cried, "used your father very ill in that business, and so he did me! However, I have dashed out his name, and I shall put your father's in,—as soon as I get loose again!" This again—how affecting was this! "And what," cried he, "has your father got, at last? nothing but that poor thing at Chelsea? O fie! fie! fie! But never mind! I will take care of him! I will do it myself!" Then presently he added, "As to Lord Salisbury, he is out already, as this memorandum will shew you, and so are many more. I shall be much better served; and when once I get away, I shall rule with a rod of iron!" This was very unlike himself, and startled the two good doctors, who could not bear to cross him, and were exulting at my seeing his great amendment, but yet grew quite uneasy at his earnestness and volubility. Finding we now must part, he stopped to take leave, and renewed again his charges about the coadjutrix. "Never mind her!" he cried, "depend upon me! I will be your friend as long as I live!—I here pledge myself to be your friend!" And then he saluted me again just as at the meeting, and suffered me to go on. What a scene! how variously was I affected by it! but upon the whole, how inexpressibly thankful to see him so nearly himself—so little removed from recovery.

ART. III.—*Forest Life.* By the Author of "A New Home." 2 vols. Longman and Co.

MRS. CLAVERS at once became favourably known in this country as well as in America, on the publication of "A New Home, or Glimpses of Western Life;" in which she gave manifestly a truthful account of the real condition of a new district in Michigan, and of the actual circumstances which a freshly arrived settler must experience, who goes so far a-head to the westward. The view which she conveyed of the peculiarities of such a state of existence, and of its domestic, industrial, and social peculiarities; of the temper required in the colonist from the Old World, or the early states of America, was not only very complete and practically informing, but animated, highly entertaining, and inviting. The pictures were rather too finely finished, and the style too elaborately graceful. But the work was as a whole one of the pleasantest, while far from being useless, that has emanated from the American press. "Forest Life" has similar topics for its subject, and may be regarded as a fitting sequel to "A New Home," but filling up the crevices left, or expanding the materials pointed out in the former publication, rather than breaking fresh ground. It therefore has less of novelty, and more of elaboration; at the same time, that the loquacious Mrs. Clavers appears conscious of greater skill at authorlike craftship, being apt to overdo, as well as to exaggerate. There is more of effort here, but less of effect; owing to more of labour as well as to less of substance. After all, the work is a welcome and attractive importation.

"Forest Life" consists of sketches of scenes, characters, and little adventures in the far-off West, connected slightly together into a sort of regular series. Some of these give us the shadows, others the lights of American existence, and in a very considerable diversity of shapes, among the western pioneers; these being at times from our side of the Atlantic, although it is when dealing with Yankee settlers and peculiarities that we find the strongest stamp of genuineness. Still, there is a good deal of what is vividly true in the picture of an English gentleman with his family, who is as good-natured as he is scheming; but whose equanimity and philosophy are fully required in such a raw state of nature and of society. Occasion is taken in the course of the work to point out, in the form of letters, the disagreeables that have to be encountered by such a family, and also the disposition with which the troubles are to be met. There are tales too of love, of law-suits, of elections, &c., in the West.

One of the least artificial and the most effective portions of these volumes, is the account of a long excursion through the woods in the rudest of waggons, with the incidents and parties that are intro-

duced. An American shower compels the travellers to take shelter in a forest-shanty, where a *fine* democratic family soon after arrive from the same cause; the spoiled daughter having persuaded the elders, in a fit of romance, to quit the beaten path for pure nature. But the contrast between the said paths—the trodden and the untrodden—is not greater than between the young lady and her young kinsman, the good-natured Western teamster, with his independence and familar indifference. It will occupy too much of our space; but we must, not only on account of its manifest and characteristic truth, but of its general teachings, give our readers a pretty full view of the travelling Margolds.

The log-house proved a small one; and though its neat corn-crib and chicken-coop of slender poles bespoke a careful gudeman, we found no gate in front, but in its stead great awkward bars, which were to be taken down or climbed over, and either of these is no pleasant process in a pouring rain. But by the aid of a little patience we made our way into the house, which had only a back door, as is very usual among the early settlers. Within, the marks of uncomfortable, though strictly neat and decent poverty, were but too evident. No well-stored dresser; no snug curtains; no shining tins; no gorgeous piece-work bed-quilts, exhibiting stars of all magnitudes, and moons in all quarters. Not even the usual display of Sunday habiliments graced the bare log walls. The good woman was of a shadowy thinness, and her husband, with a green shade over his eyes, wore a downcast and desponding air. One little girl, with her yellow hair done up in many a *papillote*, sat in a corner playing with a kitten. The mother put down her knitting as we entered, but the father seemed to have been sitting in listless idleness. We were received with that free and hospitable welcome so general among the pioneers of the west. Our wet garments were carefully disposed for drying, and even the buffalo-robes and blankets found place on those slender poles which are usually observable above the ample fire-place of a regular log hut, placed there for the purpose of drying. sometimes the week's wash, when the weather proves rainy, sometimes whole rows of slender circlets of pumpkin for next spring's pies, sometimes (when we can get them) festoons of sliced apples. The rain gave no sign of truce; the eaves poured incessantly, and we heard the rumbling of distant thunder. There was every prospect that we should be constrained to become unwilling intruders on the kindness of Mr. Gaston and his family for the night at least. * * Our hostess was a very active and tidy person, and she busied herself in all those little offices which evince a desire to make guests feel themselves welcome. She had small change of garments to offer, but she was unwearied in turning and drying before the fire such as we could dispense with for the time; for we hoped the storm would be but short-lived, and did not wish to open our trunks until we stopped for the night. The rain, however, slackened not; on the contrary, frequent flashes of lightning, and a muttering thunder which seemed momently to draw nearer, threatened still longer detention. The eaves poured merrily; and it was amusing to see our little hostess, with an old cloak over her head, fly out to place tubs, pails, jars, basins, and milk-pans so as to intercept as much as possible of the falling treasure, intimating that as soap was pretty scarce, she must try to catch rain-

water, any how. A trough, scooped from the portly trunk of a large white-wood tree, was so placed as to save all that fell from one side of the roof; but, on the other, almost all the utensils of the house were arranged by the careful dame, who made frequent trips for the purpose of exchanging the full for the empty,—apologising for not calling upon "th' old man" to assist her, because getting wet might increase the inflammation of his eyes. Mrs. Gaston had carried out her last milk-pans, and was returning to the door, when the sound of wheels was heard above the rattling of the storm; and in another moment a loud "Hilloa!" told that other travellers besides ourselves were about to seek shelter. * * "Hilloa there! hilloa! where under the canopy is all the folks? Be a joggin', can't ye!" shouted one of the newly arrived. Mr. Gaston hurried out as fast as his poor blind eyes would allow, and his wife threw fresh wood upon the fire, and swept the rough hearth anew as well as she could with the remnant of a broom. This was scarcely done when we heard voices approaching; at first mingled into a humming unison with the storm, then growing more distinguishable. A very shrill treble overtopped all the rest, giving utterance to all the approved forms of feminine exclamation. "Oh dear! oh mercy! oh bless me! oh, papa! oh, I *shall* be drowned—smother'd—oh dear!" but we must not pretend to give more than a specimen. A portly old gentleman now made his appearance, bearing on his shoulder what seemed at first view a bolster cased in silk, so limp and helpless was his burthen. Behind him came, as best she might, a tall and slender lady, who seemed his wife; and after scant salutation to the mistress of the cottage, the two old people were at once anxiously occupied in unrolling the said bolster, which proved, after the Champollion process was completed, to be a very delicate and rather pretty young lady, their daughter. After, or rather with, this group, entered a bluff, ruddy, well-made young man, who seemed to have been charioteer, and to whom it was not unreasonable to ascribe the adjuration at the head of our chapter. He brought in some cushions and a great coat, which he threw into a corner, establishing himself thereafter with his back to the fire, from which advantageous position he surveyed the company at his leisure. "The luggage must be brought in," said the elderly gentleman. "Yes, I should think it had oughter," observed the young man in reply: "*I* should bring it in if it was mine, any how." "Why don't you bring it in, then?" asked the gentleman, with rather an ominous frown. "I! well,—I don't know but what I could, upon a pinch. But, look here, uncle! I want you to take notice of one thing—I didn't engage to wait upon ye. I an't nobody's nigger, mind that! I'll be up to my bargain. I come on for a teamster. If you took me for a servant, you are mistaken in the child, sir! However," he continued, as if a natural kindness was getting the better of cherished pride,—"I can always help a gentleman, if so be that he asks me *like* a gentleman; and, upon the hull, I guess I'm rather stubbeder than you be, so I'll go a-head." And with this magnanimous resolution the youth departed; and with some help from our host, soon filled up every spare corner, and some that could ill be spared, with a multifarious collection of conveniences, very inconvenient under present circumstances. Three prodigious travelling trunks of white leather formed the main body, but there were bags and cases without end, and, to crown all, a Spanish guitar. "That is all, I believe," said the old gentleman, addressing the ladies, as a load was set down. "All!" exclaimed the teamster, "I should hope it was! and what any body on earth can want with sich lots o' fixins,

I'm sure's dark to me! If I was startin' for Texas I shouldn't want no more baggage than I could tie up in a handkercher. But what's curious to me is, where we're all agoin' to sleep to-night! This here rain don't talk o' stoppin', and here we've got to stay, if we have to sleep, like pins in a pincushion, all up on eend. It's my vote that we turn these contraptions—the whole bilin' on 'em—right out into the shed, and jist make up a good big shake-down with the buffaloes and cushions." The young lady, upon this, looked ineffable things at her mamma, and, indeed, disgust was very legible upon the countenances of all these unwilling guests. * * While Mrs. Margold and her daughter continued discussing these matters in an under tone, Mr. Margold set about discovering what the temporary retreat could be made to afford besides shelter. "This wet makes one chilly," he said; "haven't you a pair of bellows to help the fire a little?" The good woman of the house tried her apron, and then the good man tried his straw hat; but the last wood had been wet, and seemed not inclined to blaze. "Bellowses!" exclaimed the young man (whose name we found to be Butts), "we can do our own blowin' in the woods. Here, let me try;" and with the old broom stump he flirted up a fire in a minute, only scattering smoke and ashes on all sides. The ladies retreated in dismay, a movement which seemed greatly to amuse Mr. Butts. "Don't you be scart," he said; "ashes never poisoned any body yet."

## The perplexities of the fine family increase, as the hours advance. What is to be done for the night?

The sleeping arrangements were of a more perplexing character than those which had been fortunately devised for the tea. There were two large beds and a trundle bed; and these, with a scanty supply of bedding, comprised our available means; and, besides our tea-party, two little boys had come dripping home from school to add to our numbers. After much consultation, many propositions, and not a few remarks calculated rather to wound the feelings of our civil entertainers, it was concluded to put the two large beds close together in order to enlarge their capabilities; and this extensive couch was to hold all the "women-folks," and some of the children. The trundle bed, by careful stowage, took the little ones; and, for the old gentleman, a couch of buffalo-robes and carriage-cushions was skilfully prepared by no other than the forgiving Mr. Butts, who seemed disposed to forget past rebuffs, and to exert himself very heartily in the public service. This disinterested individual was perfectly content to repose Indian fashion, with his feet to the fire, and anything he could get for a pillow; and the master of the house stretched himself out after the same manner. When all was done, Mrs. Gaston made the ordinary cotton-sheet-partition for the benefit of those who chose to undress; and then began to prepare herself for the rest which I am sure she needed. All seemed well enough for weary travellers; and as, at any rate, these poor people had done their best, I trusted that all fault-finding would soon be hushed in sleep. But it became evident ere long that Miss Margold did not intend to become a person of such small consequence. She had disturbed her father several times by requests for articles from different parts of the luggage, without which she declared she could not think of going to bed: she had received from her mother the attendance of a waiting-maid, without offering the slightest service in return, and now, when all her ingenuity seemed to be exhausted, she suddenly disco-

vered that it would be in vain for her to think of sleeping in a bed where there were so many people, and she decided on sitting up all night. A silence expressive of the deepest consternation held the assembly bound for some seconds. This was first broken by a long, low, expressive whistle from Mr. Butts, but the remembrance of past mischance bridled his tongue. "Do you think you could sleep here, my dear?" inquired Mr. Margold from his snug nest in the corner. The young lady almost screamed with horror. "Never mind, my darling," said the mamma: "I will sit in the rocking-chair by the fire, and you shall have plenty of room." "Oh no, ma! that will never do—why can't the woman sit up? I dare say she's used to it." This was said in a loud whisper which reached everybody's ears, but no reply was made. Mrs. Margold and her daughter whispered together for some time further, and the result was that the lady drew one of the beds apart from the other, which movement caused Mrs. Gaston's little girl to roll out upon the floor with a sad resounding thump and a piteous cry. This proved the drop too many. Out spoke at last the poor half-blind husband and father. His patience was, as Mr. Butts would say, "used up." "Neighbours," he said, "I don't know who you are, nor where you come from; and I didn't ask, for you were driven into my house by a storm. My family were willing to accommodate you as far as they could; such as we had, you were welcome to: but we are poor, and haven't much to do with. Now you haven't seemed to be satisfied with anything, and your behaviour has hurt my wife's feelings and mine too. You think we are poor ignorant people, and so we are; but you think we haven't feelings like other folks, and there you are mistaken. Now, the short and long of the matter is, that as the storm is over and the moon is up, it's my desire that you pick up your things and drive on to the next tavern, where you can call for what you like, and pay for what you get. I don't keep a tavern, though I am always willin' to entertain a civil traveller as well as I can."—The Margolds were in a pitiable perplexity. Miss Angelica, knowing that none of the trouble would come upon herself, was for being very spirited upon the occasion; her papa, who had already begun to dream of Wall Street and Waverly Place, did hate to be recalled to the woods; and Mrs. Margold had no opinion of her own on this or any other occasion. Mr. Gaston, seeing no demonstrations of retreat, went to Butts, who was or pretended to be asleep, and shaking him by the shoulder, told him he was wanted to get up his horses. "Get up the poor critturs at this time o' night!" said he, rubbing his eyes; why! what upon the livin' earth's the matter! has the young woman got the high strikes?" "Your folks is agoin' to try and mend their lodgin', that's all," replied the host, whose temper was a good deal moved. "They a'n't satisfied with the best we could do for 'em, and it's my desire that they should try the tavern at Jericho. It is but two miles, and you'll soon drive it." "I'll be tip'd if I drive it to-night, though, uncle," replied the imperturbable Mr. Butts; "I don't budge a foot. I shan't do no such nonsense. As for their trying the tavern at Jericho, the tavern's a deuced sight more likely to try *them*, as you know very well. Any how, this child don't stir." "But if we are turned out of doors," said Mr. Margold, who aroused himself most unwillingly to the consciousness of a new cause of disturbance; "you are bound to"—— "I a'n't bound to drive nobody in the middle of the night," said Mr. Butts, "so don't you try to suck me in there. But as to turning you out o' doors, this here chap a'n't the feller to

turn any man out of doors if he'll be civil. He's a little wrothy because your folks wa'n't contented with such as he had. I see he was a gettin' riled some, and I thought he'd bile over. You see that's the way with us western folks. If folks is saasy, we walk right into 'em like a thousand o'brick. He'll cool down agin if you jist pat him a little. He's got some grit, but he a'n't ugly. You only make your women-folks keep quiet, get a curb-bridle upon their tongues, and we'll do well enough."

Among the more mournful pictures in the book, is that of the death of the bee-hunter, from the fall of a heavy branch, and this notice may serve to introduce a sketch of the process of felling a tree.

The felling of a great tree has something of the sublime in it. When the axe falls on the trunk of a stately oak, laden with the green wealth of a century, or a pine whose aspiring peak might look down on a moderate church-steeple, the contrast between the puny instrument and the gigantic result to be accomplished approaches the ridiculous. But as "the eagle, towering in his pride of place, was by the mousing owl hawked at and killed," so he the leaf-crowned of the wood has no small reason to quiver at the sight of a long-armed Yankee approaching his deep-rooted trunk with an awkward axe. One blow seems to accomplish nothing; not even a chip falls. But with another stroke comes a broad slice of the bark leaving an ominous, gaping wound. Another pair of blows extends the gash; and when twenty such have fallen, behold a girdled tree. This would suffice to kill, and a melancholy death it is; but to fell is quite another thing. The *coupe de bache* now fall thicker and faster; only on opposite sides, however, not all around the trunk as before. Two deep incisions are made; yet the towering crown sits firm as ever. And now the destroyer pauses—fetches breath—wipes his beaded brow—takes a wavy view of the bearings of the tree—and then with slow and watchful care recommences his work. The strokes fall doubtingly, and many a cautious glance is cast upward; for the whole immense mass now trembles as if instinct with life and conscious of approaching ruin. Another blow! it waves; a groaning sound is heard. . . . Yet another stroke is necessary. It is given with desperate force; and the tall peak leaves its place with an easy sailing motion, accelerated every instant till it crashes prone on the earth, sending far and wide its shattered branches, and admitting the sunlight to the cool, damp, mossy earth, for the first time, perhaps, in a century.

Take next the dangers of wood-felling.

The woodsman is continually subject to accidents of the most appalling kind. Added to the incredible toil of clearing heavily-timbered land, the hardy settler goes to his work every morning with the consciousness that only that same Providence which could preserve him unharmed on the field of battle can shield him from the perils of his daily labour. The ordinary operation of cutting down large trees, if performed where the timber is scattered, involves considerable risk; since a splinter, a limb heavier than was allowed for, or a heart more decayed than appeared outwardly, may thwart his nice calculations, and wound, if not kill him on the spot. But it is in the dark and heavy wood, where the fathers of the forest stand in ranks almost as closely serried as

those of the columns of Staffa, that peculiar dangers are found. If a tree when felled happens to lodge against another, it is almost a miracle if it is dislodged without an accident. This the best and most experienced woodsmen acknowledge; yet there are few of them who can resist the temptation to try. In cutting down the supporting tree, the one first felled is almost certain either to slide or to rebound in a way which baffles all calculation; and accidents from this cause are frightfully frequent. The only safe course is to girdle the second tree, and let both stand until they decay, or until some heavy storm sweeps down the incumbrance. But this involves too great a vexation to the axeman, since his ambition is to see the piece of land he has undertaken to clear bereft of everything but the unsightly stumps which attest his skill and bravery.

Add to this a glimpse of the Humanities in the far West, and of the neighbourly ways of a necessitous society.

These primitive ways of ours afford a field for a character unknown in the more advanced stages of society—the good neighbour. We could not get on without him. He is the mainstay of the community. We have no "True-neighbour Societies;" they are not suited to our condition. We have none so well off as to be able to bestow a great amount of time or means in aiding others, and few so poor as to need any but *neighbourly* aid. A good neighbour is all we want.

It is not easy to describe this beneficent spirit. It takes a thousand forms. It changes its aspect like the clouds of a glowing sunset, but it wears ever the rich golden tint of a true human sympathy. Does disease invade your dwelling?—the good neighbour does not pass coldly by and take it for granted that you have all that is needed: he sends his horse for a doctor, or his waggon for a nurse; he offers aid for the long night-watches, or, perhaps, takes kindly away to his own home the little noisy voices that might disturb the invalid. Does death, in spite of all care and kindness, make good his dreaded entrance?—you cannot send for an undertaker, but you have such aid as professional hands never gave: the good neighbour relieves you of all anxiety as to the details of the last sad parting, watching your wishes with a delicacy which is erroneously supposed by many to be foreign to unpolished natures; and he leaves not the good work until he has, with his own hands, laid the loved remains in the earth, with all due rites and pious care. Can this do less than bind your heart to him for ever, and secure to him as warm a friend for a like hour of need?

Is a mother called from her helpless infant?—the new-born will not lack anything that it requires, if there be but one nursing mother within many miles. Are children orphaned, or worse than orphaned by the misconduct of a parent?—they will soon be distributed, and each one cared for as a sacred trust, with a feeling of responsibility of which those who have seen only the little outcasts of city poor-houses can have but a faint conception.

An attractive peculiarity in "Forest Life," is the practice of making donation-parties to the pastors; that is of making free-will offerings to the minister and his family. One of these parties is described. "We presented ourselves by special request, at an early hour; but early as it was, dozens of good plain folks from the country had pre-

ceded us. Some, indeed, we were told had been on the ground since breakfast time." Further on the account runs thus:

The two great baskets in the hall were already pretty well filled with bundles of yarn, woollen stockings of all sizes, (sure to fit in a clergyman's family,) rolls of home-made flannel, mysterious parcels enveloped in paper, and bags which looked as if they might contain precious things. Flocks of company were arriving, and no one empty-handed; so that the "removal of the deposits" became a measure of necessity, and the contents of the two baskets were transferred to some reservoir up stairs. Before the baskets had been restored to their places, there was some embarrassment among the new comers, as to the proper bestowment of their contributions, etiquette requiring that an air of mysterious reserve should be observed. But the difficulty was obviated by the arrival of a handsome tea-table, borne by two young men, as the representatives of a little knot who had hit upon this pretty thought of a present for the minister's lady. Upon this the tasteful class of offerings were displayed to good advantage; and I observed a study-lamp, a richly-bound Shakspeare, and a bronze inkstand with proper appurtenances. Among the more magnificent were a standing fire-screen elegantly wrought, and a pair of footstools, on which the skill of the cabinetmaker had done its utmost in displaying to advantage very delicate embroidery. The variety, as well as the beauty of the gifts, was very ingenious; and nobody could find fault with a handsome purse filled with gold, bearing, in minute letters wrought into its bead-work, the inscription, "To the Reverend Mr.——, from the young men of his church."

When so many people, young and old, were collected with a kind purpose, and under circumstances which levelled, for the time, all distinctions, conversation was not likely to flag. In truth, the general complacency evinced itself in a ceaseless stream of talk, with only a moderate infusion of scandal, for everybody was present. The old ladies chatted soberly among themselves, and their husbands talked politics in corners. The young ladies fluttered about busily, as in duty bound; for on them devolves, by inviolable usage, all the ministering necessary on the occasion—all the reception of the company and bestowing of their offerings—all care of tea affairs, and distribution of refreshments in order due. Such a dodging of pretty heads, such a dancing of ringlets, such gleaming of white teeth as there was among them! I scarcely wondered that the young men became a little bewildered, and forgot where they ought to stand, and had to be ordered about or turned out into the hall to make room for the more dignified or bulky part of the assembly, only to slip back again upon the first opportunity. So much youthful beauty is not collected every day, and especially beauty endowed with such a pretty little coquettish station of command. I cannot doubt that much execution was done; and, in truth, there were some very obvious symptoms: but I shall not betray.

The clergyman's lady occupies rather an equivocal station on these occasions. She is not exactly in the position of hostess; for every article set before the company is furnished by themselves, and all the ordinary attentions are rendered by the young stewardesses of the hour; so the dominie's lady has only to smile and look happy, and to show by her manner that she is gratified by the interest evinced; and if to this she superadd good talking powers, and can entertain those of her guests who are not particularly easy to entertain, she has

accomplished all that is expected of her. And all this the fair and ladylike heroine of the present occasion did very sweetly. . . .

I ought sooner to have mentioned, that the pastor in whose behalf such general interest was shown was a person accustomed to society, and an adept in the best power of hospitality, that of making every one feel welcome and at ease. Mr.——was everywhere, and in everybody's thoughts. Grave with the old, gay with the young, and cheerful with all, he was in every respect the life and soul of the occasion; and each felt the time spent in conversation with him to have been the sweet "of the night." An enviable power; and one possessed in its perfection only by those whose hearts are full of kindly sympathies—who *are* what others only try to appear.

After the bustle attendant upon serving the tea had subsided, the conversation gradually, and as if spontaneously, took a more serious turn; and before we were aware, the sweet and solemn notes of a hymn, well supported in all its parts, stole upon the ear and hushed all lighter sounds. When several stanzas had been sung, the clergyman, after a short address, invited all present to unite in prayer and thanksgiving to the bounteous giver of all good; and thus seriously closed a very cheerful evening, without any violent transition or unpleasant contrast.

The wild strawberry of Michigan deserves description.

Strawberries grow without planting; and this is the sort of gardening that most of us like best. These are so abundant, that in the spring the very roadsides are damasked with their silver blossoms, and in their ripe season the foot of the passing traveller crushes them everywhere on the uncultivated uplands and on the moist borders of the marshes. It is, however, on fields that have been ploughed that we find them in their greatest perfection. This rude sort of cultivation doubles their size without impairing their exquisite flavour. Transplanting them to your gardens seems to affect them as a change from rural to city life does some people. They branch out into splendid foliage, but bear good fruit more sparingly than before.

It must require an actual visit to a new settlement, in order to form any very accurate or lively idea of the condition of such an infant state of society. Perhaps nothing short of a real experience of considerable duration, can supply the mind with the notions which it would be proper for emigrants to any uncleared district of North America to entertain. It may therefore be not ill-timed if we notice some of the features in the life of a backwoodsman; and shall take as our authority Willis's description in the Illustrated Canadian Scenery, published by Mr. Virtue, of which beautiful work we have so often been bound to speak in the most favourable terms.

Take first the dwelling which the squatter has to erect and to be satisfied with. A shanty, at least according to Canadian architecture, is a hut of the most primitive character, being nothing more than a shed built of logs, the chinks between the round edges of the timbers being filled with mud, moss, and bits of wood. The roof is

frequently composed of logs split and hollowed with the axe, and placed side by side, so that the edges rest on each other; the concave and convex surfaces being alternately uppermost, and every other log forming a channel to carry off the rain and melting snow. This rude covering is said effectually to answer the purpose of keeping the interior dry, and far more so than the roofs formed of bark or boards. Sometimes the shanty has a window, sometimes only an open door-way, which admits the light, and lets out the smoke. There is to be sure a chimney, which however is nothing better than an opening cut in one of the logs above the hearth, and a few boards fastened in a square form, serves for the vent; the only precaution against the fire catching the log-walls behind the hearth being a few large stones placed in a half-circular form, or a bank of dry earth.

Now, all this may, in fine weather, and to think of, be picturesque and romantic enough. It has some of the attractions of a wild sort of freedom from constraining artificialities. But yet, we are told, nothing can be more comfortless than some of these rude shanties, reeking with smoke, and filthy with dirt, the common receptacle for children, pigs, and fowls. Still, when inhabited by tidy folks, who have been at pains to extend and improve the accommodations, such as having a clay chimney regularly built up through the roof, and a rough floor laid, the comforts are similar to those found in dwellings intended for a longer residence.

In such huts many respectable emigrants, with their wives and families, "persons delicately nurtured, and accustomed to every comfort before they came thither, have been contented" to live "during the first or second year of their settlement in the woods."

But just think of the very first settlers in a district, where there are neither roads cut nor boats built; and of the difficulties of procuring supplies of provisions. Families in such circumstances have been known to have had for weeks no better supply of flour than what could be daily ground by a small hand-mill, and destitute of every other necessary; facts, which writers on emigration do not take the trouble to search out, for it does not suit their purpose. Few have written exclusively on the "Bush." Travellers generally make a hasty journey through the long-settled and prosperous portions of the country; they see a tract of fertile, well-cultivated land, the result of many years of labour; they see comfortable dwellings, abounding with all the substantial necessaries of life; the farmer's wife makes her own soap, candles, and sugar; the family are clothed in fabrics of their own spinning, and hose of their own knitting. The bread, butter, cheese, meat, poultry, &c., are all the produce of the farm: and even Canada then is concluded to be a land of Canaan.

When all this is told, with the additional advantage, that of obtaining land for a mere song, the picture becomes most inviting to per-

sons who would be independent, and secure from want; forgetting that these enticements are the result of long years of unremitting and patient labour; the *crown* not the *first-fruits* of the settler's toil. It is no wonder therefore that many persons, on first going out, especially if they go back into any of the unsettled townships, are sadly dispirited. They find none of the promised advantages: some give way to despondency, and others quit in disgust.

A little reflection ought to convince any person who meditates emigrating to back settlements, that every rood of land must be cleared of the thick forest of timber that encumbers it before an ear of wheat can be grown: that, after the trees have been chopped, cut into lengths, drawn together, or *logged*, as it is called, and burned, the field must be fenced, the seed sown, harvested, and thrashed, before any returns can be obtained; that this requires labour and time; and, if hired labour, considerable outlay of ready money. In the meanwhile the family must live; and if at a distance from a store, every article must be brought through bad roads, either by hand or with steam, the hire of which is generally costly, in proportion, of course, to the distance and difficulty to be encountered in the conveyance. Owing to these circumstances, even a labouring man, though he have land of his own, is often obliged to *hire out* to work for the first year or two, to earn sufficient for the maintenance of his family; and ever so many of them suffer much privation before they reap the benefit of their independence. Were it not, indeed, for the hope and certain prospect of bettering their condition ultimately, they would sink under what they have to endure; but this buoys them up. They do not fear an old age of want and pauperism; the present evils must yield to industry and perseverance; they think also for their children; and the trials of the present are lost in the pleasing anticipations for the future.

The newly arrived emigrant may suppose, that surely cows, pigs, and poultry might be kept; and add, that where there is plenty of milk, butter, cheese, and eggs, with pork and fowls, persons cannot be very badly off for food.

But it is easier to talk of these things at first than keep them, unless on cleared or partly cleared farms. But, to keep by a *first* settlement in the backwoods:—Cows, pigs, &c., must eat; and if you have nothing to give them unless you purchase it, and have to bring it from a distance, you had better not be troubled with them, as the trouble is certain, and the profit doubtful. A cow, it is true, will get her living during the open months in the bush, but sometimes she will ramble away for days together, and then you lose the use of her and possibly much time in seeking her. But what are you to do with her in the winter? As to pigs, they are said to be great plagues on a newly-cleared farm, if you do not fatten them off-hand; and this you cannot do without buying food for them.

When they are allowed to run loose, they are a terrible annoyance both to your own and your neighbour's crops, if you happen to be within half a mile of one; for they are not to be confined by means of such fences as are a check to cattle. Even poultry require something more than they pick up about the dwelling to be of any service to you, and are often taken off by hawks, foxes, &c., till you have proper securities for them.

Accordingly, it is impossible to spin your own wool, and make your own soap and candles, until you are able to kill your own sheep, and hogs, and oxen; that is, unless you buy wool and tallow. On the other hand, you may confidently expect to have all these things in time, if you use the ordinary means of obtaining them, and are cheerful as well as economical. In a few years the farm will supply you with all the necessaries of life; and by-and-by you may even enjoy many of its luxuries. Then it is that a settler begins to taste the real and solid advantages of his emigration; then he feels the blessings of a country where there are no taxes, tithes, nor poor-rates; then he truly knows the benefit of independence. It is looking forward to the happy fulfilment of his desires that makes the rough paths smooth, and lightens the burden of present ills. The settler looks round upon a numerous family, without those anxious fears that beset a father in moderate circumstances at home; for he knows he does not leave them destitute of an honest source of support. What are the hardships of one, two, or three years, in the back settlements, to the toils, privations, sufferings, and anxieties of a whole life in a thickly-peopled land. There is even something in the opening for enterprize, and the dealing with untamed nature, just as suits the eagerness and ingenuity of man, that many settlers would not exchange their condition on any account.

We may, ere closing the article, remark that the prospects of the squatters in North America, and the present condition of farming and culture in such districts, will admit of favourable comparison with portions of Old England, during ages not so very distant from the present era. There were in remote corners and secluded spots of our own country, not much farther back than the beginning of the 19th century, districts which might have presented parallels with the newly-broken ground in the far-off West; and which were at least equally primitive and rude. An impressive notion will be obtained of the state of one province of the kingdom during periods within the limits of authentic and particular history, by attending to an account of "The Increase of the Value of Property in South Lancashire, and particularly in the Hundred of Salford, since the Revolution," as given in a paper read by Mr. Henry Ashworth, in the Statistical Section, at the last Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. We quote the abstract of the account as found in the Athenæum.

Having described from the old chronicles the condition of this part of the country, when William the Conqueror, on his return from his expedition against York, was scarcely able to make his way through its fastness and morasses, and further illustrated its ancient savage state by various documents relating to the forest and chase of Rossendale, he showed that in the age of James I., the antiquary Camden felt a kind of dread in approaching the frontiers of South Lancashire, and had, as he records, supplicated the Divine protection, as if about to enter a barbarous country. The first authentic estimate of the value of property in South Lancashire was the assessment of 4*s.* in the pound for the land-tax in the reign of William III., and Mr. Ashworth compared this with the assessment for the county rate in 1841. Taking, for instance, the township of Great Bolton, the total amount of land-tax in that township, redeemed and unredeemed, was 33*l.* 16*s.*, which, multiplied by 5, gave the sum of 169*l.* as the rental of that township in 1692. In 1841, the annual value of the same township, as rated to the county assessment, was 93,916*l.* He then contrasted the increase in the value of property of those parts of the duchy of Lancaster engaged in agriculture, with the increase in the districts where manufactures had been established, showing that manufacturing industry had not only promoted the prosperity of the places in which it was developed, but that it had extended its benefits to the whole surrounding districts, increasing the rental of mere land in some instances 4,500, and in others 3,000 per cent. The forest of Rossendale contains an area of twenty-four square miles. In the early part of the sixteenth century, the inhabitants consisted of 80 souls, now increased to upwards of 21,000; and land used exclusively for farming purposes had recently been let for upwards of ten times the rental it fetched a century ago; and tenants were now living whose lands command from seven to eight times the rent they formerly paid. In the more populous localities, land for building purposes lets at from 6*d.* to 6½*d.* per square yard, and at from 120*l.* to 130*l.* per acre per annum, being more than the rent of the whole forest of 1,500 acres in the time of James I. By the land-tax survey, its annual value was 1,062*l.*; last year it was 50,035*l.*, being an increase of 4,700 per cent. in 150 years, and of 41,000 per cent. since the time of James I.

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ART. IV.—*Norway and her Laplanders, in* 1841. By JOHN MILFORD. Murray.

MR. MILFORD has travelled in Italy and the Peninsula, and published the results of his observations through the more southern regions of Europe. Latterly he took an opposite direction, bending his course to Norway, to divert "a heavy sorrow which had preyed on mind

nd body," having in prospect the pastimes and field sports of shooting nd angling, for his principal recreations. In July, 1841, he with is son sailed from Hull, in the Norway steamer; and arrived at hristiansand, without any considerable incident. He paid Dron-heim, the capital, a visit; and thence proceeded to Namsen, the mous salmon stream, to which he kept for several weeks. When ear the borders of Sweden, he fell in with several Laplanders and heir flocks; and, to speak generally, he traversed in various direc-ions, and with something like particularity, the southern and middle istricts of the country, making use of every mode of travelling; on oot, and on horseback; in boat or carriole, as circumstances offered. He also may be said to have explored the bold and rugged coast from ergen to Christiana. He returned by Hamburg, visiting Gotten-urg and Copenhagen, on his route.

Mr. Milford's is a pleasantly written book, presenting as much ariety and freshness of matter, as in such an excursion could be ex-ected to be gathered. The traveller is an accomplished, an naffected, and a good-natured man; who appreciated, no doubt ith great courtesy and no slight degree of sympathy, the manners nd character of the simple and kind-hearted people among whom he ojourned. There is nothing profound or elaborately discussed in he volume, with regard to the political, nor even the social condition r prospects of the Norwegians. The reader must resort to Mr. Laing or these weightier matters. Even with respect to salmon fishing, to odes of travelling, to scenery, and general superficial objects, Mr. Milford has had enthusiastic predecessors within these few late years. Still, our author being an active man, a lover of nature, humane, and full of sound English sentiment and sense, has not only given us a reat deal of agreeable and even of informing gossip, but has stamped is own amiable mind upon the book, so as both to amuse and to etter a susceptible reader.

Mr. Milford could not, even in his light and off-hand sketches, but frequently touch incidentally on subjects that have a deep and an abiding interest; although he generally delivers himself on such points, in a rather old English fashion. Accordingly he entertains ome misgivings with regard to the permanency of the beneficial effects of the Norwegian constitution; although he frankly admits that it has hitherto worked well and beyond expectation; nay, that it appears to contribute to the independent feeling and generous spirit of a simple-mannered and brave people. Among the more important topics introduced, the Norwegian timber trade, and its abundant supply, may be mentioned. The late changes in the Tariff with regard to this great article of commerce, and of consumption amongst ourselves, will serve to lend importance to some of the following particulars.

We returned to Vigeland, and dined on a good-sized and well-flavoured trout. The rye-bread was so sour that I could not eat it; but the coffee and eggs, with the wild strawberries, raspberries, and cream, were delicious.

The property at Vigeland belongs to a company, who have here several saw-mills. The wheel which moves the saw is of course turned by water, and the apparatus is very simple; there are six double and two single wheels, and twenty-two saws altogether. When any timber is wanted, the agent writes up the country for it; and in the course of a week it is floated down the river with the owner's mark upon it. It is stopped close to the mill; where it is placed on wheels, and pushed up to the saws; the two sides are first cut off, so as to form a slab of the tree; this is then cut into planks, which are sent down an inclined plane, and at the bottom, either arranged, and exposed to the wind, or sent floating down the stream to another station: all the outside slices are thrown away. The agent, who resided on the spot, spoke English; and the civility of the female who had the management of the household affairs was very striking. * * *

Wood seems to be the staple produce of the land, the source of its well-being at home and of its commerce abroad. The Norwegians, as might be expected, are admirable carpenters; practice has made them perfect; and they have rendered the material subservient to every possible purpose, with an ingenuity that is astonishing.

The recent alteration in the Tariff, which has long been advocated by the most enlightened political economists of every party, will give an impetus to the languishing trade of Christiana, and draw closer the bonds of unity between Norway and Great Britain. The Norwegians are already well disposed to like us, and to look with a sort of paternal pride and affection upon a nation which, once peopled by themselves, has now risen to be the leader of civilization, and to be victorious alike by sea and by land. Their great object is (saving the pun) to *deal* with *us*; to supply us with their raw produce, which is superabundant and excellent; and to take back in return our manufactures, which are equally cheap and good, and in which they are utterly deficient. It is impossible to predict the mutual advantages which will arise from this wise and liberal measure. Norway, indeed, will benefit the most, because she has the most leeway to make up, being to a certain degree uncivilized. Now that our ports are again to be opened, commerce will revive, and in her train assuredly will commence industry, order, and wealth; then will follow luxury, artistical and literary attainment, and all the highest ranges of social and intellectual development.

The Norwegian pines are the weed of the soil; they grow on almost soilless crags, ("moored in the rifted rock,") and planted by the hand of Nature, where none but Nature could dare to place them, and where nothing but Nature's aid could support them. Their dark tone of colour is in harmony with the scenery around; while their elfin branches flung over the cataract, form the appropriate fringes to scenes which recall the witch and dæmon glens of the Freischutz.

Mr. Milford often bears cordial testimony to the hospitable character of the Norwegians. They are as civil also, as they are unsophisticated. Even the beggars are polite. At one stage, a little urchin in tattered garments, and hair bleached to whiteness from

exposure to the sun, "came gravely up to me, and asked me for two shillings (one penny). Upon my complying with his request, he not only gave me a nod with his head, but also put out his hand immediately, and shook mine, in order to express the cordiality of his thanks."

Our author was detained, at one period of his Norwegian travels, by means of the severe state of the weather, upwards of two weeks in one of the numerous groups of islands which are pitched like sentinels and guards along the coasts of the country; and while thus imprisoned he had an opportunity of witnessing a wedding among a class that must even be considered in some degree peculiar in Norway, and that is not likely often to be made the subject of a stranger's observation. We cite his account of the people of the Kors Fiord, and also of the wedding party:—

It was during a wearisome detention of some weeks in the Kors Fiord that I had the best opportunity of rendering myself conversant with the marriage arrangement of this part of Norway.

The Kors Fiord is the Southernmost of the two friths by which vessels can approach Bergen. The navigation is somewhat intricate and dangerous: vessels have to thread their way amidst an archipelago of wild and rocky isles, which form, as it were, natural outworks or breakwaters to defend the North-west coast of Europe from the fury of a boundless ocean. As this chain of islands is not unlike the Hebrides in its relative position to the larger country, so they are similar in their wild and sterile appearance, and in the niggardness of their soil. Our ship, the Freya, named after the goddess who presides over Friday, and who answers in Northern mythology to our Venus, the immemorial patroness of sailors—"Sic te Diva potens Cypri," and so forth—though no beauty, certainly asserted her supremacy, by detaining us wind-bound above fourteen days at the back of a little rocky islet named Bakkesund. To a more wretched place no mortal was ever exiled; and yet there lived there, apparently in great contentment, a solitary old woman, whose husband was almost constantly at sea. I was her guest during this tedious fortnight; and shared her dwelling with her cow, her goat, her cock, and her magpie, the sole inhabitants besides herself of her domain of Bakkesund. Indeed, I may say the goat not unfrequently shared my bed; an unwelcome intruder certainly, and an oft-kicked-out rather than an oft-invited guest.

The population of some of the other islands composing the group was rather more numerous; and as I had but little to do except watching the weather, I roamed from one sterile spot to another, and soon became familiarly acquainted with many of their inhabitants. It was the sea and not the earth which sustained them; for all are fishers, men, women and children: the net and the harpoon supply the place of the spade, the mattock, and the plough; nor is the Norfolk husbandman more expert in tilling the soil than these contented islanders in extracting food from the deep. It was on one of these morning-calls that I saw a fair young mermaid, if I may so call one of these sea-maidens, decked in all the glory of her bridal attire: and truly it was a sight well worthy of being seen and recorded.

The young woman's father was one of the wealthiest of these peasants, and counted his possessions by his numerous boats and nets. His ancestors had occupied the same low-built dwelling for many generations—for centuries, I might say. However, there was no external show; everything was humble and lowly, such as might be expected in the hut of a solitary fisherman: all his pride of family was reserved for and concentrated in the display of rude silver ornaments and other antique braveries, in which his daughter was decked out on her marriage-day. His great-grandmother had no doubt worn the self-same dress, save that from time to time further decorations had been added to the massive fabric.

The jerkin or boddice was of scarlet cloth, and fitted to the body, meeting in front only at the waist, and without sleeves; trimmed at the edges above and round the shoulders with many-coloured beads, strung together and sewed fantastically on the garment, and giving it a rich and not inelegant appearance. Beneath this she wore a white cambric stomacher, fastened in front with various large silver brooches, resembling rather the huge plated buckles of antique horse-furniture than the wedding-ornaments of a youthful bride. In addition to these metallic masses, she had on a necklace or collar of silver that would have weighed down a London alderman, and over the whole a long and heavy chain of the same metal. Around her arms were armlets above the elbow, and bracelets at the wrist, all of silver, and far more remarkable for the massive solidity of ancient workmanship than for any of the delicate filagree of their texture. The petticoat, which was of dark-coloured cloth, and over which fell an apron gorgeously though rudely embroidered, was gathered into manifold plaits, and compressed at the waist beneath an immense belt or zone constructed of large silver rings and clasps,—for I know not in what other terms to describe this antique and very cumbrous girdle. The hose and the gloves also were of scarlet, gaily embroidered, and her high shoes were fastened with large buckles of silver.

But the most singular of all was the head-gear of this maiden. A large and lofty crown of brightly-polished silver surmounted her head; it rose into various peaks or summits, and was adorned all around with rows or strings of silver coins and medals, and ornamented with ribands of divers colours, which flowed, like Northern streamers, upon her neck and shoulders.

It would not be gallant to bestow so much attention on the dress and none on the wearer; suffice it, however, to say, that she was fair and comely, with all the freshness of health, and that best of charms good-humour. Some strength was required to wear such an attire without fatigue, and this she possessed; for hers was a frame that could ply the oar as easily as the needle, and both accomplishments are indispensably necessary in these wild regions.

After all, and despite these metallic infringements on good taste, it was a fair sight to behold our young bride thus decked out, and seated conspicuous in the boat which was to convey her through intricate and narrow channels to the church where the simple but solemn rite would unite her in holy wedlock, and where vows would be made which would neither be broken nor forgotten. Her kinsmen, all arrayed in their best garbs, rowed the boat in which the bride was seated, and accompanied her in other chaloupes, chanting a merry stave in unison to their oars. The bridegroom I did not see, but I have no doubt he was a miniature Potosi.

Take next a description of a Norse dance:—

It happened that an Englishman on his travels last year, being tired of his own company, and anxious to see what the aborigines were like, as the best mode of collecting them together ventured on the experiment of getting up a ball. One single bad fiddle collected them in swarms, and he was more pleased than if he had seen all the bears in Norway which Mr. Lloyd did *not* shoot. The performers on their side, were enraptured, and the evening has become a "bright spot in memory's waste" for them to look back upon. This year, learning that another Englishman was in these parts, and having associated the abstract idea of a free-born Briton with a fiddle, just as the French do with a rost-bif de mouton, they sent a deputation to the stranger, to beg him to give them a little dance, for the sake of charity. He was nothing loth, and accordingly one evening there assembled some twenty couples, and two crazy fiddles. The fair Helen of Fossland was the decided belle, and whatever might be the judgment of Paris, her pirouettes were the admired of all admirers on this occasion. Some of her fair companions were as innocent of shoes and stockings as the dancing houris in the Aurora of Guido of the Rospiglosi palace at Rome, but they had equally pretty feet, and knew how to use them; and how much more picturesque is the real unsophisticated foot, the work of nature, than the slipper, be it even a Cinderella's, which is but the work of nature's journeyman; then there is the novelty of the nudity, to say nothing of its being so classical, so Grecian, so antique. These unshod figurantes excelled particularly in the waltz, and circled round the humble saloon, revolving like sparkling stars. The merest child waltzes with the greatest ease, and the women display a grace and an elegance in this apparently national dance which could not have been surpassed even at Almack's. They keep the most perfect circle, and even in a small room, so regular was the order they observed, that not a single *concussion* took place during the whole evening. When a couple have completed their gyrations, instead of retiring, they step forward into the centre, and all that are dancing waltz round them, which is a far better plan than retiring behind the dancers, as with us. The Norse belles are particularly decorous in their behaviour; and after you have danced with one of them, she shakes you by the hand, by way of expressing her thanks; as they all likewise did after partaking refreshment, with which they were supplied, and which they stood much in need of after all their exertions, for they dance with the greatest spirit, not only the waltz, but also a variety of reels. They are extremely quick in learning new dances, and upon the present occasion were taught Sir Roger de Coverley, which they managed remarkably well.

The peasantry of Norway are well represented in the passage that now follows:

We had a very laborious walk to-day, and were glad enough to rest awhile, and to partake of some delicious milk, a large depot of which our guide discovered high up in the hills. It was a mountain dairy, and consisted of a low log-hut. We deposited a few skillings in a bowl in payment for what we had taken; but as we were leaving the place, the old woman who had the care of the cows which graze on the high ground during the summer months came up to us. She was full of gratitude for the small pittance which we had left for her, and said we were welcome at any time to as much milk as we

pleased. This kind of hut is called a *sætter*. One of our party, a few days since, whilst taking a solitary ramble in the midst of the wildest mountains in this neighbourhood, suddenly came upon a similar *sætter*, the guardian of which was a lovely girl of sixteen, with fine full black eyes, a beautiful countenance, and one of the finest forms in nature; she tended the cattle with no other companions but a little boy of eight years old and a dog; and here the livelong day and night, unconscious alike of her beauty, or the danger to which it might expose her, did this artless unprotected child of nature pass her summer months. But, indeed, such is the virtue and simplicity of character in these remote, unsophisticated regions, that no instance has ever occurred of violence being offered to one of these lonely shepherdesses. It may be that the custom of thus leaving their daughters and sisters to the care of an all-watching Providence has tended to foster a feeling of honour in the men of Norway, and induced them to respect all unprotected females. But they are not unprotected; the invincible strength and charm of modesty are their safeguard.

Mr. Milford's visit to the Laplanders was but brief, and we wish he had seen more and told more, of the honest and quaint people. But that which he does communicate concerning them, is favourable. We quote his notices of one member of the dog and deer-loving race:—

A thorough-bred Lapp has spent a few hours with us this evening; he appeared to be a regular chasseur, and to be passionately fond of his vocation. He had left the encampment of his countrymen ten weeks since, and had come to the mouth of the Namsen in pursuit of otters and seals; he had shot five of the latter, and we purchased two skins of him. In his pocket he carried a stick, in which were inserted seven circular pieces of metal, to mark the number of bears he had killed. To his girdle was appended a formidable knife, always kept open, with a small piece of leather, in which he kept a needle for mending his shoes. He wore a loose dress entirely made of leather, and over this a blouse of coarse linen. He was very muscular, but his stature was much under the common size, and his remarkably expressive countenance denoted both acuteness and intelligence. I never before beheld such eyes; they appeared to look through you, so small, dark, and piercing were they, and yet there was nothing malevolent or repulsive in their expression. Altogether he was one of the most extraordinary looking beings I had ever seen. I was desirous of hiring him as a guide to conduct us to see his countrymen; and indeed he engaged to do so, but broke his word, and went away alone during the night, anxious, no doubt, to join his wife, children, and rein-deer, as soon as possible. We gave him a little English gunpowder, which he seemed to value highly, and for this present cordially shook us by the hand; he was accompanied by a sharp dog, which he told us had more than once saved his life by worrying the bears, when about to attack him, and thereby given him the opportunity of making good his fire. He carried two guns.

We do not conduct our readers to any of the scenes of Mr. Milford's sporting exploits, although they are described with all becoming enthusiasm and freshness. We rather devote our remaining space to a character:—

I found the learned gentleman in a low room about ten feet square, at the end of a dark covered way which was entered from the street, and across which was a gate with broken hinges: the window of this apartment looked on a dirty court-yard lumbered up with tubs, an old cart, and a barrel or two of earth containing ore to be analysed. But the room itself was even worse than its situation, and its multifarious contents more difficult to analyse than the ore. It contained in one corner a small dirty bed; and on one side was a book-case, from the dusty top shelf of which, by mounting upon one of the three old crazy chairs, he handed a book down to me. On another side stood an antique clock, its face covered with figures and divers circles, emblematic, no doubt, of the mystic religion of Norway. On the wall were hanging thermometers, barometers, and hydrometers, and every other sort of *ometer*, numberless, dusty and mysterious; loadstones with weights attached to them; scales, pendulums, and an endless *et cetera*. Opposite to these was an old bureau full of mineralogical curiosities, among which he showed me an earth, previously unknown, which he had lately discovered, and a crystal not yet observed by any other person, and such like marvels. All these were lying in confusion confounded amidst pots and pans, basins, crucibles, receivers, retorts, bottles of every sort, shape, and size, and flanked with glasses of every kind and form: his large table covered with tablets, manuscripts, and books, cups, funnels, and every denomination of vessels, baffled all description. When I disturbed him he was engaged in analysing some specimens of minerals; but, to my taste, he was by far the most extraordinary specimen of all.

Fancy a little dirty old man, with blear eyes, whose face looked as if it had not been washed any more than his originally white, now dark-brown night-cap, since his spectacles were made, and the furrow they had worn upon his nose showed their use had been for some years' standing; and, to augment his beauty, a huge black plaster was stuck on one temple: he wore a dirty shirt crusted with snuff, a gay coloured waiscoat reaching over his hips, a brown coat and trousers far too wide for his shrunken shanks, while a pair of immense slippers completed the costume of this subterranean octogenarian, or I may say, mediterranean, prodigy. Despite his rough and unpromising exterior, his manners were not only agreeable, but polished; and he very kindly showed me his collection of minerals, which is valuable, and well arranged. He was a pupil of Werner's, and is a man of considerable talent.

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## Art. V.—*Part Music.* By John Hullah.

*Part Music*, by John Hullah, and *Singing for the Million*, by Joseph Mainzer, are contributions to the library of the people, hardly less significant, than the numbers that receive instruction from these gentlemen, and the stir that is made at the present time about the tuneful art, for the benefit and entertainment of the masses. We hear of many signs of a revival, or rather of the creation, of a taste for music in this country. The grant proposed by the government for Mr. Hullah's Singing Schools, is only one of the many symptoms referred to, and of the enlightening spirit of the age. Hundreds

have been attending Mr. Mainzer on the river, enjoying melody and fresh air at the same time; and other gentlemen have announced the formation of class-establishments, by means of which they undertake to diffuse a sound knowledge of the art of music, on very cheap terms. Nor is it to be overlooked, now that the London music season is closing, that the list of companies, and routes of the artists who will travel England in the autumn is greater, we believe, than at any former period. Steam conveyance is not altogether unconcerned in this increase of ubiquity. All this activity cannot be fruitless; and we may fairly anticipate that the system of teaching Part Singing, which has already transcended the fondest hopes of professors, will result in a sound course of English vocal instruction, that shall reach the remotest and poorest corner of the land.

Our attention having been directed to the subject of music, by the recent and continued stir made, to have the people instructed in its principles, and so as to feel a rational interest in executing the masterpieces of the greatest composers, it may not be unprofitable to take a glance at the history of the art; going back to ancient times, and coming down to its state and progress in Italy, as developed in the Lyrical Drama, and as we are guided by Count Orloff's Essay on the subject.

With regard to the rise and progress of music, this curious question has been raised,—Why should music in its abstract sense, and in the ancient times, when it was merely an art subject to a few simple rules, have been regarded as heaven-descended, deified and worshipped? In its application, why considered, gravely, as a regulator of the passions—a principle of government—the indispensable accomplishment of princes and warriors—as necessary to a statesman as political economy is now? And whence is it that music, in these modern days,—when successive discoveries have proved it to be a profound and beautiful science, connected with the highest branches of mathematics, mysteriously allied to the hidden principles of our being and the universal nature around us, and governed by laws as regular and immutable as those which wheel the planets above our heads,—whence is it that music should have sunk in estimation, and become, —instead of a moral agent, or a deified abstraction,— a mere profession, (and not one of the most honoured,)—a recreation—a taste—or, at the most, a passion? It was never so universal as an accomplishment, or an amusement; during one part of the year the music mania rages in our metropolis, and thence it spreads, like an epidemic, from one provincial town to another. But what has become of its loftier pretensions? Its celestial attributes? its moral and political influence?

But another remark irresistibly presents itself to the mind. It is singular, that, in those of the sciences founded in observation and reasoning, as in mathematics, the ancients should have made such

extraordinary progress with few and imperfect instruments; and that in those which depend more on analysis, as chemisty and music, they should have remained stationary, and this too, with instruments so numerous and so various in power, that we have done little more than perfect or improve on their inventions. Notwithstanding all this, music continued in the same state for some thousands of years, being confined to the knowledge of melody, or the mere succession of simple sounds; while all that world of delight contained within the hidden "soul of harmony," remained a sealed and undiscovered treasure.

The high value and reverence in which music was anciently held, may have arisen in the first place from the extreme susceptibility and excitable organization common to a southern people. Although the art did not originate among them, yet then it was that there sprung the exaggerated estimation in which it was held, and its fictitious or traditional miracles.

It is long since the days of Orpheus; but, even in this age, when philosophy has clipped Imagination's wings, Mozart was obliged to take off his ring while performing at Naples: the poetical and music-loving people of that land of song could only account for his divine genius, by the belief, that a spirit inhabited the jewel on his finger. What must those have felt, who first heard musical sounds drawn by human touch from the first rude lifeless instrument? There was another and more philosophical reason. Among the Greeks, poetry and music were so intimately connected, that they were, in fact, one and the same. All verse was *sung;* and not only their poems and tragedies, but the moral precepts and axioms of their philosophers, and the codes of their legislators, were set to music. "It was," says Plutarch, "the universal language of Greece, the sacred vehicle of history, philosophy, laws, and morals." Instrumental music, according to our present meaning of the word, was unknown. Instruments were merely used as an accompaniment or imitation of the voice. To sing was to compose verses, and recite them to musical notes,—and hence the double meaning of the word, as it has descended to our days. Homer literally *sang* the wrath of Achilles, and the woes of Greece; Milton only metaphorically sang "of man's first disobedience, and the fruit of the forbidden tree." The marvellous effect of music in ancient times was partly owing to this indivisible union of sweet sounds and beautiful verse. When this is considered, and due allowance made for the exaggerated and metaphorical expressions of the poets, we may observe, that there is nothing in the best authenticated tales of antiquity that can exceed the story of the musician Stradella, who disarmed his assassins; of Palma, who softened the heart of a creditor, and drew tears from a sheriff's officer; or that Eric of Denmark, who by certain strains of music was roused to such a frenzy as to murder his attendants. The very different mode and

degree in which music is felt by persons equally in possession of their senses and faculties, proves that a musical organization is a thing apart, a union of the nervous system, and the imaginative faculty not well understood.

But to descend to times more recent than traditionary antiquity, and to the rise and progress of Italian music.

The south of Italy was the birth-place of modern music. Long before the building of Rome, that delicious country was inhabited by an elegant and voluptuous people, who cultivated all the fine arts with enthusiasm, and more especially music. Pythagoras there made his famous discovery of the seven musical notes; and Aristoxenus, a native of Tarentum, perfected the gamut. This part of Italy (and Sicily) early supplied Greece with her most famous singers and musicians.

Over this lovely land, the fierce Romans came down like a devastating torrent: *they* were the Goths and Vandals of that day. The fair cities of Italian-Greece they razed and swept away; its humane and polished, but luxurious and effeminate inhabitants, they destroyed or enslaved; but they could not annihilate the spirit of music which had made its home in that soft clime, nor banish that language which had become interwoven and identified with the national music. The Latin tongue was never successfully planted in the south of Italy: the people continued to speak their own elegant and harmonious dialect; and, in return for the ravage and destruction carried into her bosom, Magna Græcia first taught her conquerors the divine art in which she excelled.

But, like the other arts which the Romans derived from the Greeks, music became degraded in their hands. From being held so sacred, that none but freemen were allowed to learn and practise it, it became the profession of slaves, and the amusement of tyrants. The Romans at once caressed it, and despised it; in the times of the republic, there were indeed schools of music at Rome, but they derived their most celebrated performers from the south of Italy. When Nero exhibited himself as a singer and flute-player on the stage at Naples, the musicians of that province assembled to hear him, and the numbers must have been prodigious; for we are told that the Emperor, whose vices and follies were all on a gigantic scale, selected *five thousand* among the best to be his household musicians, and clothed them in a rich and uniform dress.

In Rome itself, however, music had never been honoured or popular. The sanguinary combats of gladiators and wild beasts were better suited to the taste of that vile and ferocious rabble. Their theatres, instead of resounding to music, ran with blood; and it was owing to the increasing mania for these detestable spectacles, as well as to the abuse of music under Nero, that we find that beautiful art (rendered odious by its association with such a monster) declared

infamous after his death, and, by a public decree, banished from the city. Thus exiled and degraded, music found a sanctuary among the early Christians; and in the dark ages which followed, it took refuge with the last vestiges of learning and civilization in the monasteries. At this time it was purely vocal; for musical instruments, from recalling to mind their pagan persecutors and the idolatrous sacrifices, were, by the primitive clergy, considered profane. The exclusive use of vocal music in the Pope's chapel at Rome is a relic of this early prejudice.

About 594, St. Gregory made an attempt to restore the music of the Greeks, and founded the first school of singing at Rome, which, however, was wholly dedicated to the service of the church. About the same time Clovis sent to Theodoric to beg of him a certain Italian singer named *Acorede;* and a century later, Charlemagne sent to Pope Adrian for two famous Italian singers, *Theodore* and *Benedict*, for the instruction of the Franks. It is amusing to find the French, in that true national spirit of exclusion which has ever been their distinguishing feature, petitioning even thus early against the introduction of Italian music. Notwithstanding this, schools of Italian singing were established at Soissons and at Metz, about the same time, by Boniface, while St. Dunstan introduced the Italian chant into England.

The birth of a man of genius is an epoch in the history of his art; and that of the Monk Guido d'Arezzo forms an era in the progress of music. Guido would have been a remarkable man in any profession and at any period; in the solitude of his convent he devoted the powers of his comprehensive mind to music, and made the grand discovery of counterpoint, or the science of harmony, as distinguished from melody: he also invented the present system of notation, and gave those names to the sounds of the diatonic scale still in use:—*ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si.*

But the rules of composition, as laid down by Guido and his immediate successors, shackled music, while slowly struggling through a second childhood, and threw it into the hands of pedants, by whom the graceful art of melody was totally neglected for the abstruse and complicated science of harmony. The musicians of the fifteenth century had not, like the poets and painters of that time, the divine models left by antiquity to kindle and excite their genius. Ariosto and Tasso,—Michael Angelo, Raffaelle, and Correggio, had lived and died in the blaze of their fame, and music was still timidly feeling her way in the dark. For two centuries after the death of Guido d'Arezzo, we find no name of any eminence or influence;—at length, rose Palestrina. This wonderful man was the creator of modern church music, and carried to perfection the style he created; those who have heard one of his masses executed in the choir of St. Peter's, by the most perfect voices in the world, have heard what is

divinest in music; and, after listening to his solemn and thrilling choral harmonies, they may turn to the spot where his remains lie worthily sepulchred within that most glorious of temples, and read on his tomb the noble and expressive epitaph, "Palestrina musicæ princeps." He died in 1594. Though the genius of Palestrina was wholly consecrated to church music, yet, by bringing that style to perfection—by first adapting music to the expression of a sentiment—by his grand compositions, full of simplicity, feeling, and imagination, which he introduced into the religious service, he led the way to another and a different style which sprung up immediately after his death—the music of the theatre.

Dramatic representations, interspersed with music and songs, were already known; but, the recitativo, or musica parlante, which distinguishes the opera, properly so called, from every other species of drama, was a later invention, and dates from the very year in which Palestrina died.

The opera, according to Rousseau's definition, is a dramatic, lyrical, and scenic representation, in which agreeable sensations are conveyed by the combined effect of all the fine arts,—the poetry and action being addressed to the mind, the music to the ear, and the scenic decorations to the eye of the spectator.

About the year 1494, three young noblemen of Florence, who were attached to each other by a similarity of tastes and pursuits, and a love of poetry and music, conceived the idea of reviving the chanted declamation of the Greek tragedy; they procured the poet Rinuccini to write a drama on the story of Daphne, which was set to music by Peri, the most celebrated musician of the age, assisted by Count Giacomo Corsi, who, though only an amateur, was also, for the period, a good musician: the piece, like the Mask of Comus, was privately represented, and in the palace of Corsi. The interlocutors, or singers, were the author and his friends: and the orchestra of this first opera consisted but of four instruments, viz., a harpsichord, a harp, a viol di gamba, and a lute. There was no attempt at airs; and the recitative, if such it could be called, was merely a kind of measured intonation, which would appear to us insufferably languid and monotonous. It is amusing to look back upon this embryo opera, and compare it with one of the masterpieces of Mozart, Cimarosa, or Rossini, executed by such voices, and such an orchestra as we have heard in our day. But strange as such a performance would sound in our modern ears,—pampered with excess of harmony,—it caused, at the time, an extraordinary sensation, and was frequently repeated. Four years afterwards, the first public opera, entitled Euridice, written by the same poet, and set by the same musician, was represented at the theatre of Florence, in honour of the marriage of Mary de Medicis with Henry the Fourth of France. On this occasion, the introduction of anacreontic stanzas, set to music, and a chorus at the

end of each act, were the first imperfect indications of the airs and chorusses of the modern opera. Monteverde, a Milanese musician, improved the recitative, by giving it more flow and expression; he set the opera of Ariadne, by Rinuccini, for the court of Mantua; and in the opera of Giasone, set by Cavalli and Cicognini, for the Venetians (1649), occur the first *airs* connected in sentiment and spirit with the dialogue. The commencement of the opera seria at Rome was remarkable, and forcibly reminds us of the waggon of Thespis, and his lees-besmeared company of strollers. The first performance of this kind, consisting of scenes in recitative and airs, was exhibited in a *cart* during the carnival of 1606, by the musician Quagliata and four or five of his friends. The first regular serious opera performed at Naples was in 1646; it was entitled "Amor non ha legge," and the music was the joint production of several masters, whose names, however, are unknown. During the next half century, the opera not only did not improve, but it degenerated—it became in Italy what it was in France during the last century, a grand spectacle addressed to the eye, in which the poetry and music were the last things considered, while the scenery, mechanical illusions, and pantomime, were on the most splendid scale. The money now expended on the salaries of first-rate singers, was then lavished on the scene painter and *machiniste*. The first *Opera Buffa* was sung at Venice, between 1581 and 1597, but the name of the composer, who applied the recitative already introduced into the serious opera to the buffa style, is unknown.

Towards the end of the seventeeth century, we find the serious lyrical drama introduced, in some form or other, into most of the capitals of Europe. Cardinal Mazarin had a company of Italian singers in his service, at Paris; but after his death they were dispersed, and Louis XIV. founded the grand French opera, and called Lulli from Florence, to compose and superintend the music. But to listen to a theatrical performance in any other language than their own, was a derogation from the national dignity, which never entered into the head of a Frenchman at that time, nor for a hundred years after. This national horror of all innovation from without, and the nature of the French language, which, from its peculiar structure and its want of accent, is totally unfitted for musical expression, kept their music in the same deplorable state for nearly a century.

The Italian opera was introduced at Vienna, by Santinelli, a composer of the Roman school, who was called there by Leopold the First, about the year 1680; but Italian music was not there, as in France, divorced from its own sweet accents, and "married," as Milton expresses it, to an ill-assorted northern guttural tongue, with which it had no sympathy. The word may seem strangely applied, but it is, in fact, this *sympathy* between the music, and the soft gliding language of Italy, which gives such exquisite pleasure when the

words are well set, and which renders the recitative, in any other language than Italian, so unsufferable to ears which have been tuned to its long open vowels, and syllables that "breathe of the sweet south."

In England, Italian music was loved and cultivated very early; and London was the next capital, after Vienna, which established and supported an Italian opera. But as we never do things by halves, we had, soon afterwards, *two* opposition houses. The first company of Italian singers journeyed here in the reign of Charles the Second; they were brought by Killegrew from Venice, about 1668; but they did not perform whole operas, only merely detached scenes in recitative, and not in any public theatre, as it appears, but in the houses of the nobility. There were in the same reign two or three abortive attempts to establish English operas in the French style; but, happily, the taste of the public rejected them. This was the state of the lyrical drama in Europe, from 1650 to 1700. From this latter period we may date the golden age of Italian music, and its gradual diffusion through the whole civilized world.

The man destined to give a new impulse to the musical genius of his country, and new-create the Italian opera, was Alessandro Scarlatti, born at Naples 1650.

Scarlatti is less interesting to us for the sake of his own works, the style of which is out of date, than for the innovations he introduced, and the scholars he prepared. He was the first who composed a grand overture (to his opera of Alessandro, at Rome); before that time the overture had been merely a few bars of symphony, without any connexion in feeling or subject with the piece it introduced. He invented the recitative obbligato, which lent such energy, such expression to simple recitative, hitherto in use. The first Italian opera ever performed in this country, was the *Pirro e Demetrio*, of Scarlatti, composed in 1694, and sung here in 1708. In this opera, the Italian performers sung their parts in Italian, and the English performers sung in English, which excited the merriment of the *Spectator*. A similar absurdity occurred in some of the German cities. The first opera performed entirely in Italian, and by Italian singers on our stage, was Handel's *Rinaldo*, produced in 1711.

Count Orloff gives a rapid sketch of the principal schools in Italy during the last century.

Scarlatti may be properly termed the founder of the Neapolitan school, which undoubtedly holds the first rank, whether the number or the genius of its composers be estimated. In the long list of the other schools in Italy, there is not to be found a single name worthy of being compared with that of any of the three following:—

Pergolesi, who was one of those truly inspired geniuses that stand alone at long intervals in the history of an art. His works are few, but all are masterpieces. His Olimpiade, which was sung in Eng-

land with wonderful success, contains scenes which are considered inimitable. He has been styled by his poetical countrymen, "the Raphael of music." His Salve Regina was composed in a transport of devotion; and his last moments were devoted to the sublime Stabat Mater.

Paesiello excelled in the buffa style, where grace and gaiety, sentiment and tenderness, combine to enchant ear and soul. His delicious melodies have been sung in every language almost from pole to pole. His airs have been said, like Guido's heads, to have come from Paradise.

Cimarosa was the most brilliant musical genius Italy ever produced. His "Matrimonio Segreto" probably never will be surpassed by any composition in the same school. The transport with which this opera was hailed in every capital of Europe resembled a delirium: it turned the heads of the phlegmatic Germans, whose musical enthusiasm seldom breaks out in vivacious excesses. When it was performed before the Emperor Joseph, he invited the singers to a banquet, and then sent them back to the theatre to play and sing the opera over again. All his music abounds with fancy, energy, and passion.

The great musicians of the Roman school applied themselves chiefly to church music; for Rossini is much more a Venetian than a Roman, and the character of his genius and his compositions is decidedly of that sparkling school.

The Lombard school has produced, during the eighteenth century, few great names; while Florence, which was once famous for the number and skill of its musicians, has been singularly barren of musical genius in these latter times. Tuscany also has produced but few.

It has been remarked, that all the great Italian composers flourished most when about the age of twenty-five. All the finest Italian music, however tender and pathetic in its expression, has a general character which it is not easy to describe. It seems to be breathed forth by beings who believed in the immortality of happiness, like the birds pouring out their hearts, because they could not help it. This, however, cannot be pronounced generally of German composers, who are more intellectual and scientific. It used to be commonly said in Italy, that music was play to the Italians, and work to the Germans. The golden age of Italian music is comprised within the time of one man's life,—it rose and declined with Metastasio. At the same time it is to be observed, that nearly all the great Italian composers spent some part of their life in the different courts of Germany, where they were received with open arms, and where they may be said to have planted their native music, and to have given that impulse to the musical genius of the people, which afterwards ripened

into the Haydns and Mozarts—the Beethovens and Webers. In return, since 1812, all Italy has been invaded by German music.

The influence which Italian music has had in England, and the character as well as the amount of that music which may be called purely English, say of the sacred order alone, would demand lengthened and skilful historical and critical treatment. In the meanwhile, and in conclusion, we recur to the present state and promise of the art amongst us; and with pleasure have to mention, that only a few days prior to the date at which we write, there was a concert of choral and madrigal music given at the British School, Harp Alley, when Mr. H. E. Hickson delivered a farewell address, in which he took a brief and flattering review of the progress of popular instruction in music. He observed that within the last few years, a great and an important change had been effected. When the proposition was first made, that the people should be taught to sing, as a means of weaning our neglected operatives from the vice of intemperance, it was received with ridicule; and when he had endeavoured, by lectures and pamphlets, to show that music might be rendered a great moral engine for softening the manners, refining the taste, and raising the character of the working classes, he was treated as a well-intentioned but an impracticable enthusiast. It was up-hill work in those days, and required both perseverance and some moral courage, but it was now pleasant for the pioneers in the cause, in retiring from the field of their labours, to observe that the path they had opened for others had become the road to professional success and personal distinction. When Mr. Wyse once intimated an opinion in the House of Commons that, among other branches of useful instruction, children should be taught to sing, as in Germany, the legislators present replied to his remarks by a laugh. Now Ministers of State, the highest dignitaries of the Church, the first nobles in the land, rise in both Houses of Parliament, to avow their conviction that a normal school for instruction in singing is a suitable object for a public grant; and although there was some reason to apprehend that any grant now contemplated would be confined to the propagation of music by one particular method, (and exclusive government patronage had a tendency to check improvement, by operating practically as a discouragement to the professors of other methods of equal or superior merit,) that, perhaps, after all, should be viewed by the friends of the object as but a slight drawback to the success which had attended their exertions; and the result, on the whole, must be considered as highly gratifying. And it ought to be especially gratifying to some of those he saw around him, because undoubtedly the impression produced on the public mind might, in great part at least, be traced to the impulse originally communicated from the place in which they were assem-

bled. The first public demonstration of the practicability of Part Singing as a branch of school instruction was given, with the assistance of the children he had himself taught to sing, in that place,—the boys and girls of the British School. At the numerous lectures which he had undertaken the duty of delivering, he had been accompanied by about sixty of the children from that school, and undoubtedly the interest excited by those amateur juvenile concerts, the tuneful voices, and the happy faces of the children, greatly tended to prepare the way for a movement which had since become too strong for prejudice to resist. This was a circumstance to be remembered with pride, and he trusted the Society would long continue to prosper, as a permanent memorial of efforts commenced within those walls in favour of a great and good object, now in train of happy accomplishment. Musical instruction, he observed towards the conclusion, in some form or other was certain to penetrate into every corner of the United Kingdom; and as the same reason which had formerly induced him to sacrifice a large portion of his time to the object, no longer existed, it was fitting that in the same place where they commenced should now close that series of public duties (self-imposed, but sometimes of an arduous character) which he had undertaken to perform in connexion with the subject of music.

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ART. VI.—*Godfrey Malvern; or the Life of an Author.* By THOMAS MILLER. Miller.

Another of the serial fictions appearing in monthly parts, and not yet completed. Of course we are not in a condition to pronounce upon its merits, as a compact and finished story; nor even upon the conception and execution of any one of the characters. As a tale it promises to become dark and terrible enough. At present the actors in it are but few; and they are very distinctly cast. Gregory Gruff is an original, and an unknown diamond; Parson Preedom is related to the Vicar of Wakefield; Squire Ingledew is a thorough-paced man of the world, and the villain apparently of the piece; while his daughter, the heroine, is a charming and natural creation, yet by no means a faultless monster; for she follows the impulses of a guileless nature, whose training has been defective, and whose will, being combined with strong affections, is her law. The hero, Malvern, is hardly better acquainted with the world or with himself. Accordingly, when a love marriage, hateful to the upstart opulent squire, severs Emma Ingledew from her father, the inexperienced and almost penniless pair leave the country for the Great Metropolis, with the most fallacious dreams in their heads, in relation to a literary career; and hence arises an opportunity for Mr. Miller, to

narrate and illustrate with the aid of Phiz's pencil, the Life of an Author; to carry him through a variety of vicissitudes, and to introduce him to many scenes, some of them not less strange than wild fiction; but yet to be witnessed on the borders of the most thronged thoroughfares of the overgrown Babylon. We shall, before uttering another sentence of a critical character, quote a real and experienced description of one particular locality, viz. that of Lock's Fields, which is spread out between the Walworth-road, on the one hand, and on the other, the Old Kent or Greenwich-road,—"a huge morass of misery."

In the windows of almost every other inhabited house you see a bill, announcing "Unfurnished Apartments to Let;" in almost every street numbers of houses shut up, and huge padlocks on the doors, which tell that the late wretched inhabitants have been rendered still more wretched, their few goods sold, and themselves either driven to the parish, or, with their bed of straw, housed in some new and wretched habitation. Houses there are, which have never had a coat of paint on them for years, and many of these must once have been respectable-looking places. But now the broken windows are repaired with paper; or, where the inhabitants are too indolent even to do this, huge, unsightly, and filthy garments are thrust into the broken panes, and left there until summer comes, and the cool air is then welcome. There stand sheds, in which the now useless dog-carts are placed, unless the owner is still compelled to wheel out the hearth-stone himself, or drag his load of "cats'-meat" along the streets by his own strength. There dwell your dog fanciers, living in little huts, among dogs and fowls, rabbits, birds, and guinea-pigs; and surrounded with children, who all day long play in the dirt before the doors, and yet look as healthy and fresh in their filth as potatoes just turned out of the mould. And these little bare-footed, uncombed children take their baskets (often patched with cloth, when the bottom is gone) and buy the fat dirty slices of pork and bacon which lie in the neighbouring shops, marked threepence or fourpence a pound, and sopping their potatoes in the fat, lick their fingers and thrive, learning to swear almost as soon as they can talk. Here and there you see a cook-shop, and in the window about noon smoke great suet-puddings with lumps of fat as large as walnuts in them; and great black flat tins filled with baked potatoes, and swimming in the grease of pork which has been cooked, because it would keep no longer; while at the windows the little dirty children stand "looking hunger" at the savoury viands, and flattening their noses against the panes. A penny to purchase a piece of pudding, or a few of the brown-baked and greasy potatoes, and they are happy, and can play with light and merry hearts, until hunger or sleep again visits them. Others contrive to keep a poor horse, high of bone and low of flesh, one bought at the "knackers'," and cruelly saved from death; and this is yoked to a cart, the cart itself tumbling to pieces; and when not in use, the owner is ever mending it, driving in a nail here and there, then going his daily round, and crying "Dust O!" Before his door stands a mountain of ashes; this his wife riddles for the cinders, the dog meanwhile feeding from the filthy heap. During his absence his children turn it over, and pick out the bones and rags, and all are thrown into separate heaps, and then sold. So they live in dirt, drunkenness, and misery.

Then comes a shop, where they sell cats'-meat, coals, cow-heels, coke, wood, and tripe. And ever and anon a load of coal comes in, and black clouds of dust arise as they are emptied in the shop, settling on the cow-heels and the tripe, and the pillars of pudding, yet these they eat all up, and, as one of them once remarked in our hearing, "the dust does instead of pepper." From morning to night the pot-boys are ever carrying out beer, from "early morn to dewy eve," it is "beer," still "beer!"—breakfast and tea cannot be made without beer. Even the little children who can but just walk, and are sent to fetch it in their own jugs, stop at every turning to taste of this "beer," and as they grow up they learn to despise tea, and milk, and all such feminine et-ceteras, and grow brown on bread and beer, until gin comes and "strikes flat the thick rotundity!"

Yet trade is carried on even here:—they make those blue boxes, such as hatters give away, when their customers purchase a "four-and-ninepenny." They bottom chairs with cane, such as, when complete and coloured to resemble rose-wood, sell for twelve shillings the half-dozen. They cut and bind up wood, and it takes them a day to sell what they have done up the day before, at three bundles a-penny. Sometimes you see a poor mechanic carrying home the skeleton of a sofa on his head, or part of a French bedstead; then return with a small portion of wood, of which to make others the following week. He works for the "trade," the shops that ticket low, and sell still lower; and make such chairs and bedsteads, that if Dandy Dinmont threw himself into them in his rough riding-coat, as he did in the prison-scene in "Guy Mannering," he would leave nothing but "a wreck behind." Here all streets are without water, saving what they get from shallow wells;—for what company would lay down pipes in such a neighbourhood? The children are seen with rusty cans, and battered tin-kettles, going from house to house to beg water—no marvel they soon become so fond of beer. If a fire breaks out here, even the landlord is glad, for he gets rid of a bad tenant and a bad house at the same time, and there is still the ground to let—they need no fire-engines who have nothing worth saving. Many of the wooden sheds, and tumble-down houses, a strong man might throw over into the ditches, which seem to stand sluggishly as if yawning for the ruins. Beside many of the ditches grow stunted elder-bushes; they are hung with broken saucepans, rags, and filth, which the inhabitants were too weak or too lazy to throw into the ditches. There live your men who sell cheap flounders and soles in the morning, and on an afternoon cry shrimps, water-cresses, periwinkles. There walk home your women of a night, who sit at street-ends in the day, with little piles of withered apples, oranges, and cocoa-nut shells before them, and are begrimed through roasting chesnuts. Here is stowed away the tall theatre in which Punch and Judy exhibit in our streets, the deep drum, and the shrill pipes; the big caravan, the poor horse that draws it, and the dwarf or giant it contains, have here their home. The manly-voiced woman, who cries "Walk in, only one penny!" and the velvet-coated man who shows the last murder in his peep-show, here sit side by side, and drink their beer, smoke their pipes, swear and fight,—then sleep in peace. Here a board announces that "messages are delivered, and errands run." But every one there is his own messenger, and goes his own errand; and if a postman appears in the neighbourhood, or a double-knock is heard at any of the doors, every head is seen projecting outside all the way down the street. They walk into each other's

houses without ceremony, while they are friends—and when they have quarrelled, never speak, except to "blow each other up," for weeks after: unless sickness or sorrow comes; then the past is forgotten; for they are still true to one another when misery bares her arm. "Heaven tempers the wind to the shorn lamb!" and here thousands are born, live, and die, and in some instances find more real sympathy and kindness in the last struggle, than others who end their days in the "high estate" of the cold formal world. Poor, and ragged, and ill-housed as they too often are, they are not altogether miserable. They help each other, although they talk about it afterwards. They have their bright and dark sides—their whims and ways, bad passions, and kind feelings, just like the high and wealthy, the great and the titled. But poverty and crime dwell here!

Oh God! what have we not witnessed amid these scenes!—Blear-eyed drunkenness, prowling theft, and red-handed murder!—for here shrieks and cries for help are too common to be regarded. Here they turn in their wretched beds, and say, "It is only so and so, quarrelling with his woman;" and, stupified with the fumes of "turpentined gin," are soon again asleep. Beauty dwells here; but not such as God made. Women live here—too many, alas!—faded and fallen!—the majesty gone, the virtue worn and wasted, the goodness, and kindness, and gentleness of their nature lost, battered, hardened, and now cruel and selfish. No Adam to lead them forth when they fell, they left the garden of their Eden alone; those who shared in their guilt, had long deserted them. They had no bosom left to lean and weep upon. Drink dried up their tears, and burnt up their hearts; their sighs were lost amid the loud swearing of their companions. No law protected them, and they soon hated all laws; none loved them, and now they have no love left.

Here they drag out their existence from day to day; but no one comes to ask how?—they live, die, and are buried; and their names are never known! The virtuous and the vicious are swept away together; those who were honest and industrious, and those who lived by the most disreputable means, sleep side by side in the same church-yard: how they lived, or died, no one cares to inquire. And this is in London!—in England!—in our own time! aye!—even now whilst we are writing, and now whilst thou art reading this very page.

Godfrey Malvern, while yet but a poor schoolmaster, and an amateur adventurer in the fields of literature; a total stranger too, to a city life, and every way raw but in his love for Emma, is found useful to, and is caressed by, her father, in order, through the aid and readiness of the young man's pen, and insinuating manners, to forward the squire's canvass for a seat in Parliament. This short statement will serve to introduce two passages in which our favourite, the heroine, is well brought out, and in which Mr. Miller's treatment of the tender passion will be appreciated.

Emma had just spoken words of comfort to her lover, and expressed her gladness that the contest was at last over.

"It is," said Godfrey, with a sigh; "and your father will no longer need me! Pardon me, Emma; I would not offend you for the whole wealth of the wide world! you know I would not. But to-day, when he entered the town-

hall, after he was chaired, he shook my hand coldly, and hoped that when I found leisure from my labours in the school, I should not forget to call on him. Emma! he no longer needs me, and for this I was prepared. I have answered his purpose."

It was twilight, and Godfrey saw not the change which the countenance of his fair companion underwent, which in an instant took possession of her,—her very nature seemed to be undergoing a change,—all that her lover had before alluded to burst instantaneously upon her, and she remained silent for several moments.

After a long pause, and in a tone of voice which seemed not her own, she said—"He cannot mean this!—But his conduct can never alter mine. No, Godfrey, if you are compelled to beg your bread, I will beg with you. Your fate is mine,—whatever that fate may be. I have sworn it, and will never change!" From that moment Emma Ingledew was a firm, enduring woman; even her girlish look seemed to have vanished for ever; there was a compression about the mouth, such as had never before rested there,—a very daring in her eye, as she stood proud, erect, and one of the noblest of God's untried creatures. Poor dear Emma! she was, until she knew Godfrey, a mere child, swayed by every breeze like a flower; she had never, in her life, coveted a thing which she could not possess,—and now her lover, the only object around which her young heart had grown as it were, to be taken from her! without ever dreaming that they were to be parted:—no,—she would sooner die! Reader, remember that the child of nature obeys only its own passions; that Emma had never been taught to make a sacrifice of her feelings; and that never, until now, had she felt how much pain it causes the heart, only to contemplate the losing of an object on which it has long doted. She was as resolute as one of the most self-willed daughters of erring Eve.

The trials of this world prepare us, after a time, to meet with disappointments; and although we murmur, still we learn to bear them. Death teaches us resignation,—and we know that the loss must be endured; but severe changes seldom come upon us at once,—they "grow with our growth," for during our earlier years we feel not so acutely:—the world is all before us, and it is only when drawing towards our journey's end, that we pause to look behind. Imagine then a beautiful girl, whose course of life, for seventeen years, had run on smoothly,—whose very look, for the last two or three years, had been obeyed,—who had never been moved by any other passion than that of fond, tender love,—imagine her, for the first time in her life, struggling to hold all her heart ever really coveted,—then you have before you the picture of our heroine on that very night:—the meek archangel entering the combat against Satan!

She shed no tear, she heaved no sigh, but shook the long ringlets about her neck, like the mane of a young war-horse; she trod the gravel-walk with "a firm, fiery step;"—she looked like an "angel" in a "devil" of a rage! And her little tongue, oh! how it went! she talked of cottages and crusts, bread and water, and weary wanderings, as if such things were really delightful to endure;—and (oh we write it with reluctance), said more against her father in five minutes, than Godfrey had ever hinted at during the whole course of his courtship. To paint human nature what it really is, we are compelled to use these dark unsightly colours. It was a strange way of what they called "adding to their beauty," when a few years ago, lovely women disfigured their

fair faces with black patches, as if to shew that the white angel was something akin to the black devil, and was not ashamed to own such relationship.

Pardon me, ye fair, frail creatures! as Moore has wittily said—the "errata' is, after all, the best page in your volume: you err not as we do! there is a grace about your grossest blunders, which laughs all the care and display of man to scorn. God bless you all! and after this, we will not disfigure our chapter with another sentence, for the blessing came leaping unaware from the heart.

The Squire comes home after his successful contest in the election, quite an altered man, as regarded his conduct towards Godfrey; and the following is the scene and sentimentality which ensue:—

This change had arisen from some remark made by the wealthy mayor of the borough, respecting the intimacy of the young poet with his daughter. The mayor meant no harm,—he simply inquired of the squire, who his intended son-in-law really was; and then, for the first time in his life, Squire Ingledew heard that rumour had given the hand of Emma to Godfrey. This accounted for the cold, formal shake of the hand, after the "chairing" had taken place. And now we must return to the scene in the hall, after Godfrey had gone, and Emma and her father were left alone.

Unlike his usual manner, the squire came to the matter uppermost in his mind, at once, and said, "Emma, I must no longer encourage the visits of Godfrey Malvern here, agreeable as his company has been to us both. Rumour is already busy with your names, and has given out that I have selected him for your husband, before I have ever even thought of your marrying with any one,—at least, not at present. I intend writing him a civil note in the morning, and I am sure he will see at once, how improper it will be to resume his visits here."

Now Emma was a young lady who possessed great courage, and no small decision; as to deceit, she had never had occasion to put it into practice, and her reply was a straightforward one, for she was in the right humour to answer:—"You may do as you please, father, but when I do marry, it will be with Godfrey Malvern; and whether you see him again or not, I shall. I scorn to deceive you!—But I have made a solemn vow to God, that I will marry none other than him,—and you may now take what course you please!"

The squire never did anything like another person, and her reply scarcely caused an alteration in his countenance; he merely looked fixedly at his daughter for a few moments, then said, "When you become of age, Emma, if you are of the same opinion as you are now, I shall not attempt to oppose it,—but until then, I feel certain that you will do as I desire you. However, please yourself! I made a promise to your mother on her death-bed, that I would never thwart you in your choice of a husband; but remember, I made no promise to assist you afterwards, nor shall I, if you marry without my consent. I have no more to say, so leave me!—You will, I hope, think differently of the matter by morning.—Good night.—There, say no more now," said he, waving his hand: "if you still continue in the same mind, I cannot help it; but once more, remember you have no help from me."

Emma retired to her chamber,—but not to sleep. As yet she had shed no tear,—had not even displayed a symptom of weakness, nor was there anything

approaching to what is called a sinking of the heart. All this was her father's own fault, for he had neither trained her up to love nor fear him. Up to within the last three years of his life, he had neither thought nor cared for anything, but amassing wealth together. This once attained, he aimed next at power; so that between money and ambition, he had left the mind of his daughter neglected. He loved her as much as it was in his nature to love anything earthly:—next to himself, and saving that self, he loved only her. But even she formed only a leading link in his great chain of ambition,—a chain with which his very heart was fettered, and there kept a cold, iron guard, and held prisoner every nobler emotion. It was one of his chief objects to bring down rank,—to make his daughter the hawk which was to strike at some noble quarry,—to see some proud, old, titled family bowed prostrate before his wealth, that he might look on and triumph over their fall, for in his heart he hated to see a man above him; he aspired not to raise himself to the height of the good and great, but to lower them down to his own standard,—and on Lord Wildman was his eye fixed, for, although unknown to the young nobleman, he already held the deeds of a heavy mortgage on his estate.

Deprived of her mother, almost before she felt the loss, and left under the care of such a father as we are attempting to portray, no wonder that she dared to disobey him,—that she who had seen all around only waiting to obey her slightest wish—who had never been taught that she, in her proud station, ought also to serve, should at last rebel. Hers was a nature that needed much training; her feelings were too buoyant—her passions had known no check, for as yet she had never before been called upon to make any sacrifice,—she had never been taught to "know herself;" and this was her father's fault.

These are favourable and selected specimens of the tale; for we might cite passages, especially where the *life of the author* is depicted, where an attempt is made to convey a vivid idea of the necessities and resources of *litterateurs*, and to introduce the reader to the secrets of the book-making trade, from the penny publications, through the whole periodical circle, up to your portly volumes, which appear to us to be, not merely wearifully long and tiresomely repeated, but to approach puerility and the most common commonplace. In these parts of the work Mr. Miller appears to have been writing for the information of country cousins; and to some of such readers Godfrey Malvern's experience may be instructive. But to many of those in whose estimation the Basket-maker has established a high footing, and whose permanent good opinion he must be most desirous to possess, we fear there will be found, in his literary gossip, grounds for disappointment, and even for the charge of silliness.

Still it is to be borne in mind that many passages in the *life of the author* must be akin to those which have actually occurred in the experience of one who has expressed himself to the following effect, in his touching and candid preface to a "Day in the Woods:" "That the world is overstocked with authors, is not to be doubted; but it is equally true, that it is too full of basket-makers. Many portions of the volume were written amid the fatigue and exertions con-

sequent upon several hours' daily perambulation in the streets of the metropolis, in unsuccessful endeavours to dispose of his baskets, when his spirit was subdued by poverty and disappointment; when even hope had deserted his dwelling, and despair sat brooding by his hearth. He had long before this been an adventurer on the uncertain sea of literature; but the periodical skiffs in which he embarked, had many of them been wrecked, and he was cast upon a desolate shore, on which grew a few osiers, and by clinging to them and weaving them together, he was just saved from the returning waves which have devoured numbers of his struggling companions."

It was some six years ago when Thomas Miller gave this simple piece of autobiography; since which time he has achieved many literary triumphs, and earned for himself a high reputation amongst the living sons of song, and men of letters.

We hope and trust that the earnings have not alone been the breath of praise and the trumpetings of fame. His station now in the rank of the publishers of the metropolis, we take to be evidence of a worldly condition in some measure adequate to his aspirings, when he called upon those who might object to his devotedness to literature to point out some other path that led not to the jaws of want and wretchedness, and he would follow it. Glad indeed shall we be if any notice of ours, regarding Mr. Miller's calling, shall direct to his house of business. We believe there is not a publisher in London who can exhibit such an inviting catalogue and display of books coined in the seller's brain, and fashioned by the bibliopole's hand, as meet the eye at No. 9, Newgate-street. There you will find "A Day in the Woods," with its pleasant and truthful description of scenery, its tender and sweet memories of impressions deeply engraven by nature, and its fine bursts of imagination in rich verse, as well as in a prosaic form which may be called green and leafy. There you will meet with "Beauties of the Country," partly a compilation tastefully and congenially done, and partly an original work breathing abundantly of many things that are purely rustic. "Rural Sketches" presents kindred beauties and excellences; with manifest tokens of improvement in literary craftship. There you receive from the romancer's own hand "Royston Gower," and "Fair Rosamond," fictions holding a higher place in the school of Scott than any that have come in the great magician's wake. We might enumerate sundry other productions of this man of industry, each of them displaying incontestible proofs of genius, cultured and chastened in the school of experience and just observation; and all of them abounding with the truth of nature, with sympathy for man, and with infecting sentiment,—humorous, tear-drawing, and exalting by turns.

Our animadversions relative to certain portions of Godfrey Malvern, ought also to be qualified by bearing testimony to the manly

sincerity of our author, and to the good faith which uniformly characterizes his purpose. He does not think it enough to be amusing and to be merely harmless. His manifest desire is to improve the heart, to purify and to elevate the imagination; and he whose aim is so properly directed, if possessed but of a little of Mr. Miller's talent and taste, can never fail of benefitting his fellow men; nor, in his sketches and illustrations of character, of infusing life and blood into them.

We have spoken of Mr. Miller's education in the school of experience; alluded to what we hope were the forever bygone hardships of his lot; and have quoted his strongly appealing, and, we doubt not, minutely accurate, account of a miserable locality in the suburbs of London. Ere concluding our few remarks, we shall merely add, as a proof of the sincerity and permanency of his sentiments and sympathies, the sentence which immediately follows the extract already given from the autobiographical preface. "He then took refuge in one of those silent alleys, of which there is no lack in 'busy London,' where hearts break daily, whose deep feelings are wholly unknown to the gay and prosperous; where many a tear gushes forth unheeded, and many a sigh is breathed, which finds not an echo beyond the desolate dwelling of the sufferer."

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ART. VII.—*Introductory Lectures on Modern History, delivered in Lent Term, 1842, with the Inaugural Lecture delivered in December, 1841.* By the late THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, and Head Master of Rugby School. Parker, Oxford.

WHEN the late head master of Rugby School was inducted to the professional chair of Modern History at Oxford, there was in all probability an universal feeling of satisfaction at such an appointment being made. Every man who reflected at all upon the subject, felt no small pleasure in the idea that a mind of such capacity and almost startling energy was about to develop itself at last in its proper sphere. That such was the general feeling may be gathered from the eager crowds which awaited the opening of the schools—not only the students themselves, but visitors from all parts—old and young—the teacher and the taught—nay, even the fairer sex—all thronged alike to listen to the theses of so celebrated an historian as the author of the lectures before us.

We ourselves from our *sanctum sanctorum*—from the narrow precincts of our literary "snuggery," breathed many an aspiring sigh after that intellectual feast, and we hailed with joy the intelligence that the publication of the lectures would place its substance at least within our reach and that of many thousands.

While, however, we pay homage due to the historian and the *savant*, we must distinctly protest against being thought to coincide in many of the opinions and "idées" of our author, as respects his views upon the political constitution of both church and state. Like him, however, we would, on the present occasion, shun all controversial topics, and hasten forward to the consideration of the work itself, considered as an assistant and guide to those bent upon the acquirement of the interesting and noble science of history.

It would but ill become us to alter and endeavour to improve the definition that Dr. Arnold has laid down of "History" in his Inaugural Lecture. He has a right to define that or any other word in the way that pleases him, provided that he keeps severely to that definition throughout the course of his work. We cannot here help expressing a wish that this practice of laying down, at the commencement of a work, what ideas particular words convey to the author's mind, were more generally followed, especially by controversial writers. How many an angry pamphlet—how many a ponderous tome would have been spared the world if this practice had universally obtained!

Dr. Arnold defines history first as "The Biography of a Society," and in a succeeding page, qualifying this definition still farther, he terms it "The Biography of a *Political* Society or Commonwealth." In order to arrive at this definition, he probes deeply into the commonly-received and popular acceptation of the word, bringing forward (as instances of the careless way in which it is sometimes applied) the *soi disant* histories of "families," "institutions," or "societies." But let him speak for himself.

"Take for instance any common family, and its members are soon so scattered from one another, and are engaged in such different pursuits, that although it is possible to write the *biography* of each individual, yet there can be no such thing, properly speaking, as the *history* of the family."

Here we cannot altogether agree with him. By analogous reasoning it should seem that there is, "properly speaking," no History of the World, taken as one great whole, but histories merely of each and every constituent part of that whole. But by what name shall we designate that fund of information which is *collected* from the history of every particular State or Nation? Even to keep to his own example, surely it is possible to form from the adventures and pursuits of each member of a family, however scattered and separated it may be in its objects of interest, such a digest or collection of events and their consequences, as might be called *The History* of that Family, and perhaps could hardly with accuracy be styled anything else.

The first lecture contains valuable directions to the student desirous of obtaining a knowledge of modern history. The professor

urges him not to be discouraged by the apparent extent and immense variety of his labours, but recommends him (having first determined in his own mind upon some period within the range of history, with which to make himself intimately acquainted) to read one, and if practicable, *two*, contemporary historians of that period, and to fill up by degrees, the skeleton or framework so obtained, by reference, when it is possible, to the actual documents, treaties, statutes, proclamations, &c. alluded to in the volumes he has studied.

How useful, nay, how necessary to the student, is this selection of some detached period! Discouraging and hopeless indeed is the prospect, which opens to the view of the aspirant after historical learning, unless he follows some such plan as the one laid down in the present work. Alps upon Alps, in long and gloomy vistas seem to rise and check his progress towards historical eminence. Yet this wide and confused field may be reduced: these Alpine ranges may be surmounted or pierced through by the same means which compelled the actual Alps to allow the long columns of Napoleon's army to sweep across their rugged barrier,—energy and perseverance. One word more for the student's consolation. Dr. Arnold pronounces in another page, that "He who has so studied, and so understood *one* period, deserves the praise of understanding history." We would go still farther,—we would assert that he who has, in the way that Dr. Arnold points out, "got up" thoroughly the history of any period, however short, say fifty or one hundred years, and possesses merely an ordinary knowledge of general history, would enjoy a high reputation among the generality of mankind, as a good and well-read historian.

But to return to the supposed student. Having read these elementary books, having compared them with the original documents, having realized as much as possible the events he has read of, transferred himself, so to speak, back to the period, and naturalized himself among the people whose history he is studying; having endeavoured to view events with their eyes, to think their thoughts, and to live their lives,—the student is not advised to neglect their lighter—nay—even their more worthless literature. But we must quote Dr. Arnold's own words in giving this advice. After mentioning the delight which he will feel in perusing the works of those celebrated by their actions, by their writings, or by their eminence in some particular line or profession, he goes on to say yet again, there are "works written by common persons for common persons; works written because the profession, or circumstances, or necessities of their authors led them to write: second and third rate works of theology; second and third rate political or legal, or philosophical or literary disquisitions; ordinary histories; poetry of that class, which is to a proverb, worthless; novels and tales, which no man ever reads twice, and only an indiscriminate literary voracity would read once.

Time gives even to this mass of rubbish an accidental value; what was in its lifetime, mere moss, becomes in the lapse of ages, after being buried in its peat bed, of some value as fuel: it is capable of yielding both light and heat; and so, even the most ruthless pieces of the literature of a remote period, contain in them both instruction and amusement. The historical student should consult such of these as time has spared."

The volume of lectures before us, intended to form the basis of a series, but now alas! the last that can ever proceed from Dr. Arnold's pen, embraces so wide a field, that the plan which is necessarily pursued, is merely to seize ever and anon upon some important event, or some remarkable character, as the stream of history brings them in succession within our grasp, and having described its course, or reflected upon its consequences for a time, to let it pass on and direct our attention to some fresh object.

This being the nature of the work, it can hardly be possible for us to give, with any degree of usefulness, even the slightest sketch of the work as a whole. All that can be attempted, is to select here and there a passage, which appears to us calculated to give some idea of the plan and character of the book. Of these it would be easy to select many, which would answer the end we have proposed. The difficulty of choice, however, is proportionate to the copiousness of our resources, and in choosing the following as a specimen, we are guided rather by our strong conviction of the truth of the assertion it contains, than from thinking it superior in style, or matter, to many other parts of the work.

Dr. Arnold is describing the effect that the accounts of battles, which comprise so large a portion of history, have on the minds of ordinary readers. He says:

It is notorious, I believe, that our ordinary notions of war are very much like those which we find in the accounts of the Samnite wars in Livy. We remember the great battles sometimes with much particularity: but they stand in our memory as isolated events; we connect them with each other; we know not what led to them, nor what was their effect on the fate of the campaign.

Having observed that sometimes this is of no great consequence, as when the previous movements of the armies amounted merely to a marching out to meet each other, and the battle decided everything; he goes on to mark a different state of matters, and in the case of complicated wars. He says,—

Take for instance the wars of Frederick the Great: we may remember that he was defeated at Kolin, at Hochkischen, and at Cunersdorf; that he was victorious at Rosbach, at Lissa, at Yorndorf, and at Torgau; but how far are we still from comprehending the action of the war, and appreciating his extraordinary ability. To do this, a good map is essential; a map which shall exhibit the hills of a country, its principal roads, and its most important fortresses. To understand the operation of the Seven Years' War, we must

comprehend the situation of the Prussian dominions with respect to those of the allies, and must know also their geographical character, as well as that of the countries immediately joining them. We must observe the importance of Saxony as covering Prussia on the side of Austria; the importance of Silesia as running in deeply within what may be called the line of the Austrian frontier, and flanking a large part of Bohemia. For these reasons Frederick began the war by surprising Saxony, and amidst all his difficulties clung resolutely to the possession of Siberia. His vulnerable side was on the east towards Russia; and had the Russian power been in degree, such as it became afterwards, he would have lost Berlin, not once only, but permanently. But the Russian armies being better fitted for defence than offence, even their great victory of Cunersdorf was followed by no important consequences, and Frederick was able generally to leave the defence of his eastern frontiers to his generals, and to devote his own attention to the great struggle with Austria on the side of Saxony and Siberia.

The following passage is in a different style, but not less characteristic of the author, and probably to some readers, more attractive, because more imaginative.

A man who leaves the popular cause when it is triumphant, and joins the party opposed to it, without really changing his principles and becoming a renegade, is one of the noblest characters in history. He may not have the clearest judgment, or the firmest wisdom; he may have been mistaken, but as far as he is concerned personally, we cannot but admire him. But such a man changes his party not to conquer but to die. He does not allow the caresses of his new friends to make him forget, that he is a sojourner with them and not a citizen: his old friends may have used him ill; they may be dealing unjustly and cruelly; still their faults, though they may have driven him into exile, cannot banish from his mind the consciousness that with them is his true home; that their cause is habitually just, and habitually the weaker, although now bewildered, and led astray by an unwonted gleam of success. He protests so strongly against their evil, that he chooses to die by their hands, rather than in their company; but die he must, for there is no place left on earth, where his sympathies can breathe freely; he is obliged to leave the country of his affections, and life elsewhere is intolerable. This man is no renegade, no apostate, but the purest of martyrs; for what testimony to truth can be so pure as that which is given, uncheered by any sympathy; given not against enemies amidst applauding friends; but against friends, amidst unpitying, and half-rejoicing enemies. And such a martyr was Falkland.

The memory of Falkland has been dear to us. All writers and all parties accord to him alike the praise of having been a polished, liberal, and enlightened man. His is one of the few characters in history, over whom scandal has forgotten to breathe, or has breathed innocuously. He appears indeed to have been in advance of the age he lived in. How superior his character, to the narrow minded Laud or the haughty and tyrannical Wentworth, the vacillating Fairfax, or the quick but unprincipled Vane! It is a relief to turn from the worldly sagacity of Pym, from the dark and dangerous St. John, from

the impetuous violence of Hollis, to his simple and upright mind. But we should think that few could read Lord Falkland's character, as given in the quaint, yet rich language of Clarendon, without feeling at once admiration and pity. "Thus fell that incomparable young man, in the four and thirtieth year of his age, having so much dispatched the true business of life, that the eldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocency. Whosoever leads such a life, needs be the less anxious, upon how short a warning it is taken from him." One feels almost diposed to echo Lord Clarendon's quotation, "Turpe mori, post te, solo non posse dolore." And still more perhaps, to execrate with him "this odious and accursed civil war," which forced such a man from his peaceful retirement and literary pursuits, into the vortex of war and faction.

Great and blessed indeed have been the fruits of that civil war, and glorious was the struggle at first of the supporters of liberty, against tyranny. But it is one of the most melancholy features in human nature, which has been developed by history, that those crises which have been productive of the greatest benefits to mankind, have too often been preceded, or accompanied, by periods of crime and suffering the most appalling.

In a later part of the volume, Dr. Arnold compares the different influence which a popular leader, and a popular political writer, have over the minds of the populace. Adducing the notorious Wilkes as an instance of the one, and the author of the Letters of Junius of the other. The latter he does not spare.

> As Wilkes was one of the worst specimens of a popular leader, so was Junius of a popular political writer. One is ashamed to think of the celebrity so long enjoyed by a publication, so worthless. No great question of principle is discussed in it. It is remarkable, that on the subject of impressment of seamen, which is a real evil of the most serious kind, and allowed to be so even by those who do not believe that it is altogether remediable, Junius strongly defends the existing practice. All the favourite topics of his letters are purely personal or particular; his appeals are never to the best part of our nature, often to the vilest. If I wished to prejudice a good man against popular principles, I could not do better than to put in his hands the Letters of Junius.

The last lecture is devoted to a very clear and highly useful discussion, as to the "criteria of historic credibility:" a question which, as Dr. Arnold remarks, is of the last importance, "because unless we can discriminate between a credible testimony and a suspicious one, we shall never be able to avoid the evil of unreasonable scepticism, or of unreasonable credulity." In the course of this inquiry, our author takes occasion to disprove the well known story of the crew of Le Vengeur, in the action of the 1st of June, 1794, refusing to strike their colours, and exclaiming at the moment their ship was sinking, Vive la Republique.

The story, it appears, was invented by Barrere, with his usual vanity, in his report of the action. The mistake itself is of course unimportant, but it warns us—and it is in this light that Dr. Arnold views it—how necessary it is to receive with caution any historical fact, at all strange or improbable, especially when originally springing from a suspicious source.

Another generally received historical anecdote is corrected in a note, upon the authority of our author. It relates to the answer of Nelson, upon the day of the battle of Trafalgar, when he was requested by Sir Thomas Hardy, to change "his admiral's frock coat, bearing on his left breast four stars," for one less conspicuous. He is reported to have replied, "In honour I gained them and in honour I will die with them:" an answer which would have implied, as Dr. Arnold very properly observes, a degree of "unworthy and childlike vanity," which we should be sorry to think belonged to the hero of Trafalgar. His true reply seems to have been, upon being reminded that the badge might be remarked by the enemy, "that he was aware of that, but that it was too late then to shift his coat."

But our space is limited, and although so wide is the subject, and so varied our materials, that we would fain wander a little longer, lingering at every turn of the rich landscape, as it is shadowed forth before us, by the hand of a master to whom no one has ever yet denied the merit of powerful and picturesque expression; though we would fain fill a few more pages with extracts from an author, who though sometimes rash and speculative, is never tiresome or verbose, we must now conclude, and we finish our labours with the less regret, that we hope many at least of our readers, will not be satisfied with the mere glimpse of the work that we have been able to afford them, but will read it, and judge of it for themselves.

The greater part of the preceding article was written before that sudden event occurred, which caused a numerous family to mourn a beloved and affectionate parent, a large and wide-spreading circle to mourn a warm and honoured friend, and in many instances a most kind preceptor; and by which the world was deprived of a christian, a scholar, and a profound historian.

Had we unfortunately found more to condemn than to praise in the present work;—had our task been less that of an eulogist than of a censor, we should, under these melancholy circumstances, have cancelled the preceding pages.

We rejoice however that it has not been so: we rejoice that we studiously avoided all topics upon which it was possible to disagree. We rejoice that we could and do honestly recommend the volume, as one which all should study, as one by which the most ignorant may be attracted, and from which the most learned may add something to his stores of knowledge.

ART. VIII.—*Observations on the Admission of Medical Pupils to the Wards of Bethlem Hospital, for the purpose of Studying Mental Diseases.* By JOHN WEBSTER, M.D. Churchill.

THIS is the third edition of a pamphlet, the two earlier impressions of which were only printed for distribution amongst private or professional friends, and the Governors (the author being one of them) of Bethlem Hospital. Its object is distinctly stated in the title; but the importance of the improvements which it suggests and urges, cannot be fully or clearly understood without considerable detail and reflection. It is, however, a matter for wonder, that in an age when advances are made in almost every department where either science or philanthropy can find scope for exercise,—and seeing that such views as are advocated in the publication before us, only require reflection and plain detail to carry the mind forcibly to the most important results,—yet that there should still be occasion and pressing need for such a publication, and for such pleadings and arguments as are here put forward. Really, ignorance and prejudice have still inveterate strongholds in society, and even amongst persons who are the guardians and professed guides of the many, of the helpless, and of the inquiring; for there is not even at this day anything like a systematic study among our medical men, of the most dreadful class of diseases to which human nature is subject. Nay, although that study were anxiously desiderated on their part, there is reason to fear that the Governors of Lunatic Asylums, and also that Parliament would interpose objections, so as at least to delay the obvious and mighty improvement which Dr. Webster has so much at heart. We must lay before our readers the question as placed and discussed by him; perfectly assured that it requires only to be fairly stated and honestly explained, to awaken the public mind, and ere long to find practical acceptance throughout the land. We begin with extracting the doctor's answer to such objections as at once rose in our own mind, when we read the title of his pamphlet.

Objections may perhaps be taken by the governors, lest the excitement and noise occasioned by the attendance of pupils, in the wards of Bethlem Hospital, with the physicians, might produce injurious effects upon the patients, especially upon female lunatics. Undoubtedly indiscriminate admission, or permitting crowds of visitors at irregular hours, would not be prudent; and, in some instances, the proposal might be followed by mischievous consequences to individual patients, but in the great majority of cases, no serious injury could arise from the physicians being accompanied during their professional visits, by several medical pupils; indeed, the danger appears to my mind to be very slight, if not imaginary. In general hospitals, especially in those of the metropolis, although some of the patients are suffering from acute diseases, and others have recently undergone severe operations, a number of individuals

hen accompany the physician or surgeon, during their ordinary visits to the ards, for the purpose of studying disease, and of witnessing the treatment ursued; and from the attendance of pupils in the surgical wards, or at the erformance of operations, as now permitted, it can scarcely be asserted that he patients have suffered any injury. On the contrary, much good has thereby esulted to the medical profession, and to society, from the superior education nd practical experience young men thus obtain, which qualify them to act ore successfully as practitioners, when the health of individuals is committed o their care.

Although the governors may, perhaps, be unwilling to concede the principle f allowing an increased number of medical pupils to frequent the wards of ethlem Hospital, for the sole purpose of study, there prevails very little dis-osition at present, to prevent visitors from seeing the interior arrangements f that excellent establishment, as the Secretary of State, the President, or he Treasurer, can give an order of admission to visitors; or a governor may, t all reasonable hours, conduct strangers over the house. And in this way, ometimes as many as fifteen or twenty persons have perambulated the wards t the same time, some of whom perhaps merely came to see a well-known riminal. In the last century, during the existence of the old hospital in Moorfields, a visit to Bedlam used to be considered one of the common sights f London, constituting a strange propensity truly, but nevertheless then a ery prevalent one; and the only introduction at that time required, was the ayment of a very small sum of money at the door, as at any other ordinary exhibition. Thus, according to an account of Bethlem Hospital, published in 783, by the Rev. Thomas Bowen, the chaplain to the institution, a revenue of at least 400*l.* per annum was obtained from the unlimited admission of visitants to the hospital, whom very often an idle and wanton curiosity drew to that region of distress; and as each person paid about one penny, according to the finding of the Committee of the 12th March, 1742, about nineteen thousand visitors were sometimes admitted in one year. The crowd was often so great, that to prevent disturbances, the porter was annually made a constable, and attended with the other servants to keep order. But this abuse became so general, and the injury inflicted upon the patients was so apparent, that in 1770, all indiscriminate permission to visit Bedlam was most properly forbidden. And although desirous to admit pupils at Bethlem Hospital, under proper regulations, for the purpose of pursuing their studies, I should, of course, be opposed to the admission of strangers, who come for the sole purpose of gratifying a foolish morbid curiosity.

If the same exclusive system, respecting the admission of pupils, now prevailing at St. Luke's, at Bethlem, and at almost every other hospital for the insane, were also adopted at all the general hospitals in this kingdom, the very serious consequences arising from such an absurd proceeding would be most disastrous, in consequence of the imperfect education which medical practitioners must then inevitably receive. Because, if admission to general hospitals for the purpose of studying disease were denied to students, they would be entirely prevented from pursuing in the best manner that part of their education which can only be learned at the bedside of patients, and from clinical instruction. If the point be therefore granted, that great benefits are conferred on the community, from medical pupils frequenting the wards of hospitals,

whether general, lying-in, fever, or of any other description, it must be conceded, upon similar principles, that insane institutions ought to be made subservient to the instruction of students in the same manner as St. Bartholomew's, Guy's, or the County Hospitals. Public utility must always counterbalance individual inconvenience; and knowing the many practical benefits resulting to all classes, from the system now followed at the latter receptacles for the sick, a somewhat similar plan should be acted upon at every public lunatic asylum supported by subscription, or endowed, like Bethlem Hospital by royal bounty, having considerable revenues arising from real property, receiving a large grant of money from Government, and an annual allowance for criminal lunatics.

So far from imagining that the judicious admission of pupils and of young men who are about completing their preliminary studies to the wards of Bethlem Hospital would prove injurious to the inmates, I believe such permission, if properly regulated, would act most advantageously. This opinion is founded upon the supposition, that the regular visits of physicians, although accompanied by pupils, would, in the case of most patients, tend rather to distract their attention from false reasoning, and in others would appear as if bringing them again in contact with the external world, thereby producing a more favourable effect upon their disordered imaginations. Besides, the appearance thus given to the establishment, making it somewhat like an ordinary hospital for for the restoration to health of its inmates, instead of a common mad-house, in which all contact with the world outside its walls is cut off, would necessarily produce a most beneficial impression—especially as it is a well known observation, that the fear of being immured in a lunatic asylum often exerts a pernicious influence upon the minds even of the insane; to say nothing of the very disagreeable associations which that step often produces upon friends and relatives.

The system pursued on the continent respecting public hospitals, whether for the insane or otherwise, is very different from that followed in this country. For example, throughout the whole Austrian dominions, every hospital for the sick is made subservient to the instruction of medical students; and in France, likewise as in other countries, great facilities for study prevail. At the Salpetriere in Paris, pupils are freely admitted, and the late M. Esquirol frequently gave lectures to as many as fifty auditors, whilst some of the patients were even brought before his pupils, for the express purpose of illustrating the various forms of this distemper, and the particular points alluded to by the lecturer. There was no limitation whatever in the admission of pupils, and a number of them often accompanied the physicians when visiting the wards. Again, at Bicetre, and throughout France I believe, an equally liberal admission to students is permitted, for the purpose of seeing and studying mental diseases. Inconvenience might occasionally occur from the numerous attendance in the wards, especially in those for female patients; and some will say, that individual cases suffered injury, from the noise and excitement thus produced in the insane hospitals at Paris—but in this country no harm whatever is likely to occur from the admission of students, if the privilege be properly regulated. Should, however, anything of the kind take place, it could be easily avoided, by keeping the excitable patients in separate apartments, to which pupils were not admitted, or by adopting a regulation similar to that followed

in the Edinburgh Infirmary, and at some other hospitals—that is, a selection of the cases best suited for clinical instruction could be placed in particular wards open to students, whilst patients requiring quiet and seclusion might be otherwise accommodated. An arrangement of this description would likely obviate every objection which could be made to a more free admission of medical pupils into the wards of Bethlem Hospital, besides being admirably adapted for the purpose of advancing medical education. But whenever the governors concede the general principle now advocated, every detail could be settled without any difficulty.

As to the practice of admitting pupils to the hospitals for insane patients in France, and the effects of that permission upon the inmates, those who have visited the medical schools of Paris can bear ample testimony. Many opinions might be here quoted, but I shall confine myself to the following valuable remarks, contained in a letter recently received from that able physiologist and accomplished physician, Dr. Combe of Edinburgh, which are so conclusively in favour of the proposed innovation, that having permission to give them publicity, I beg leave to submit the reasoning and experience of that gentleman to the governors of Bethlem Hospital, trusting so good an example may have the influence it so well deserves. The opinion of such an authority as Dr. Combe, a member of the Medical Board of the Royal Edinburgh Lunatic Asylum, and the author of several celebrated works, and of some excellent Remarks on the moral management of the insane, is of great weight, and no person can be better entitled to decide upon the subject under discussion. In a letter he has honoured me with, Dr. Combe observes, "the safety and even advantage to the patients, from the admission of pupils, is fortunately not a matter of mere conjecture. I had the good fortune to attend the first clinical course ever given on the subject of insanity, by the celebrated Esquirol, at the Salpetriere at Paris in the spring of 1819. I anticipated confusion and excitement, from the indiscriminate admission; for all pupils who chose to attend went round with Esquirol, when he visited the patients before lecture. There was no restriction whatever, except that he occasionally went into a cell with only one or two of the clerks, where he thought the crowd would excite too much. But instead of that, the patients seemed amused and interested, and during the whole three months, I never saw one instance of any excitement, or other unfavourable result. On the contrary, the visit was expected with pleasure by many, and Esquirol's kind, friendly way of addressing them, and then turning round, to make a good-natured remark to the students, had a manifestly soothing and beneficial effect. Of course, the students behaved with propriety and good-humoured forbearance also, and consequently were not regarded with the suspicion, which used to be excited in the olden time by the admission of visitors, who came to stare as at wild beasts. The number of students who went round with Esquirol at that time, averaged from thirty to fifty, and no confusion of any kind occurred. I visited Charenton and Ivry with Esquirol in the autumn of 1831, and up to that time, he gave the same testimony concerning the advantages, to both patients and pupils, from the above plan; and I believe, at Bicetre also clinical lectures have been given, and students freely admitted for some years. I have devoted much attention to insanity, ever since I attended Esquirol's clinique in 1819, and every day's experience has added to my conviction of the necessity, even for the advantage of

the patients, of admitting pupils to our asylums, under proper regulations. The attending physician would, of course, prohibit access to any who might in his opinion be injured by it, just as is done in the case of acute diseases in ordinary hospitals. If there was any chance of an overflow of pupils (an unlikely thing in my opinion), it would be easy to divide them into several classes, each to have admission to certain wards only. It is no advantage to a student to have scores of patients under his eye, at the same time. Infinitely more instructive is it, to confine his observations to such a number as his mind can easily embrace, so as to digest and comprehend their peculiarities. To benefit by his opportunities, he must not only observe, but think and compare, and in doing so, the physician may help him most efficiently by a few judicious remarks." As any comments of mine might impair the force of these conclusive observations, I will only add, that if arguments can avail, the above reasoning, from being based upon experience, ought to show the groundless nature of the fears still entertained by some benevolent, but ill think mistaken individuals.

Formerly it was the general practice to exclude lunatics as much as possible from all contact with their fellow-men, and even in many instances, to consign such unfortunate beings to beds of straw, to chains, and dungeons. Happily, however, in this country at least, such cruelties are now almost unknown, especially in the Metropolitan districts, where a more humane, as well as a more successful mode of management is pursued. Nevertheless, not many years ago, the unhappy maniac, instead of being considered as an object of commiseration, on account of his helpless condition, was almost thought to be devoid of many of the ordinary feelings of human nature; and some ignorant people even believed, that lunatics could neither feel cold nor hunger, and that they were almost insensible to pain. Treatment which would certainly have been considered cruelty, if exercised towards reasonable beings, was thought to be justifiable when the object was to cure a fellow-creature, suffering from the accumulated miseries of poverty and mental alienation. But fortunately for human nature, such erroneous doctrines, although but too prevalent in the olden time, are now repudiated by every humane individual: whilst kindness, with a due regard for the safety and physical comforts of the insane, as well as for their moral treatment, are now considered, in most cases, indispensable for promoting convalescence.

It appears to us that the only feasible objections that can be stated against Dr. Webster's proposition, have been entirely swept away and silenced by the passage we have now cited. Let us now, therefore, follow him in the course of his observations, while he not only points out the peculiar importance of making mental disease a subject of earnest and deep study, but exposes the defectiveness of the actual course of medical education generally pursued in this country.

Every person will readily accede to the doctrine, that insanity being a disease which not merely affects the mental and physical health, but the civil status of its victims, no complaint more seriously deserves the attention of the philanthropist or the physician. But

Dr. Webster advances a step farther, which will also be frankly taken by all who are habituated to observe and to reflect. He asserts, that mental disease, if properly investigated, though the physician may be unable wholly to counteract the disastrous effect it produces on the constitution, yet he may do much to alleviate the sufferings it occasions.

That great skill, knowledge, and experience are required in order to the proper investigation and treatment of mania; that no other species of disease imposes greater responsibility upon the attending physician; and that many examples of errors of judgment, of a very painful description, both in a medical and legal sense, might be quoted, are truths which will command immediate assent. The treatment of mental disease necessarily requires a deep moral as well as physical acquaintance with human nature; and so frequent is the malady, and so numerous are the cases of it which occur in every rank of society, that there is no medical practitioner who may not have within his sphere several persons having minds diseased, whose condition appeals strongly to his skill every day, as well as to his sympathies. How suddenly may the head of a family be attacked, requiring the promptest treatment,—but where a word said or an action done inadvertently, may entail the most disastrous consequences. How often may a cure depend upon the measures first adopted to alleviate and to counteract! How often may a wise treatment of premonitory symptoms have happy results!

But what are the facts with regard to the study and the knowledge of our medical men in the department of mental disease, speaking of the profession at large or as a body,—what with regard to the system in this country of medical education? Listen to Dr. Webster. He says, respecting the branch of medical science in question, that "nothing can be more limited than the present means of obtaining a practical knowledge, open to the medical profession. Not only are the opportunities for investigating mental diseases of a partial description, but even a knowledge of insanity does not form an essential part of the stipulated course of lectures required by the various licensing medical corporations, from candidates for their diplomas. Indeed, excepting by the teachers of medical jurisprudence, diseases of the mind are seldom alluded to, much less properly examined; and whenever the subject of lunacy is actually noticed in these lectures, the inquiry is only of a secondary, or legal description; neither embracing sufficiently the pathology of this extensive class of disorders, nor the curative treatment which the physician ought to pursue."

The great oversight and neglect with regard to medical education now noticed, must on the slightest consideration be set down as remarkable. It may have been owing chiefly to the superstition and ignorance of bygone times, that lunatics were daily chained together

in rows and in close rooms, and tied down in heavy wooden chairs, from 6 A. M., to 9 P. M., as was the case only a few years ago in Lancaster Asylum. Worse things still might be cited. It may have arisen from an idea that insanity was a direct infliction by the Deity; that the victim was demoniacally possessed; and that to treat him (who of all others was the greatest object of pity, and the fittest for kindness) as a beast or an incurable eye-sore to the community, was the right way to go to work. But that one of the learned professions should have, down to so late a period in civilization and scientific improvement as the middle of the nineteenth century, never set about amending the system of its own education, so as to embrace as a branch of study, a class of diseases which are confessedly not merely the most woful but the most interesting,—not only requiring the profoundest and most various knowledge, but calculated (which is a necessary consequence) to elicit the deepest anxiety and to yield the proudest triumphs, is a circumstance which appears to us to be passing strange.

The medical profession is the least esteemed and the least influential, when taken beyond its own immediate sphere, of any one of the three learned and liberal committees. Various reasons have been assigned for this undeniable fact; for undeniable we call it. Take the clerical; why, it is held in such honour that it has representatives in the state, furnishing even the House of Peers with a phalanx from its great body. Numbers who are learned in the laws figure in the most public and authoritative institutions of the country; the profession being peculiarly privileged, and having within its sphere of ambition the highest offices in the commonwealth. These two professions therefore not only invite rank and wealth to the portals which open such a wide and bright field, but they are continually making manifestations that are imposing or dazzling in the eyes of the people.

With regard to the medical community, however, very few of its members are ever heard of beyond the limited circle of their own practice. There is seldom an opportunity for having their triumphs in the healing art proclaimed to the world; while the rewards of many of the most laborious of them, and where their services are in reality the greatest as well as the most needed, are upon a humble scale; denying wealth as well as power; and repelling the rich and the titled from the professional field.

There are circumstances that help to account for the undeniable fact mentioned. But there are others, and some of them less creditable to the profession itself, which, we think, may be stated. First, there has been an extraordinary display of uncertainty, change, contradiction, and pretension in medical history. That history may be said to be a burlesque upon science and system. Can any one seriously apply the term *philosophical* even to the present

condition of medicine? Is not the charge of *quackery* more readily substituted? There is much that has the appearance of mystery in the healing art: the very language of its practitioners and of its books is cabalistic, forbidding that understanding and appreciation which are essential to an enlightened and generous admiration.

But what is worse, a majority of the *Faculty* have had a very limited education, if taken beyond their professional branches. What is a little Latin and perhaps a morsel of Greek, when all academical training in the various branches of moral and physical science is wanting; when the mental constitution and history of man himself is left to random information and unsystematic inquiry? How otherwise can it happen than that there will be little but the mystical, or if not, the mechanical practice of the profession to attract notice, without any of those high displays of mind which command homage?

But worse still,—Dr. Webster's pamphlet must convince any one, that even the *curriculum* of medical education is strangely defective, seeing that the study of mental diseases does not form an essential part; so that compared, he tells us, with France and Germany, "the present state of medical education in England in regard to mania, is so far behind, that many steps must be made in advance, ere it can be considered on a par with either of these countries!" How much longer will this charge be allowed to hold good? And can it be that the profession will ever in popular estimation take rank with the other two learned communities, while the mind constitutes no fixed and imperative theme of study either in its healthy or diseased condition?

While, however, such is the defective state of medical education in this country, it is not to be denied that there are practitioners in the large towns, as well as in the metropolis, who are competent for the management of mania; and there are also lecturers who now treat of the class of diseases alluded to, in systematic order, and with all the aids which the existing state of this branch of medical science can afford. But neither reading, nor attendance upon lecturers can any more furnish a practitioner with the necessary and ready knowledge, which in his rounds will frequently be in demand, than were the subject a disease of the chest, or of any other vital portion of the animal frame. Actual inspection and dissection, if the term may be applied to the mind, must be combined with closet and lecture-room study. There must be practical experience and actual knowledge, as in every other branch and class.

Now, where, when, and how is this practical knowledge to be attained by the student, ere he enter on the responsible and onerous duties of his urban or rural practice, unless, as in the study of fevers or of surgery, he have access to hospitals in which lunatic patients are confined?

But to this source of information and indispensable means of study,

our practitioners have had no open door and in order to show how serious is the impediment arising from all admissions of medical persons being denied to our lunatic asylums, except such as are official visitors, or appointed functionaries, let us listen to the account of the frequency and prevalence of insanity, throughout society. Dr. Webster observes as follows:

Considerable attention has lately been directed to the increased prevalence of insanity in Great Britain, and the Legislature has frequently occupied itself with the subject, in order to protect lunatics, and to procure them better treatment and accommodation. Much has undoubtedly been accomplished with a view to alleviate the sufferings of that unfortunate class of society, but more remains to be effected, as well to promote the cure of so great an affliction to humanity as the loss of reason, as to increase the comforts of the helpless maniacs, and ensure them that protection which they so much require. According to the best authorities on this point, it appears that the inhabitants of Great Britain are more liable to insanity than those of any other country in Europe, excepting Norway; and the farther south we extend our inquiry, this malady becomes gradually less prevalent. Throughout Italy and Spain, lunacy is much less common than in France or in England; and in Scotland, this deplorable disease is even more frequent, than in any other part of the British dominions.

Owing to the imperfect registration of lunatics, and the defects in the laws relative to the proper surveillance of houses where not more than one insane person is maintained, it is almost impossible to ascertain the actual number of such persons in Great Britain. Nevertheless, taking the calculations of medical staticians as a guide, the number of lunatics and idiots in England and Wales exceeds 20,000; but in Scotland, where a higher ratio of insanity prevails than in any other part of the country, being one lunatic to every 573 inhabitants, the number of insane persons, notwithstanding its smaller relative population, is said to be 4500. It is more easy to know the exact number of registered lunatics, living in or near London; and a sad account the inquiry furnishes of the great prevalence of this malady. By the last Report of the Metropolitan Commissioners in lunacy, it appears that 2490 insane patients were under their jurisdiction in 1841. At Hanwell, there were in June last 960 lunatics and idiots; in Bethlem Hospital 362; in St. Luke's 220; and at the Surrey County Asylum, near Wandsworth, about 300, making a total of 4332 of our fellow-creatures deprived of the blessings of reason, in or about the metropolis. To these numbers must be added single patients kept in private houses, whose amount it is not possible to ascertain with accuracy, no data existing for calculation.

Having such important facts indicating the frequency of mania throughout every class of society in this country, no one will surely deny the great importance to the community, indeed the imperious necessity, of giving medical students every facility for being properly educated in the knowledge of this deplorable disease, and of its proper curative treatment, so as that they may be prepared to undertake the medical management of cases during the course of their after professional avocations.

Independent of the benefits patients affected with insanity derive, when the nature and treatment of that malady is thoroughly understood, the difficulties

so frequently experienced in commissions *de lunatico inquirendo* must at the same time not be overlooked; particularly, when we consider the important consequences which result from the jury's decision, whereby the property and future condition of the unfortunate individual are affected, or by which his prospects in life may be altogether blighted. On legal investigations of that description, considerable difference of opinion will frequently prevail among the medical witnesses, and counsel engaged on the trial, who often disagree regarding the true diagnostic symptoms of insanity, and even whether the party on trial is *compos mentis* or insane. In such cases, especially if complicated by metaphysical, legal, or medical ingenuity, it sometimes becomes a very difficult matter for the jury to bring in a just verdict. That exhibitions of the kind alluded to do take place, reference need only be made to the occurrences occasionally met with in commissions, in which so great a diversity of opinion is exhibited, that it might be almost said the witnesses appeared as much in the character of advocates, anxious to support a particular side, as to explain the facts of the case they were called upon to elucidate.

Further, to indicate the necessity of studying mental disease, it is worthy of notice, that before any person can be consigned to an asylum as a lunatic, the law requires separate certificates from two medical practitioners, stating that the individual said to be insane, "is of unsound mind, and a proper person to be confined." Should these documents be irregularly granted, the writers are liable to prosecution. These regulations show the necessity of medical men being fully conversant with these questions, and yet the avenues leading to the best store-houses of knowledge on insanity are almost hermetically sealed to inquirers. But this anomaly is only one of the many absurdities now prevalent, whereby a man is called upon to perform a very onerous duty, while every difficulty is thrown in the way of acquiring the information which may enable him properly to discharge it.

Much need therefore is there for having the wards of public establishments for the insane, made available for the investigation of mental diseases! Dr. Webster accordingly proposes and recommends that the doors of our great lunatic hospitals, such as St. Luke's, Hanwell, and Bethlem, be opened to medical students, desirous of investigating insanity, in the extensive fields for study which these institutions afford. He also recommends that it be made imperative on the medical corporations, prior to granting their diploma, to exact attendance in such hospitals, for a limited period, and also at lectures on the nature, pathology, and curative treatment adopted for that class of maladies. He considers Bethlem hospital particularly calculated for the purposes of study insisted on; there being five or six new patients, on an average, admitted weekly; whereas some other asylums contain almost indiscriminately paralytic, epileptic, and incurable lunatics, or idiots.

Having, at the outset of our paper, allowed Dr. Webster to dispose of the only serious objections which we can perceive to be likely to occur, to the mind of the public, to governors of asylums, or to the legislature, it is with pleasure that we now turn to the great ameliorations and reforms, that have recently taken place in the institutions

alluded to; most of these improvements being founded and proceeding upon the justest and most enlarged ideas of the constitution of both mind and body. For example, it is now found, and the fact can be satisfactorily explained, that the more lunatics are congregated together, the advantages and benefits of asylums become the more apparent. It is thus that the remaining intelligence of the insane, by slight occupations or distractions, is exercised.

For if left entirely to themselves, insane patients are very apt to be seized with some fixed and generally erroneous ideas, whereby they are apt to become indifferent and to impose little or no restraint on the indulgence of their false impressions. But when their train of false ideas are interrupted by other impressions, and if the lunatic be called upon to take a more or less active part in some intellectual occupation, his mental faculties may be thus considerably awakened, and the judgment even improved, so as to promote an ultimate recovery. Seclusion from all communication with our fellow men is very apt to produce insanity; and although it is often desirable to separate those afflicted with mental hallucination from their immediate relations, and to remove them to new situations, quite different from those they were accustomed to frequent, previous to the appearance of their mental malady, it is equally well known that, by occupying the attention of the insane with objects and pursuits opposed to the false ideas usually engaging their minds, a new impetus may be given to their trains of thought, so as to free the patient for a moment from his disease, by which means the intellect may acquire additional force, and reason be ultimately re-established.

In illustration of the principle, that moderate occupation of the mind, when judiciously employed, instead of allowing patients deprived of reason to brood constantly over their delusions, is followed by beneficial effects, I cannot adduce better evidence than the results obtained in the French hospitals, at Hanwell, and also in Bethlem, where such a system of occupying the patients has been introduced. At Bicetre, a teacher of music was appointed in 1839; and reading, writing, as well as dancing are now taught; workshops also have been established—in fact, every effort is made to engage the attention of the lunatic in some innocent or agreeable occupation. The same system has been found equally useful, in other lunatic establishments, and especially at Bethlem Hospital, where, under the judicious management of the matron, Mrs. Hunter, many of the females are engaged in various kinds of work which are both an amusement and conducive to their restoration to health; whilst in the male wards, under the able superintendence of the steward, Mr. Nicholls, painters, gardeners, carpenters, and other tradesmen are now occupied in their respective handicrafts; and this plan is about being carried into more extensive operation than hitherto. Besides these bodily employments for the patients, mental recreation is not neglected, as books and music are to be placed within the reach of the inmates; in short, the march of improvement is progressive. Important facts like these strongly prove the advances making in the modern system, instead of relying as of old upon coercion, or non-occupation of the patients.

In some of our Lunatic Asylums the principle of amusement, and of giving occupation, has been carried into operation with most interesting results. The following passage commences with an extract

from the statement of the visiting Committee of 1841, of the Gloucester Asylum:

"Balls and other amusements, occurring in lunatic asylums, have been of late publicly mentioned as matter of admiration and astonishment. In this asylum large parties for dancing have always been promoted; as well as dinner and evening parties, when proper, and pleasurable excursions for many hours in the country. Musical entertainments within the walls, and attendance on public amusements, are of so frequent occurrence, that they constitute the practice, rather than form the occasional source of astonishment in this asylum. Indeed, to so great an extent does our superintendent endeavour to make his patients feel that they belong to the great community of mankind, and are only temporarily separated for their health's sake, that he encourages a great proportion to attend to their religious duties, on Sundays, in the places of worship in the city and neighbourhood; and induces all who can or will separate themselves from the asylum, to take their exercise in the surrounding country; whilst to give encouragement to those who are inclined to be industrious, he employs all he can, *without* the walls, in various ways, and cultivates nearly twenty acres with the spade in the fields adjoining and belonging to the asylum, with scarcely any other check upon their escape, beyond the good feeling subsisting between himself and them." From similar institutions, many examples of the same kind might be quoted, but it is unnecessary to prolong the discussion, as the benefits which accrue to the insane from judicious occupations and amusements, are now generally admitted.

Comparing the present improved treatment of mania at Bethlem Hospital, with the system which prevailed in even very recent times, it becomes more desirable that a knowledge of the mode of management now pursued in that, as in every well-regulated insane establishment, should be as extensively diffused as possible, for the benefit of the public and the medical profession. And it is a pleasing duty to contrast the condition of the patients in Bethlem, and the mode of treatment now pursued, with that prevalent even at the beginning of the present century, or before much public attention was directed to the subject of insanity. Thus, in 1811 Dr. Black remarks, when speaking of Bedlam, that "Separate confinement in their cells, straight waistcoats, and in the ferocious maniac, handcuffs and chains, soon render them (the patients) tractable and obedient." Dr. Black also says, "that a very small number even of the incurables, are kept as wild beasts, constantly in fetters." Again, when Mr. Wakefield visited that hospital, according to the parliamentary inquiry, on the 1st of May, 1815, he states amongst other circumstances, that "One side-room contained about ten female patients, each chained by one arm or leg to the wall; the nakedness of each patient being covered by a blanket gown only, and the feet even were naked. Many of these unfortunate women were locked up in their cells, naked and chained, on straw; with only one blanket for a covering. On the men's side of the house, in a side-room, six patients were chained close to the wall, five handcuffed, and one locked to the wall. All were naked, except as to the blanket gown, or a small rug on the shoulders, and without shoes. The room appeared like a dog kennel. Chains were universally substituted for the straight waistcoat. Some were lying stark naked upon the straw; and about one-fifth were in this state, or chained." What a sad picture of the cruel usage, and improper treatment pursued not many years

ago, towards the unfortunate maniacs!—and it is not surprising, if some of the patients, as Dr. Black repoits, appeared ferocious and kept constantly in fetters; indeed, such harsh measures were quite sufficient to render any one furiously insane, and to convert curable into incurable lunatics. Fortunately, however, for poor afflicted humanity, an improved mode of management has since then been adopted; and if either Dr. Black or Mr. Wakefield were again to visit Bethlem in the year 1842, they would doubtless be as much pleased with the far more humane method now pursued, as they would also be highly gratified with the beneficial results that system produces.

Numerous facts might be stated to illustrate the improvements recently adopted, in the curative treatment of the insane at this establishment; but as the object proposed in these observations, is to point out the advantages of giving additional facilities for studying insanity, rather than to investigate the ordinary modes of management, or the various remedies proper to be employed in treating that distemper, it is unnecessary to pursue the investigation of that point any farther. The above examples of the system formerly pursued at old Bethlem Hospital, fortunately obsolete in the new, have been brought forward principally as arguments in favour of opening the doors of that institution more widely than heretofore. Believing, that the more extensively sound principles regarding the management of insane persons are diffused, the greater will be the benefits conferred on suffering human nature, I shall be content if the observations contained in these pages, do no more than attract attention to the question now discussed.

The tidings of the results attending the new and the non-restraint system adopted in certain lunatic asylums, which frequently reach us, must ere long overcome every ancient prejudice, with regard to the management of mania. It was but t'other day that we read of the anniversary of the election of the matron of the Hanwell Asylum, (Mrs. Bowden,) and which was celebrated by an entertainment to the female patients. The accounts referred to must be marvellous to those who still abide by the old notions relative to the insane, connecting the term with stripes, violence, and raving. But in reality, on this subject, the mass of the people *at large*, are as foolish and perverse as many of those who have had to wear strait waistcoats, have been about some particular crotchet. Hear part of the Report of the Celebration, as we have found it in some of the public journals.

"The day was beautiful. The party, all neatly dressed, assembled between four and five o'clock in the large front pleasure-ground, containing about five acres. They were regaled with cake and coffee, and then amused themselves according to their fancies. Some walked leisurely round the grounds; others were seated on the benches; parties were seen playing "thread-the-needle," and other rural games; and now and then a group would dance a country-dance, to the sound of their own voices; whilst the spirit and zest with which the nurses entered into the scene, and promoted and partook of the mirth, was amongst the most gratifying parts of the entertainment. The children of the officers were mingled amongst the patients.

The daughters of the talented superintendent were particularly active and kind; and it was with much pleasure we observed the chaplain and his family mixing in the scene, and the good understanding which subsisted between them and the patients. About half-past seven o'clock the bell called them into the building, and the festive scene terminated with a little dance in one of the galleries, in which the nurses and patients promiscuously joined. Before they retired to rest, the Evening Hymn was sung, of which the effect can only be appreciated by those who have had the good fortune to be present on similar occasions."

It is not to be thought that all this interesting and astonishing display is the result of magic, or of trick and mystery of any sort. The whole is the natural and necessary consequence of judicious and humane training; of considerate and kind classification; in short, of an enlightened and philanthropic system of discipline; the patrons and the immediate agents finding it a work of love to heal the broken spirit and to call back the wandering thought. Dr. Conolly and Mrs. Bowden are particularly deserving of being mentioned in connection with the beautiful phenomena to be witnessed at Hanwell, and the beneficent system that is now in full operation at that institution. We now quote a promising passage in connexion with the system and the philanthropic officer now named.

The present eminent resident physician of the Middlesex County Lunatic Asylum, Dr. Conolly, has recently, and since the first edition of these observations appeared, delivered gratuitously a course of lectures on mental diseases, to medical pupils from the different London hospitals. This important step in medical education must be of much advantage to the younger members of the medical profession, and constitutes almost a new epoch in the management of the Metropolitan Lunatic Asylums. Such a course of instruction makes these useful institutions, in addition to the present purposes, conducive to the advancement of knowledge respecting a disease of very great interest to all who are engaged in the study and practice of medicine, and is both highly creditable to Dr. Conolly and to the visiting justices sanctioning it, and affords an important practical illustration of the principles enforced in the previous observations. And although the distance from town must always be an impediment to the attendance of pupils at that institution, nevertheless the opportunity thus liberally afforded to young men of obtaining useful information, on the curative treatment of insanity, is most valuable, and forms an excellent beginning in the course of improvement. The example now set at Hanwell ought to be followed at other puplic charities for the reception of lunatics; and were the wards of Bethlem and St. Luke's Hospitals opened to the admission of medical pupils, at a moderate fee, and lectures, with clinical instruction given, the objects contemplated in these pages would be amply accomplished. The improved modes of treatment recently pursued in these extensive insane establishments would thus be made more generally known than at present, and old prejudices, or defects still existing in the management of these or similar institutions, would be ameliorated by the publicity thus given to their proceedings by the more general surveillance of the public and medical profession.

It is here proper to mention that Sir A. Morison, one of the present physicians of Bethlem Hospital, commenced lecturing on the nature, causes, and treatment of mental diseases, in London, nearly twenty years ago; these lectures being at that time the only regular course delivered on that subject in the kingdom. It is also right to state, that the principle of permitting pupils to visit the insane patients in Bethlem Hospital, along with the physicians, has already been partially established.

We conclude with some statistical facts, and also observations in behalf of lunatic asylums on a large scale.

The high ratio of cures often effected in public hospitals, in comparison with the number of admissions, is a strong argument in favour of establishments, similar to St. Lukes and Bethlem. Thus, at the former, the proportion of cures was 59 1-5th per cent. in 1841, and 64 per cent. for 1842. In Bethlem, where many criminal lunatics are confined, it was under 59 per cent. during last year, but at the Gloucester Asylum, the cures in the private patients amounted to 62 per cent. The above statements show the beneficial results obtained at public institutions; but it is almost impossible to ascertain what may be the ratio of recoveries in establishments belonging to individuals. Another point connected with this subject should also be noticed, namely, when any disposition to suicide manifests itself in the maniac, or if he is disposed to inflict injury upon others, the surveillance exercised in well regulated asylums, even by the patients themselves, will be frequently a preventive; for it is observed, that lunatics inclined to self-destruction are sometimes restrained from giving way to their propensity, when surrounded by other patients, whose company would seem not only to act as a safeguard, but to be a distraction, tending to interrupt their usual trains of thought, and to check their diseased mental manifestations. Again, as to the rarity of suicides in public institutions, it is worth mentioning, that in 4245 lunatics received into Bethlem Hospital from the 31st December, 1822, to the 1st July, 1842, five instances of the kind have occurred, or one suicide in 849 insane persons. It is also of importance to bear in mind, that at least half the patients admitted were discharged cured, and only 216 deaths were reported, or within a fraction of 5 per cent. These facts speak in favour of Bethlem Hospital, and of the benefits conferred upon insane persons, by public hospitals appropriated solely for their reception and curative treatment.

The judicious occupation of the patients, their classification, and the proper adaptation of amusements to promote recovery, are besides much more easily carried into operation in large, than in limited institutions. Further, as private influences are less likely to act upon the superintendent, and responsible committee of management in a public hospital, than at an establishment where a different system exists; the great anxiety would be to restore patients to their friends and to society as spedily as possible after convalescence, instead of keeping them longer in the house than is necessary for the cure.

Dr. Webster's pamphlet, we feel assured, will excite an increased interest with regard to the reform of our lunatic institutions, and also be suggestive of improvements that will ere long be introduced in spite of every honest prejudice, all lukewarmness, and each degree of spiteful opposition.

## Art. IX.

1. *Report on the Sanatory Condition of the Labouring Poor.*
2. *Notes of a Tour in the Distressed Manufacturing Districts of Lancashire.* By W. C. Taylor, L.L.D. Duncan and Malcolm.

The "Report to her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, from the Poor-Law Commissioners, on an Inquiry into the Sanatory Condition of the Labouring Population of Great Britain, with Appendices; Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty, July, 1842," is a voluminous document which does much credit to the humanity and industry of the Poor-law Commissioners, especially to the Secretary of the Board, Mr. Chadwick. The origin of the report, the manner in which it has been compiled, the facts which it contains, and the principles or regulations which it tends to establish, may be thus briefly and slightly indicated:

A few years ago, one of the reports by the Poor-law Commissioners directed attention, in rather an alarming but salutary manner, to the more densely inhabited parts of the metropolis, and where the lower classes are huddled together, as being the hot-beds of disease, that might at any time acquire such virulence, as to break forth, and not only sweep multitudes of the poor themselves into the grave, but spread over every quarter of the town. An idea of this kind naturally took hold of the public mind, of the mind of parish authorities, and even of Parliament. The sanatory condition of the poor, we stop not to inquire from what motive chiefly, began to seriously occupy the attention of our senators and ministers. The subjects of ventilation, cleanliness, drainage, &c., were considered and investigated; and in short everybody began to wonder how such obvious nuisances and perils could have been so long endured, so long overlooked, even by the *genteel* and *nice* people who dwelt on the very margins of the sinks of pestilence.

However, the minds of the *respectable* inhabitants having been once startled, their fears and anxieties were not to be lulled, without at least some panacea being suggested or sought after. Accordingly the legislature appointed committees to make inquiries and institute examinations of witnesses. Investigations were ordered by the Ministers of the Crown, to extend over the whole of Great Britain, and into every large town, as had taken place in the metropolis. The result has been a great number of reports from England and Scotland, and a large mass of information less formally collected, all which has been, with much labour and exemplary diligence evidently, thrown into as compact and well-arranged a shape as the nature of the materials and the uses they are intended to serve could admit of.

The Secretary of the Poor-law Commissioners has gone methodically to work, by dividing his materials into distinct branches, under eight heads, under each of which again are arranged more minute and particular divisions; each branch, whether main or subordinate, having elicited more or less of comment, and being shown to have a greater or slighter bearing upon the principal point of inquiry,—viz., the actual sanatory condition of the labouring classes, which is accompanied with an exposition of its causes, and of its legislative remedies.

It is impossible to convey, within the space at our command, any thing like an adequate idea of the number or character of the facts contained under any one head of the Report. We are equally precluded from any close examination of the soundness of the principles deduced, of the legislative measures recommended, or of the causes alleged for the state of things described. It will not be expected that the comment is always satisfactory, or that the philosophy of the editor is uniformly in accordance with the scientific principles of political economy. There is too frequently a dogmatic and imperious tone in these pages, as there is also of over-sanguine conclusion. Several of the individual reporters, as well as Mr. Chadwick himself, speak and would sweep with the temerity of out-and-out projectors. Sometimes, indeed, the writer's views not only involve the complete transformation of a whole town, and even of every poor man's dwelling in the land, nay, to its re-erection, but such an entire revolution in the habits of the poor as is incompatible with poverty. And be it remarked, that even although you should put everything in apple-pie order before another New Year opens upon us, how long would the order, the cleanliness, and comfort be preserved, admitting that the working population cherished all the principles and habits which the most sanguine philanthropist can imagine? Circumstances will occur, over which the poor have no control, that necessarily expose them to great inconveniences, and to unhealthiness itself. Let us here quote a passage from a paper read in the statistical section at the last meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. It was a Report of the Vital Statistics of Manchester, prepared chiefly by its Vice-President, Mr. Roberton. The passage requires no comment for our purpose. "One circumstance deserves particular mention as affecting the moral condition, and in all probability the rate of mortality, of two of the principal townships; and consequently as supplying an additional argument in favour of obtaining the returns for the townships separately. Owing to the increasing annoyance from smoke, the noise and bustle of business, and perhaps also the growing value of building land, for shops and warehouses, in the central parts, all the families of the comfortable class, whose avocations or circumstances permit a change of residence, have in the course of the last few years removed from

the township of Manchester, and almost to an equal extent from that of Salford, to the outer townships; whereby large tracts of the town remain occupied solely by operatives. This change, though it may promote the health of the families of the opulent, is to be regarded as unfavourable to the town as a community; since it has drawn a broad line of separation as to residence between the employers and the employed, which in the issue must prove equally inimical to the well-being of both. But the increase of smoke threatens to extend the same evil to the remaining townships until it may happen, that the operatives in all are deserted by the superior class. The influence of this cause will be understood by reference to a map on which the water courses are traced, and shown to consist, partly of rivers and partly of numerous branches of canals; for it is on the margins of these that all manufactories, foundries, and workshops, requiring water for steam engines or other purposes, are necessarily placed; and it is thence that the smoke chiefly arises."

But whatever may be the defects or the extravagancies of the "Report on the Sanatory Condition of the Labouring Population of Great Britain," it unquestionably supplies an immense body of curious and impressive facts, and also of anxiously considered views. There is, for example, a division of the document allotted to an account of the general state of the residences of the labouring population, where disease is found to be most prevalent, in about thirty different towns and districts; under another head, the public arrangements, external to their residences, and by which the sanatory condition of the poor is affected, are the subject of inquiry. The drainage of streets comes naturally within this division. There are two sections which contain statistical tables exhibiting the chances of life in different localities, that are sometimes startlingly remarkable. The duration of existence among different classes as well as in different places, is indicated in these tables. Begin with Bath.

| Number of Deaths. | | Average Age of Deceased. |
|---|---|---|
| 146 | Gentlemen, professional persons, and their families . . . . | 55 years. |
| 244 | Tradesmen and their families . . . . . | 37 |
| 896 | Mechanics, labourers, and their families . . . . . | 25 |

Compare Bath with Liverpool.

| Number of Deaths. | | Average Age of Deceased. |
|---|---|---|
| 137 | Gentry and professional persons, &c. . . . . | 35 years. |
| 1,738 | Tradesmen and their families . . . . . | 22 |
| 5,597 | Labourers, mechanics, and servants, &c. . . . . | 15 |

Manchester and Rutlandshire.

| | Average age of Death In Manchester. Years. | In Rutlandshire. Years. |
|---|---|---|
| Professional persons and gentry, and their families | 38 | 52 |
| Tradesmen and their families (in Rutlandshire, farmers and graziers are included with shopkeepers | 20 | 41 |
| Mechanics, labourers, and their families | 17 | 38 |

Nothing is more certain than that there is an intimate relation between the state of poverty of any section of society, and the phase of morality which it exhibits. See to what a disgusting condition of manners necessity reduces people:

"In what towns did you find instances of the greatest crowding of the habitations?"—"In Manchester, Liverpool, Ashton-under-Lyne, and Pendleton. In a cellar in Pendleton, I recollect there were three beds in the two apartments of which the habitation consisted, but having no door between them; in one of which a man and his wife slept; in another, a man, his wife and child; and in a third, two unmarried females. In Hull, I have met with cases somewhat similar: a mother about fifty years of age, and her son, I should think twenty-five, at all events above twenty-one, sleeping in the same bed, and a lodger in the same room. I have two or three instances in Hull in which a mother was sleeping with her grown-up son; and in most cases there were other persons sleeping in the same room, in another bed. In a cellar in Liverpool, I found a mother and her grown-up daughters sleeping on a bed of chaff on the ground in one corner of the cellar, and in the other corner three sailors had their bed. I have met upwards of forty persons sleeping in the same room, married and single; including, of course, children and several young adult persons of either sex. In Manchester, I could enumerate a variety of instances in which I found such promiscuous mixture of the sexes in sleeping-rooms. I may mention one: a man, his wife, and child, sleeping in one bed; in another bed, two grown-up females; and in the same room two young men unmarried. I have met with instances of a man, his wife, and his wife's sister, sleeping in the same bed together. I have known at least half-a-dozen cases in Manchester in which that has been regularly practised, the unmarried sister being an adult."

"In the course of your own inquiry, how many instances, if you were to look over your notes, of persons of different sexes sleeping promiscuously, do you think you met with?"—"I think I am speaking within bounds when I say, I have among my memoranda above one hundred cases, including of course cases of persons of different sexes sleeping in the same room."

Perhaps there are still more disheartening facts, or at least doctrines, set forth in the Report. For instance, it is said that much of the filth and huddling together is not so truly the consequence of necessity and poverty, as of custom and indifferency to what is disgusting; and even that the people will not improve themselves in these respects voluntarily, or if it were in their power;

"What is your experience in respect to the habits of the workpeople in these tenements?"—"The remark which I have to make is on the very low state of feeling prevalent among even a high class of workmen as to decency or propriety. The tenements sufficed for them when they were young; but when the female children become young women, and the boys advance to puberty, and decency requires them to have separate rooms, the usual practice of the parents is to take the young women into their own sleeping-rooms. I have one highly-respectable foreman who has one daughter aged twenty, and another aged twenty-two, sleeping on each side of the bed in which himself and his wife sleep. The next bed-room is filled with the younger children of both sexes, boys and girls, up to sixteen years of age. The earnings of this family must have been 50*s.* per week. The rent they paid was 3*s.* weekly, which was little more than the interest on the money invested. I have remonstrated on the indecency of such habits, and on their bad effects; but the expense of the extra shilling a week for a house with another bed-room was considered a sufficient answer to my remonstrance. In my own tenements I have built the additional room, and notwithstanding the remonstrances I have required the additional rent. When they have remonstrated, I have told them of the fact that the cost of the additional room would only be a beneficial deduction from the money spent in liquor."

Which of the two would you choose?

In the rural districts, the very defects of the cottages, which let in the fresh air in spite of all the efforts of the inmates to exclude it, often obviate the effects of the overcrowding and defective ventilation. It has been observed, that while the labouring population of several districts have had no shelter but huts similar to those described by Dr. Gilly as the habitations of the Border peasantry, which afforded a free passage for currents of air, they were not subject to fevers, though they were to rheumatism; but when, through the good intentions of the proprietors, such habitations were provided as were deemed more comfortable, from excluding the weather effectually, but which from the neglect of ventilation afforded recesses for stagnating air and impurities which they had not the means, or had not a sufficient love of cleanliness to remove, though rheumatism was excluded, febrile infection was generated.

It is a most fortunate circumstance that the humane direction in which the facts and main arguments in this Report point, and especially when these are most startling, are all on the side of pecuniary profit, and general wealth, as well as moral attractiveness. It is rendered quite apparent that a complete system of drainage, of supplying plentifully wholesome water, of cleansing houses, and of ventilation, and merely in the way of prevention, is to be preferred on the score of actual cost to the present and past condition of towns, and of the labouring population. Attention to some of the statements and estimates in the document under consideration, together with a little reflection, will put the subject in a very strong light. Begin with actual pecuniary expense:

Now, that of cleansing the streets of the *township* of Manchester,

is stated to be 5,000*l.* annually. For this sum the first class of streets is cleansed once a week, the second class once a fortnight, and the third once a month; leaving untouched the courts and alleys where the poorest classes live, and where, as regards the accumulation of filth, the want of sewerage, and ventilation, there is the greatest necessity for cleansing. It is very easy to say, let these alleys and all such places be properly cleansed; but this is equivalent to ordering, let 20,000*l.*, or 30,000*l.*, of additional rates be expended; although, were the occupants of these mean localities "to pay at the rate of one of the opulent parishes in the metropolis, that is, at the rate of 4*s.* per house per annum, which would be less than a penny per tenement for the weekly street cleaning; or in the poorer districts where there are mostly two families to a tenement, a charge of less than one halfpenny per week for cleansing, it would be found to be good economy, as one means of diminishing the existing heavy charge of sickness, not to speak of the wear and tear of clothes."

Having had mention made of the expense of sickness, let us attend to the waste and the loss inseparable from a prevalence of bad health, and of premature deaths. According to a table in the Report, the whole of the deaths in England and Wales, during the year 1839, were all at the rate of 21 in 1,000; while the number of these who died of dieases from removable causes, or such diseases as are peculiarly subject to sanatory measures, amounted to 14 in the 1,000, or two-thirds of the whole. It is also stated that the greatest proportion of deaths of the *heads* of families, occurred from such removable or controllable causes; and this on an average, 13 years below the natural probabilities of life, "as shown by the experience of the whole population of Sweden."

Now think of the pecuniary loss which the public sustains by so many premature deaths, these being chiefly among the poor! There is a great direct and positive expenditure, by parishes, and so forth. But there is still a greater indirect or negative waste. In the Report, this fact is put in a very striking light.

A conception may be formed of the aggregate effects of the several causes of mortality from the fact, that of the deaths caused during one year in England and Wales by epidemic, endemic, and contagious diseases, including fever, typhus, and scarlatina, amounting to 56,461, the great proportion of which are proved to be preventible, it may be said that the effect is as if the whole county of Westmoreland, now containing 56,469 souls, or the whole county of Huntingdonshire, or any other equivalent district, were entirely depopulated annually, and were only occupied again by the growth of a new and feeble population living under the fears of a similar visitation. The annual slaughter in England and Wales from preventible causes of typhus which attacks persons in the vigour of life, appears to be double the amount of what was suffered by the allied armies in the battle of Waterloo. It will be shown that diseases, such as those which now prevail on land, did within the experience of persons

still living, formerly prevail to a greater extent at sea, and have since been prevented by sanatory regulations; and that when they did so prevail in ships of war, the deaths from them were more than double in amount of the deaths in battle. But the number of persons who die is to be taken also as the indication of the much greater number of persons who fall sick, and who, although they escape, are subjected to the suffering and loss occasioned by attacks of disease. Thus it was found on the original inquiry in the metropolis, that the deaths from fever amounted to 1 in 10 of the attacked. If this proportion held equally throughout the country, then a quarter of a million of persons will have been subjected to loss and suffering from an attack of fever during the year; and in so far as the proportions of attacks to deaths is diminished, so it appears from the reports is the intensity and suffering from the disease generally increased. It appears that the extremes of mortality at the Small-pox Hospital, in London, among those attacked, have been 15 per cent. and 42 per cent. But if, according to other statements, the average mortality be taken at 1 in 5, or 30 per cent., the number of persons attacked in England and Wales during the year of the return, must amount to upwards of 16,000 persons killed, and more than 80,000 persons subjected to the sufferings of disease, including, in the case of the labouring classes, the loss of labour and long-continued debility; and in respect to all classes, often premature disfigurement, and occasionally the loss of sight.

Calculate the amount and virulence of the diseases sent from the hot-beds and centres of infection over every part of the kingdom, and also the loss of productive value, when health is impaired by an attack; also the loss sustained in an economical view, by the want of sewerage, ventilation, and so forth; and the subject will gain something like its due dimensions in the imagination; for as it is well stated in the Report, the remark being founded on the statistics of Geneva,—" the strength of a people does not depend on the absolute number of its population, but on the relative number of those who are of the age and strength for labour." But how much larger and more impressive, even astounding, would the question grow, if the philanthropist calculate the moral evils which are inseparable from home discomforts, and the bad passions engendered by comparisons with classes who not only enjoy most enviable advantages, but who have hitherto and habitually shown themselves indifferent to the sanatory condition of the poor.

The results of Mr. Chadwick's labours, with regard to regulations, are various and important, extending to buildings, drainage, supervision of lodging-houses, and many other items, and which were either embraced or glanced at by Lord Normanby's Bill. We shall not go farther into the document; and conclude this branch of the present article by quoting a gratifying and promising extract from a Report, which was read very recently, of the Proceedings of the Committee of the Metropolitan Improvement Society. It was the first General Meeting of the body.

Some time was necessarily devoted to the organization of the Society, and the consideration of the rules required for its government. When this duty was completed, the Committee commenced taking the proper steps to urge upon Government the importance of preparing a general plan of metropolitan improvement, founded upon an actual survey, with a view, not merely to ornamental embellishment, but to the sanatory state of the poorer districts, and the facilities required for commercial communication in crowded neighbourhoods. With this object, an interview was sought with Sir Robert Peel, and a deputation from the Society, headed by Lord Robert Grosvenor, waited upon the minister on Wednesday, June 15th, and laid before him the views of the Society. The favourable result of this interview exceeded the expectations of the Committee. Sir Robert Peel stated that his own opinions coincided with the views of the deputation; that he certainly considered it desirable that, in the place of a Committee of the House of Commons, an efficient Board should be appointed to institute proper inquiries, and take a broad and comprehensive view of the whole subject. He further said, that the object was of so much importance that he did not think the consideration of a mere trifling expense should stand in the way, and he should probably not hesitate to propose such a grant as would be sufficient to render the inquiry effectual. The Committee have also turned their attention to the formation of a Library of Maps and Plans of the Metropolis, and have already received as donations some valuable maps of local districts and private estates, and have the promise of others. They expect, ere long, to render this collection a most valuable one, of great service to the Society, and of ultimate benefit to the public. The more important object—that of inducing Government to prepare a comprehensive plan of improvement, embracing the general interests of the metropolis, and founded upon an accurate survey—the Committee trust has been secured; but to this alone the Committee would not confine their attention; they would desire to extend their exertions to every point tending to the health, comfort, and well-being of this vast city. The Committee have already discussed the means of abating the nuisance arising from the smoke of furnaces, not only in the case of the great factories and breweries, but of the river steam-boats; and they observe with satisfaction, that the Corporation of the City of London have, for some time past, been making active inquiries on this subject, and that societies at Manchester and Leeds have been formed with the same view. There are many other points to which the Committee would also desire to direct their early attention. They would wish at once to take such steps as might lead to a better legislation on matters connected with building, and to a revision of the Building Acts. They would desire especially to effect an improvement of the over-crowded and ill-drained neighbourhoods of the poor; to provide a better description of dwellings for the lower classes, and to adopt every other available means of checking the fearful mortality now raging in the poorer districts. They are anxious to impress the public with the fearful consequences arising from the burial of the dead in crowded places, and to encourage, as much as possible, cemeteries formed at a distance from the metropolis. The naming and numbering of streets should also engage the early attention of the Committee. Every one is not perhaps aware of the great public inconvenience resulting from the total abandonment of this branch of the duties of municipal administration to individual caprice; in illustration of this, however, it may be

mentioned that in some streets there are sometimes five houses with the same number; and that in the commercial part of the metropolis alone, there are no fewer than twenty-eight King Streets, twenty Queen Streets, twenty-six Charles Streets, twenty-five Church Streets, twenty George Streets, and twenty-three John Streets, with numerous other examples of a corresponding character.

All this is promising, and in furtherance of, as well as in keeping with, the new lights that are beginning to set in upon us, and that led to the order the results of which are contained in the Report on the sanatory condition of the labouring population. What is now wanted is not only an honest admission of the facts disclosed, and a full comprehension of the principles involved and indicated, but those broad and anxiously concocted practical measures which philanthropy can devise, and which mechanical contrivances can systematically carry out. The prospect is cheering; although the realization of all the promise is not yet at hand. How much suffering may there still exist in our large towns and manufacturing districts, which might be removed or greatly ameliorated by sanatory precautions! How appalling are the pictures of physical privation and discomfort, that are given in parts of Dr. Taylor's Tour! And to his volume we now address ourselves.

The volume consists of a series of letters to the Archbishop of Dublin, written in a pure and kindly spirit; often with uncommon power; sometimes disclosing novelty of view; and always couched in graceful, fluent, and perspicuous language. It is the work of a practised writer and an expert thinker.

The principal objections which will strike the impartial reader,—and they are not slight, if it be that they convey upon the whole a distorted aspect of the condition of the manufacturing districts,—are these, that Dr. Taylor writes frequently after the manner of a one-sided eulogist, of a hired advocate; his sympathies and colouring being remarkably lavish in behalf of the manufacturing interest, just as he is hawk-eyed and disparaging whenever the agricultural is put into the balance. We do not say that he misstates facts, or even that he has consciously acted with unfairness to any class. But his generosities are those of a party, or a section, which may be called that of the Anti-Corn-Law League; so that one is forced to distrust the pictures which he draws, and hesitate still more when his broad conclusions are forced forward. His facts appear to have lain all in one direction, if they be not selected. Probably his opportunities for testing the truth were often exceptional rather than broad-scattered. At any rate there can be little doubt with regard to the direction in which his eye loved to rove. Nor is it unlikely that his informants were for the most part persons whose principles and foregone conclusions chimed in with his own. We are sorry, both for the sake of truth and the interests of the factory people themselves, that his panegyrics are so strong and his representations so

inviting; we mean with regard to the character and sentiments of these people,—their moral, mental, and social advancement; nay, their physical condition in ordinary circumstances of trade. We do not even find that Dr. Taylor is willing to bear testimony with regard to the filthiness which notoriously abounds around and within the dwellings of the Manchester workpeople; nor that in his comparisons with the condition of the agricultural labourers, that he makes anything like a fair account of the fact, that the average of life among the manufacturing operatives is greatly abridged when compared with the years to which farmers' servants and the peasantry attain. We therefore must characterize much of his one-sided praise as being fulsome, and not a few of his sympathies as a rhetorician's twaddle.

Now, this is the more to be lamented, seeing that Dr. Taylor is manifestly capable of taking a philosophical view of the factory system, without regard to temporary phases, or mere accidents in its history. Indeed, it is when he addresses himself to the philosophy of the subject,—which is by far the most important matter for a tourist's consideration of his calibre,—that he is most original and convincing. Here we think he is luminous and highly effective; and therefore must let him be heard. He appears to us to go to the foundation of the subject; and to treat of that which has had such a monstrous growth as to have confounded not only the calculations and philosophizings of most men, but the former elements of society, with a masterly hand. Let him be heard.

The Factory system is a modern creation; history throws no light on its nature, for it has scarcely begun to recognise its existence; the philosophy of the schools supplies very imperfect help for estimating its results, because an innovating power of such immense force could never have been anticipated. The steam-engine had no precedent, the spinning-jenny is without ancestry, the mule and the power-loom entered on no prepared heritage: they sprang into sudden existence, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, passing so rapidly through their stage of infancy, that they had taken their position in the world and firmly established themselves before there was time to prepare a place for their reception. These potent novelties also made their appearance in a land already crowded with institutions: the force and rapidity with which they developed themselves dislocated all the existing machinery of society, disturbed its very framework, and must necessarily produce, as they have produced, a considerable amount of confusion and suffering until the difficult task of re-adjustment is completed. A giant forcing his way into a densely-wedged crowd extends pain and disturbance to its remotest extremity: the individuals he pushes aside push others in their turn, though none know the cause of pressure save those with whom the intruder is immediately in contact; and thus also the Factory system causes its presence to be felt in districts where no manufactures are established: all classes are pressed to make room for the stranger, and all are interested in knowing something of what is thus forced upon their acquaintance.

The periodical panics, fluctuations, and distresses to which the districts in question are especially subject, have occasioned a great deal to be said relative to the evils of a manufacturing system, the principal instrument of which is machinery. The fact is, however, that such a system exists, and you cannot put a stop to it, if you would, any more than you can forbid Englishmen to be enterprising, to cease to contrive, to forget that even steam-power could be produced by the ingenuity of man.

It would be absurd to speak of Factories as mere abstractions, and consider them apart from the manufacturing population:—that population is a stern reality, and cannot be neglected with impunity. As a stranger passes through the masses of human beings which have been accumulated round the mills and print-works in this and the neighbouring towns, he cannot contemplate these "crowded hives" without feelings of anxiety and apprehension almost amounting to dismay. The population, like the system to which it belongs, is NEW; but it is hourly increasing in breadth and strength. It is an aggregate of masses, our conceptions of which clothe themselves in terms that express something portentous and fearful. We speak not of them indeed as of sudden convulsions, tempestuous seas, or furious hurricanes, but as of the slow rising and gradual swelling of an ocean which must, at some future and no distant time, bear all the elements of society aloft upon its bosom, and float them—Heaven knows whither.

The thing for the Minister of the Crown to do in these circumstances,—circumstances which cannot be annihilated or with safety any longer winked at and viewed sideways,—is to perform the office of steersman, and to study how the tide may salutarily be directed. Without venturing a thought about what particular measures for such an end are to be adopted, this seems certain,—it is not alone, or even chiefly, that the prosperity of the capitalist or the master is to be studied, but rather the raising of a more unfortunate class of the community to a participation in comforts of which they have as yet been at the best but grudging spectators. The masses of the labouring population as well as of our paupers, are beings to whom the humanizing influence of knowledge and wealth have not combinedly extended. It is not any present or very recent events that have crushed and kept them down. Nevertheless, the time seems to have arrived, when they must be helped up by means of regular, intelligible, and peaceful aids, and by affording wholesome scope; otherwise the giant will with perverse, outrageous, and devastating sweep, take its own course.

Dr. Taylor maintains that manufactures, sustained and rendered almost omnipotent by means of machinery, are in their nature and proper tendencies, great national and positive blessings. They are even the best friends of agriculture, and the grand augmentors of manual labour.

The cultivated lands through which we passed were originally waste moor and moss; such they must ever have remained had not the accumulation of population around the factories opened an immediate market for farming produce, which gave the strongest impulse to farming industry. The former wastes have been cultivated to the very tops of their hills and the very margins of their streams; the soil has literally been ploughed by the spindle and sowed by the shuttle and the loom. It is to manufactures that this district is indebted for the moor blooming as the garden, and the desert blossoming as the rose. A curious instance of the rapid increase of the value of farms was related by my companion. He showed me a piece of ground which a farmer had formerly rented at thirty pounds a year, but he was unable to work it with profit, on account of the distance of the market to which he had to send his produce, and he sank deeply in debt. That same farmer subsequently rented that same ground at seventy pounds a year, and out of its profits at the higher rent paid the entire debt which he had incurred at the lower rent.

Again; and of the rise of rents in Rossendale Chase:

Land used exclusively for farming purposes commands upwards of ten times the rental of a century ago; and farms formerly tenanted by persons now living are let at seven or eight times the sums which themselves have once paid. In the populous parts, building-land is rented at 6*d.* and 6½*d.* per square yard, being 121*l.* to 131*l.* per acre, or a larger sum than was paid for the whole forest of 15,300 acres in the reign of James the First.

By the last year's survey for the county assessment, the annual rental of the forest is 50,035*l.* or an increase of 41,000 per cent. upon the Parliamentary survey before alluded to.

We ourselves have never been able to perceive how machinery can abridge the demand for manual labour, however much or often it may change its direction or fields. Yet it is most true, that wherever there is a machine or a mill, you are sure at periods to find a number of unemployed and destitute persons. But whence is this? First, the population in these quarters generally increases with extraordinary rapidity, even among the first settlers. But secondly and chiefly, the pauperism that is frequently witnessed in such localities, is quite independent of the depression of trade. Dr. Taylor says—

Experience has shown me that Manchester does not afford a fair specimen of the factory population in any of the conditions of its existence, and that the outward aspect of the place affords a very imperfect test of the state of trade in South Lancashire. It must, in the first place, be observed that there is always, and must necessarily be, considerable distress in a place where there is a large demand for untrained labour. Though the factories require skilled labour, yet there are many occupations connected with the commerce of cotton which only demand the exertion of brute strength; such, for instance, are porterage, lighterage, coal-heaving, &c. This demand for untrained labour is not so great as in Liverpool, nor could Manchester exhibit anything so low in the social scale as the dock-population of that port; still the demand exists to a

considerable extent, and is mainly, if not entirely, supplied by immigrants from Ireland, Wales, Scotland, and the English agricultural counties. In consequence of the rapidity of the growth of manufactures in Manchester, the increase of population very rapidly outstripped the means of accommodation: even the factory operatives are badly lodged, and the dwellings of the class below them are the most wretched that can be conceived.

Our author goes on to remark, that it is a very common error to attribute to factories the evils which really arise from an immigrating and non-factory population, and which have also been recently increased by the great demand for unskilled labour produced by the works and excavations required for the new railways which are radiating in every direction in the manufacturing districts. Dr. Taylor quotes the testimony and opinion of the Rev. Mr. Parkinson, author of a paper on the Statistical Antiquities of Manchester, in reference to the points mentioned. Here is one passage:

Being in a position where I can have no motive for a partial judgment, I maintain that, if we can strike an average of all classes of our population and the population of other districts, we shall find that the morality of this district will not be below that of the most primitive agricultural population. I have the authority of a high military officer, and also that of other persons, for saying that the streets of Manchester (and it is the same at Birmingham), at ten o'clock at night, are as retired as those of the most rural districts. When we look at the extent of this parish, containing at least 300,000 souls—more than the population of the half of our counties—can we be surprised that there is a great amount of immorality? But a great proportion of that immorality is committed by those who have been already nursed in crime in districts of the country supposed to be more innocent than our own, and are, apparently, added to the number of those who swell our police reports, not so much because we hold out greater facilities in rearing them, as that they are apprehended through the superior vigilance of our police. I think it desirable that I should state this, as being an impartial observer, and one coming from a distant part of the country.

We are exceeding our proper bounds with this paper, otherwise we might quote sundry harrowing accounts of destitution, and awful forebodings from sullen despair, or actual starvation. But indeed this would be an unnecessary occupation of our pages; for at the very moment we write, the tidings from the manufacturing districts describe such excitement and wide-spread determination on the part of the operatives to right themselves, that the commotion has more the appearance of a general insurrection, than of an episodical riot. Dreadful and dire appear to be the sufferings and resolves of the masses. The social fabric looks as if it was not only momentarily unhinged, but to have been resting on fragile and ill-constructed foundations. Most appalling indeed is the pauperism that prevails in England. Would that on the northern side of the Tweed there were no darker pictures of destitution. We have not room to en-

large. But having alluded to Scotland, shall conclude our article with an abridged report, as met with in the Athenæum, of part of a paper read by Dr. Alison, at the late assembling of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, having for its subject "The Destitution and Mortality of some of the Large Towns of Scotland." What we insert refers particularly to the result of an inquiry into the number and condition of the destitute poor in Edinburgh, undertaken in the early part of last winter by a committee appointed to distribute a charitable fund, raised by subscription on the birth of the Prince of Wales, and by whom domiciliary visits were made, and uniform reports presented from all parts of the town. He says—

From these it appeared that 21,620 persons, in a population of 137,200, (excluding the garrison of the Castle,) were at that time in a state of utter destitution, and were recommended for immediate wholly gratuitous relief, besides nearly 5,000 more, who, not being so miserably destitute, were recommended for relief in the way of provisions and fuel at a reduced price. To the 21,600 are to be added the inhabitants of three workhouses and of the House of Refuge, making a total of above 23,000 persons, out of 137,200, or 16·8 per cent. of the population, who, during at least a part of the year, "of necessity must live by alms." Of this number, not above 7,000 are admitted as paupers to legal relief; so that 16,000, or 11·6 of the population, are, during part of the year, destitute from disability or want of employment, and have no lawful means of subsistence. The pauperism of England, of which so much has been said, extends in general to about 9 per cent. of the population; and most of the paupers are supported in comfort, and much care taken of their religious and moral instruction; but it appears from these statements, that the destitution of Edinburgh extends to nearly twice that proportion of the people; and although Dr. Alison admitted that very few of them die of actual starvation, he asserted that many of them die of diseases partly caused by want of sufficient nourishment and clothing; that they are generally dependent on one form or another of mendicity; that the supply both of their bodily and spiritual wants is very irregular and precarious; and that they are in a great measure kept alive by the assistance given them by the working classes, even by the lowest and poorest of that description. Thus, he maintained, that the burden of their subsistence, although not allowed to press, as it would do in England, on the capital and property of the country, presses on the industry of the country, where its operation is both more injurious and more unjust. In regard to the effects of the Scotch system of management of the poor on the mortality of the great towns, he said that this could be best judged of in years of epidemics, because great part of the effect of bad management of the poor is, to render them peculiarly liable to suffer from such visitations. Although several extensive epidemics had occurred, since the English Registration Act came into force, in the English great towns, he could not find that the annual mortality in any of them had ever exceeded 1 in 30: but it had been fully ascertained that in Glasgow the mortality had reached this amount in an average of five years; and that in 1837 it had been 1 in 24, exceeding that recorded in any year in Liverpool (the most unhealthy town in England) by 25 per cent. He admitted that in the statements which he had formerly laid before the Statistical Society

in London, as to the mortality at Edinburgh and Dundee, there had been an error from want of the proper deduction for still-born children; but after making that deduction, the mortality at Dundee in 1836 (the worst year of epidemic fever there) appeared to be 1 in 30·1, equal to the highest recorded at Liverpool, which is a town nearly four times larger; and the mortality in Edinburgh in 1837 appeared to be 1 in 27·4, exceeding the highest recorded in Liverpool by nearly 10 per cent., and the highest recorded in London by 19 per cent. (viz., as 27·4 to 32·8). In regard to the greater liability of the Scotch towns to suffer from contagious fever, he stated that while the highest mortality from that cause, recorded in England, was 7·7 per cent. of the whole mortality, and that only in London and Manchester, and only for one year, the general proportion being about 4 per cent., it appeared from various documents obtained by Mr. Watt, that in Glasgow, in 1837, it was above 20 per cent.; in Dundee, in 1836, 15 per cent.; in Glasgow, on an average of the last five years, 13·8 per cent.; in Edinburgh, for the last three years, 9·2 per cent.; in Dundee, for the last three years, 8·4 per cent., (the year of the greatest epidemic not being included in the case of either of the two last towns;) in Aberdeen, for the last five years, 14·2 per cent.; and during last year in Edinburgh, 10·27 per cent. of the whole mortality. Even in Perth, for five years, it was 7·4 per cent.

This evidence of the habitually greater extension of fever he considered of peculiar importance, first, because he had formerly given reasons for thinking the extension of fever in a great town more frequently dependent on distribution than on any other cause; and secondly, because the mortality of fever falls heavier than that of any other disease on the most valuable lives in a community, especially on the heads of families. He then referred, in proof of the connexion of those facts as to mortality with distribution, to the report of Villermé, on an elaborate inquiry into the comparative mortality of the twelve arrondissements of Paris, contained in the Archives de Médecine for 1825. It there appeared, that these districts of that city followed, with very slight variation, the same order as to mortality for five years together, the extremities of the scale being 1 in 45 for the first arrondissement, and 1 in 24 for the twelfth, and the mean mortality of Paris being 1 in 32·4;—that this order had no connexion with the vicinity of the districts to the river, or their distance from it,—nor with the degree of elevation of the ground,—nor with the nature of the soil,—nor with the neighbourhood to, or distance from, the fetid marshes of Montfaucon,—nor with the purity or impurity of the water drank,—nor with the degree of density of the population, whether estimated by the proportion of inhabited houses to the whole extent of the districts, or by the proportion of the number of inhabitants to the space occupied by the buildings. By the true method of induction or exclusion it was proved, that none of these conditions determined the greater or less mortality of the different districts. But when the districts were compared with one another, according to the number of their *pauvres*, ascertained by the proportion of the inhabitants paying no taxes on account of their poverty, they were found to arrange themselves, almost precisely, in the same order in which they stood as to the degree of mortality, the three first arrondissements occupying the lowest place, and the eighth, ninth, and twelfth the highest place, in both scales. These observations, extending to nearly 800,000 people, and to five years, appear sufficient to prove, that the privations or comfort of the inhabitants are the main causes by which

the greater or less mortality of the different parts of a great town or of different great towns, are determined; and when these are borne in mind, the greater mortality (especially from fever) in the great towns of Scotland, will appear distinctly to confirm the conclusion to which Dr. Alison had arrived from other facts, that the provisions against destitution there, whether directed to its prevention or direct relief, are much less effective than in England. He fully admitted that various causes affect the lives and comfort, and even the degree of destitution, of the lower orders, besides the kind of provision made against that destitution by the higher orders; that much suffering among them may be prevented by correcting intemperance,—much by religious and moral education,—much by draining and ventilation, and other physical comforts. All these assertions are true, but they are not the whole truth. When all means of prevention are removed, we are still assured, by universal experience, by study of the physical and moral constitution of man, and by the warnings of Revelation, that "the poor shall never cease out of the land," and that "the greatest evil of the poor will be their poverty;" much suffering will still remain which we cannot prevent, and which it is our duty to relieve. He added with equal confidence, that this relief is much more surely and effectually given in England than in Scotland; and that precautions and securities are known, by the prudent application of which, the regular and systematic relief of suffering may be prevented from having any effect in ultimately extending or perpetuating it, and may be confidently expected to act as an antidote to suffering in future generations, as well as a remedy for it in the present. He stated, in conclusion, that he had avoided any allusion to the inadequacy of the allowances granted to those destitute persons who are admitted as paupers in Scotland, or to the effects of such inadequate relief in the production of crime; but a striking illustration of both had been just put into his hands, and rested on the authority of Mr. M'Laren, of Edinburgh, and Mr. Smith, governor of the jail there. This was a case of five children of one family, who were in that jail at one time,—two under sentence of transportation for theft. It appeared that the father had deserted his wife with six children under twelve, one just born, in 1832, and had not been heard of since; that they had been allowed 2*s.* 6*d.* a week by the parish, which allowance had been afterwards reduced to 2*s.*, (whereas in Manchester they would have had from 6*s.* to 7*s.* a week;) that they had no other resource, and had been obliged to beg, and receive hardly any education; and it was the conviction of those who had examined the case, that they had been led to the commission of crime simply by the temptation into which they had been led by the mode of life which had become inevitable to them, in consequence of this inadequate allowance.

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## Art. X.

1. *Excursions in and about Newfoundland.* By J. B. Jukes, M.A., F.G.S., &c. 2 vols. Murray.
2. *Newfoundland in* 1842. By Sir R. H. Bonnycastle. 2 vols. Colburn.

Of the old British colony of Newfoundland, little or next to nothing of general interest is felt at home. It is not a region to which emigrants direct their eyes; and with regard to its value in a mercantile,

maritime, or political point of view,—why people do not concern themselves. The recent notice, however, which this large island obtained in parliament, on the occasion when it received a new constitution, has lent to the coasts of cod fishery, at least a temporary importance in public estimation; and therefore the appearance of the works before us is opportune and appropriate; having this advantage also over the great majority of works belonging to the department of travels, that they go out of the common ruts worn by tourists, and carry us to spots and scenes that have been seldom touched by pen or pencil.

Let us remind our readers, that Newfoundland, lying on the N. E. side of the Gulf of Mexico, is the nearest point of America to Europe; the distance from St. John's, the capital of the island, to Port Valentia on the west coast of Ireland, being 1656 miles. Newfoundland, which is nearly triangular in form, but everywhere indented by broad and deep bays, innumerable harbours, coves, creeks, and rivers, has been calculated to comprise an area of 36,000 miles. Its coast presents almost a continuous rampart of bold rocks. So far as is known of the interior, it consists of marshes, lakes, and of stunted and thick-set woods, matted together by almost impenetrable undergrowths. The climate varies according to the locale of the island, north or south; and the weather, although severe, is less fierce than that of Lower Canada; while, during a long winter, the brilliancy of the Aurora Borealis and the splendid light of the moon and stars give peculiar beauty to the atmosphere. The most remarkable feature connected with the atmospheric character of Newfoundland, is the fogs on its banks and neighbouring shores. These fogs are sometimes so dense, that in fine, although calm weather, with the sun shining over head, two vessels may pass each other unseen, while the voices of persons talking can be heard from either ship. The longevity of the inhabitants, however, and the great vigour both of mind and body which many of them display to an advanced age, afford the best proofs of the salubrity of the island, and which rears a hardy race of seamen, trained in the fisheries on the coast.

When Newfoundland was first visited, after the general discovery of the continent of America, it contained two distinct races of men, the one termed the Red Indian, the other the Esquimaux. Both are now rooted out of the island; not solely owing to the Europeans, but mainly to the exterminating wars carried on between each other.

Of the animals, some are of European extraction, the others are native. Among those that are wild the deer is the most valued, on account of its size, number, and utility. There are several other species of quadrupeds which furnish profitable employment to the hunters and furriers. Newfoundland has been said to contain none of the venomous animals or insects which infest other countries,

except the *mosquito*. Land and water fowl are found in great abundance. The lakes and ponds abound with trout and eels. As to the coast, there are no oysters, but excellent lobsters and muscles; lance, herrings, mackerel and salmon are plentiful; plaice, sole, and halibut are also found. The capellin, which some call the most delicious fish in the world, arrives periodically in such shoals as to change the colour of the sea, near the coves and beaches; so that two persons may fill a common-sized boat in a couple of hours. This fish remains on the coast about six weeks, and is considered the best bait for cod. The timber which grows on the island, though generally of no great magnitude, is very serviceable for the purposes of the fishery; vessels of from 60 to 200 tons each being built of native wood.

But the sea is the most fertile soil of Newfoundland, the cod fisheries on the coast and banks alone, being of more value to England than the mines of Peru and Mexico. There are other articles of trade derived from the salt water of that locality; such as fish-oil, seal-oil and skins. The fishing season is indeed to the people of the island, what harvest is to other communities. Their agriculture is not of much importance, neither does it appear that this branch of economy will ever be regarded with particular attention in that colony. In the meanwhile, the most fertile spots, which are on the western coast, are not allowed, by treaty with France, to be settled; each nation being permitted to use the coast for curing fish only. Many other parts of the coasts are thinly occupied, and where harbours, land, and means of conveyance, offer facilities. Roads, however, are few and difficult to be formed; there being no complete line from one settlement to another. Such is the fact, unless in winter, when the frost turns water, mud, marsh, and everything soft or liquid into a chain-bound solid mass. The sea is therefore the great highway of the Newfoundlanders; and even the *circuits* are made round the coast in a vessel fitted up for the purpose. Of course intercommunication between place and place must be comparatively rare, and professional functionaries few, consequently expensive when called in. The fee of a surgeon, for a visit to a distance twelve miles off, is *5l.*; there being one day, if not double of that time, occupied in the journey to and from. Clergymen are so scarce that a pair frequently live together, on a written agreement to marry at the earliest opportunity. Education must in these circumstances be scanty, it being difficult for the schoolmaster to go abroad. A wrecked vessel remained for some time on the coast unknown, because no one who had seen it could decipher the letters on the stern. Even horses can be so seldom or profitably employed in some quarters, that there are grown-up people who have never beheld a specimen of the noble quadruped. Many things are therefore still in a very

rimitive condition in the land of cod, which is so abundant, that it i considered, at least talked of, as the only fish of the sea. At inner, the Newfoundlanders will ask you whether you will take herring or fish?"—"salmon or fish?" meaning by the latter othing more, and nothing less than cod. Among the old-fashioned nd primitive manners of the people, we may mention one which revailed a century or two ago in rustic parts of England:—not only o travellers and strangers occupy one bed, but sometimes the way- aring man has been known to occupy the same roosting place with he husband and wife of the house; being most probably a measure f necessity in very cold weather, and when blankets are few. With egard to the moral and social condition of the settlers themselves, nd speaking of the body of the people, the character of kind-hearted- ess and hospitality attaches to them, but somewhat modified by being harged with a fondness for *strong waters*, and a tendency to drive ard bargains.

We come now to notice more directly the works before us, which ontain most of the particulars that we have touched, with a multi- ude of others, much more fully and satisfactorily. Mr. Jukes's Excursions took place in 1839 and 1840, having been appointed Geological Surveyor of Newfoundland; the Assembly, now extin- uished by Act of Parliament, defraying his salary and expenses; here being an impression that the island contained strata of work- ible coal. When our author first arrived, he seems to have contem- plated a thorough survey of the island, being unaware of the nature nd amount of obstacles that would present themselves. Accordingly he was obliged to confine himself to the shores and rock-bound coast, for the most part, and which are very often inaccessible by and. A small vessel being chartered for him, he circumnavigated the island, landing where facilities offered themselves, and exploring the country from these points and sundry inlets as far as his means nd the nature of the particular region would permit. The scientific results of these examinations and exploring excursions, which were renewed in 1840,—Mr. Jukes having employed the intervening win- er by taking a sealing voyage to the Arctic ice,—are presented in a eparate form. His volumes, however, comprise many things of a popular character; such as scraps of natural history, narratives of journeys and trips by water, with such incidents and scenes as ar- rested his attention, and appeared calculated to interest the general reader. And the whole is done rapidly, cheerfully, and unaffectedly; so as never to fatigue, although there was necessarily much sameness in the subjects, whether these were of the order of beauty, of gran- deur, or of terror.

"Newfoundland in 1842:" a sequel to "The Canadas in 1841," by Sir Richard Henry Bonnycastle, Knight, Lieut.-Colonel in the Corps of Royal Engineers, is intended to furnish a complete practi-

cal view of the past and present condition and future prospects of country which the author argues has hitherto been misrepresent While professing to place in their true light what the Colonel co siders to be of almost incalculable value and importance, as a key our possessions in the New World, the work also lays claim to t character of being as complete a hand-book of the colony, as t most uninformed inquirer can desire. The inexhaustible wealth the fisheries of Newfoundland, its climate, agriculture, statistics, nat ral history, geology, &c., are all sought to be set forward in a mann at once scientific and popular; while its society and manners, political and social prospects, form a considerable topic, the wh accompanied by an elaborate map (a needful thing omitted in M Jukes's book), and sundry other illustrations.

According to this outline of the nature of the contents, "Ne foundland in 1842" is not only a book having the most recent terest possible, but embraces a vast variety of topics; and which a all treated with animation and attractiveness. To be sure the critic or experienced and searching reader will pronounce the matter the work to be rather superficial. But then a part of this feeli arises from the author's familiarity with the subjects, and the fluen with which he can handle them. Besides, Lieut.-Colonel Bonn castle wrote under the influence of actual impression and experien just as was the case with Mr. Jukes; and therefore conveys real matt even when most rapid and easily understood.

"Excursions in and about Newfoundland, during the years 18 and 1840," and "Newfoundland in 1842," should be consulted t gether, or read one immediately after the other, as mutual exponen or witnesses separately corrective. There is much in which th agree and are consistent. But there are also many things in whi they differ, although the diversity may be generally accounted f without impugning the judgment, much less the honesty, of eith writer, and by taking into account their different opportunities, v cations, and tastes.

Mr. Jukes is properly a geologist, and was raw in regard regions on the other side of the Atlantic. The knight is a veter soldier, an old stager in America, and enamoured of colonial posse sions. There is therefore much more disagreement in the tone a the judgments, than in the alleged facts. But we shall not long detain our readers on the threshold, but usher in, side by side, t two worthy agreeable gentlemen, whom we must allow to speak, wi very slight interruptions, for themselves.

This is Mr. Jukes's account of his landing at St. John's, and h first impressions:—

"The first view of the harbour of St. John's is very striking. Lofty preci tous cliffs of hard, dark red sandstone, and conglomerate, range along the co

ith deep water close at their feet. Their beds plunge from a height of from 00 to 700 feet, at an angle of seventy degrees, right into the sea, where ey are ceaselessly dashed against by the unbroken swell of the Atlantic aves. This immense sea-wall is the side of a narrow ridge of hills which rike along the coast here, and through which there are occasional narrow allies or ravines. These transverse vallies cut down through the range to arious depths, and the bottom of one being about fifty or sixty feet below the vel of the sea forms the entrance to the harbour of St. John's, and is appropriately termed the Narrows. Inside, the harbour expands and trends owards the S. W., and the land on the other side of it has a much more gentle lope, and a much less height than that immediately on the coast. It is also f a better quality, and more fertile. The dark naked rocks that frown along the coast near St. John's, their stern outlines unbroken by any other vegetation than a few stunted firs that seem huddled together in the more sheltered nooks and hollows, give a stranger but an unfavourable idea of the country he has come to visit, and seem to realize all the accounts he may have heard or read of the coldness and barrenness of the land. As we sailed backwards and forwards across the mouth of the Narrows, which in one place is only 220 yards across, with rocky precipitous heights of 500 feet on each side, we caught a view of the town, which, from its being built for the most part of unpainted wood, had a sufficiently sombre and dismal appearance. The harbour, however, was full of vessels, and on landing, there seemed to be much bustle and business going on. The melting of the previous winter's snow had, however, furrowed the streets in various places with gutters running across them, while from their ill-kept state, from their long, straggling, and irregular appearance, the narrow dirty alleys and lanes leading out of them, the dingy aspect of the unpainted houses, and the groups of idle and half-drunken sailors and fishermen, the absence of street lamps and drains, and the entire want of all police, and the air of disorder and confusion which reigned throughout, it was evident that the scene was a foreign one. I found afterwards that it was just the season when a number of vessels, having shortly returned from the sealing expedition, their crews were all loitering about with money in their pockets, and the merchants' wharfs and premises were crowded with their men unlading the vessels, and preparing the seals for the oil-vats. My first impulse on landing was to ascend the ridge on the south-east side of the harbour, which from the people all using compass bearings instead of the true, is called the South side, and the ridge the South side hill. From its top, which is about 750 feet above the sea, there was an extensive prospect over sea and land. On returning to the town, myself and a fellow voyager found it quite destitute of inns and hotels, but were lucky enough to engage very comfortable rooms in a private lodging-house.

The harbour of St. John's is one of the best in the island; and from the circumstance of its being only accessible by one very large ship at a time, and from the numerous fortifications and batteries erected for its protection, any vessel attempting to force an entrance of the Narrows would be eventually sunk.

Next take a sample of the kinds of pedestrian excursions which the geologist pursued:

After exploring the coast, we arrived at the head of the bay at twelve o'clock, and struck off into the woods by a narrower path. We took three men to carry the odolite and hammer-bag, but I did not entrust the barometer to any one, and accordingly carried it myself. In about a quarter of a mile we came upon a newly-cut road, that was intended to run from Brigus round the head of the bay towards St. John's. We travelled along this part about half a mile, but found it a mere morass, and were obliged to jump from one root of a tree to another the greatest part of the way. We often struck off across a marsh for the hills, and in a short time entered a road. Here we found the bed of a little torrent, which enabled us to proceed some distance with tolerable ease; but when that ended we were obliged to force our way through the dense thicket, sometimes climbing over, sometimes crawling beneath, masses of fallen rotten wood, slippery moss-covered boulders, slipping on the roots of trees, sliding down steep banks of rock, or tearing the clothes off our backs by dragging ourselves through the matted twigs and branches of the trees. All this while the thermometer stood at 75 degrees, and not a breath of air could find its way to us. The smell of the woods, and the turpentine exuding from the trees, was as close and stifling as an oven, and the mosquitoes began to attack us by hundreds. They did not indeed annoy me so much, but Mr. Green's face and neck was running down with blood. When, after toiling in this way to the top of one ridge, we still found a ravine separating us from the hill, we were half inclined to give it up. However, taking "heart of grace," we plunged again into the woods, and after another stiff climb, we at length found ourselves on the summit. It cost us altogether more than four hours' hard labour, although the distance was not much more than three miles from the sea side.

No wonder that after some such trip the author was on one occasion obliged, not only on account of the cold, but of decency, to wear on his return two pair of trousers, the holes of the one pair not exactly corresponding with those of the other, and thereby getting a mean or average pair from the two.

Both authors speak warmly of the hospitality of the Newfoundlanders, and give sundry sketches of their domestic economy. Hear the Engineer:—

The great difference between a small farmer's kitchen at home and here, consists in the absence of strings of onions, hams, and bacon, depending from the ceiling-joists. Here you see sealing-guns, fishing-apparatus, a fresh herring or some other fish just caught, supplying their place. But still the good things of this world are not wanting. I never walked into one of these kind-hearted people's dwellings (and I very often did so during my rambles last summer,) without immediate and silent preparations for the stranger; for they do the same to all respectable persons, and in my instance, very frequently, at first, they did not know me. The good wife puts some tea in the pot, spreads a clean cloth if she has one at hand or time admits, boils some eggs, produces a pat of fresh butter and a large jug of milk, with a loaf of home-made bread, or if that is wanting, white biscuit; and, without saying a word during the preparation, expects her visiter, whether he is hungry or not, to fall to; being

perfectly satisfied if you drink three or four cups of tea (luckily the cups are usually small) and eat a good deal of bread and butter and two or three eggs, which she always takes good care shall not hurt your digestion by their hardness. They never offer fish; of which I dare say, from experience, they think you have daily enough; and of course fresh meat is seldom seen but on rare festive occasions, when the fatted calf or the household lamb graces the board. They have usually, however, a store of flour and of salt beef and pork; which, with their poultry, would afford at all times a good table, were it not that the latter are too profitably employed in producing eggs for the market, and the former too dear to eat much of.

*Vide* Jukes on kindred matters.

It was just dusk when we arrived at Pouche Cove, and we put up at the first house or cabin we came to. The people received us most hospitably, and gave us tea and bread and butter; but owing to the recent death of a daughter, could not accommodate us for the night. We then were taken to the house of the schoolmaster, where we were kindly received; but his house being equally unfurnished with room for more than his own family, he took us to the house of a Mrs. Sullivan, where, it appeared, strangers usually put up. We found here several people assembled round the wood-fire, and shortly joined the circle. After some interchange of talk, in which Kelly bore his part by relating all the news of St. John's, Dr. S. and I were shown through a door into a small narrow room, in which there were two beds. I, in my ignorance, concluded this was a bed a piece; but Dr. Stabb, more accustomed to the country, immediately asked who slept in the other bed. "Myself and the girl, sir," said the venerable Mrs. Sullivan, to my great astonishment. Accordingly, we tumbled into one bed, and after the fatigues of the day, were soon fast asleep; and in the morning found the other bed certainly had been slept in, and so concluded the old lady and the girl had effected their entrance and exit quietly in the night without disturbing our slumbers.

Mr. Kelly was "a rough-looking subject, with a strong brogue," whom the geologist engaged as servant on his first landing; or, in the language of the place, "shipped." All domestic servants come to be "shipped," we are told. "Families are applied to, to know whether they want to 'ship' a housemaid or a cook." Some idea of the rate of wages may be formed, by the fact of Mr. Jukes having to pay Kelly, a common fisherman, 28*l.* currency, and his board, for the summer, that is from 1st May to 31st October.

Now take the Lieut.-Colonel's account of walks and exercising ground in the oldest colony of England.

The want of beach for sea-bathing is very sensibly felt by those who are accustomed to that source of health and enjoyment; and unless a stranger is fond of walking in the woods and across the country, and musing, as he goes, on man and nature, he soon gets tired of the monotonous drives and rides along the few roads, which are rarely pleasantly practicable for equestrian exercise in summer to a greater extent than ten miles in two directions, or for a carriage for more than that distance on one alone. A walk along the frowning and

beetling margin of the ocean, from Outer Cove to Torbay, is one of the best relaxations; for there the sea in all its grandeur incessantly wages war with land, and gains great and permanent victories among the slate-cliffs. There, too, late in summer, you sometimes see the solitary and splendid iceberg at a distance, looking like a crystal monument of nature, warning us that the season is short ere winter again is to wrap the land and water in its mantle of white. There you may see, now and then, the whale and the porpoise gambolling; and there man, busy man, is toiling on the broad-waters, in a boat reduced by distance to a speck, for the means of supporting his existence, whilst the angry waves, climbing up and bellowing on the precipices under your feet, give simple evidence that his occupation is precarious.

We again change the author, in order to have, from personal experience, the description of a grand and an alarming scene.

The people said it was no time for any loaded craft to try to get into Fogo Harbour, but our light cutter might do it; and old John said he thought he could take her in, so we set off. We found a tremendous sea rolling in from the North, with only a light wind blowing from the West, making it more difficult to manage. Mountains of foam were bursting over all the shoal rocks about; Black Rock was alternately dry, standing thirty feet out of the water, and buried in boiling surges that were raging and swelling above its head. The scenery was very grand; the bare dark rocks of Fogo Head frowning characteristically above the waves. On nearing the entrance of the harbour, we found the western entrance under Fogo Head white with foam all across; and as the wind would be likely to baffle us under the high land, we prepared to run in by the Boatswain's Tickle, a narrow passage between two of the islands, of only two fathoms depth at low water. John gave the men directions to stand by the main sheet, and when he told them to haul, to pull away without minding what became of themselves, and on no account to let go. As I could be of no service, I held on by the rigging amidships, to watch the result. As we slowly drew in between the islands, the rocks on each side of us presented themselves alternately bare and black, and covered with torrents of white foam; in which, as it extended across the passage, we were soon involved. Then came a long thundering wave which lifted us up on high, and launched us into the middle of the channel. Down we sank as it retired, till we seemed touching the rocks below, and our rudder did receive a slight shock. All our heads were then turned aft to watch the approach of the next wave. On it came, a huge mountain of water, rising continually higher as it approached, lifting up our punt, which was towed behind, high over our heads, so that I verily thought it would fall over on to our deck, until at last it plunged under our stern, and up we rose on the swelling wave, which buried Tom and Simon for a brief space, and drenched our decks as far as the foot of the mast. This wave hurried us helter-skelter close to a black rock, upon which I could have leaped ashore from the leeward rigging, as the water receded, and to avoid which it had been necessary to haul in the main sheet. Luckily, the men obeyed their directions; and old John, as steady as a rock when he had no rum on board, never blenched from the helm, so we crept past it; and another wave, of rather less violence than the preceding, launched us into smooth water within the harbour. Some people had collected on the opposite cliff to watch our

entrance, as it was certainly "a very close shave," and old John acknowledged afterwards he would not have tried it had he known the sea was so high. As we were on the slope of the middle wave, and I looked over the bowsprit and saw it pointing directly down to the rocks at the bottom of the water, I really had expected it to catch on one of them, and that the little vessel would enter the harbour by a kind of summerset. As it was, however, in about twenty minutes I was comfortably seated in Mr. R.'s parlour, feeding on fish, with not less appetite that I had narrowly escaped becoming their food.

## The knight's description of the silver thaw.

Another phenomenon, seldom 'seen in Canada, is the silver thaw, as it is called in Newfoundland. Rain in heavy torrents in February, accompanied by a low state of the thermometer near the earth, causes a regular deposition of ice round all the branches and twigs of the plants and trees, and every substance capable of receiving it. This goes on increasing until a layer of ice envelops the smallest twigs till it attains a diameter of half an inch, and sometimes more. The leafless trees droop and bend their strongest boughs towards the earth; to which, if they reach it without breaking from the enormous weight they have to sustain, they become frozen. I have seen willows whose branches were as thick as a man's thigh break off under this pressure. The wind generally rises soon afterwards, and then the clatter and destruction may be conceived.

I can compare the appearance of a tree thus unwelcomely adorned to nothing in man's art nearer than to a vast chandelier of the purest crystal; and the play of the light is fully equal to that from myriads of prisms when the sun shines.

## Horses, roads, and dogs are our next subjects. The Colonel is our author.

The great drawback to agricultural pursuits is, however, the want of adequate manure and roads. If there were roads, of course the miserable, half-starved dogs which now draw the small farmers' supplies of wood would give way to horses, and horse-manure would be attainable.

As soon as Sir Thomas Cochrane had opened communications by land with Conception Bay, by Portugal Cove and Topsail, before which time a horse had been an object of great novelty even at the capital, and could only be supported at great expense by the imported hay and oats, fields soon were cleared and sown, and every merchant, and many of the fishermen, supplied themselves with horses for pleasure, for their agricultural pursuits, or for more easy communication with the capital of the colony.

It is no uncommon thing now to see the gradual advance in comfort which these few roads have produced. One can ride or drive nine or ten miles in a carriage, in summer, in two directions; the pack-horse, that old-fashioned English traveller, is seen trudging to St. John's from Torbay or Petty Harbour; the fisherman and his wife are observed seated on a pad; and the dog becomes every year of less use and less value as a beast of draught.

It is well for the poor, spurious descendant of the famed Newfoundland dog, that he is so rapidly yielding in utility; for of all the ill-used animals in creation, none are worse treated by capricious man than these patient and forbearing creatures, which, in winter, may be seen toiling harnessed in pairs, or with two

and a leader, to low sledges called catamarans, from before daybreak until the evening sets in, hauling firewood and fence-pickets, at the mercy of boys and the very lowest class of the population; beaten, jaded, ill-fed, and occasionally wounded and killed, when their over-exerted strength forbids their further progress. In summer, they swarm at every poor man's door, lying idle, listless, and basking in the sun, feeding on the offal of the fishery, hunting manure-heaps for the garbage of the seal, and becoming perfect adepts in the art of breaking fences to get access at night to the yards of houses in order to carry off bones.

Mr. Jukes on Newfoundland dogs.

A thin, short-haired, black-dog, belonging to George Harvey, came off to us to-day. This animal was of a breed very different from what we understand by the term "Newfoundland dog" in England. He had a thin tapering snout, a long thin tail, and rather thin but powerful legs, with a lank body, the hair short and smooth. These are the most abundant dogs of the country, the long-haired curly dogs being comparatively rare. They are by no means handsome, but are generally more intelligent and useful than the others. This one caught his own fish. He sat on a projecting rock, beneath a fish-flake or stage, where the fish are laid to dry, watching the water, which had depth of six or eight feet, and the bottom of which was white with fish-bones. On throwing a piece of cod-fish into the water, three or four heavy clumsy-looking fish, called in Newfoundland "sculpins," with great heads and mouths, and many spines about them, and generally about a foot long, would swim in to catch it. These he would "set" attentively, and the moment that one turned his broadside to him, he darted down like a fish-hawk, and seldom came up without the fish in his mouth. As he caught them he carried them regularly to a place a few yards off, where he laid them down; and they told us that in the summer he would sometimes make a pile of fifty or sixty a day, just at that place. He never attempted to eat them, but seemed to be fishing purely for his own amusement. I watched him for about two hours; and when the fish did not come, I observed he once or twice put his right foot in the water and paddled it about. This foot was white: and Harvey said he it to "toil" or entice the fish. But whether it was for that specific reason or merely a motion of impatience, I could not exactly decide. The whole proceeding struck me as remarkable, more especially as they said he had never been taught anything of the kind.

The *stage* is an erection on posts, and juts out into the sea, far enough to allow the boats to come close to its extremity, for the ready discharge of their cargoes. It is generally covered over, as the rain will injure the fish; and on the same platform is the salt-house, with the benches for the *cut-throat*, *header*, *splitter*, and *salter*.

The following is the Colonel's account of the different classes of society in the island.

There is no other distinction in persons and ranks here, than those usual in all the provinces of the British empire, arising from official station or wealth.

The upper class, which at home would almost without exception be the middle class, consists of the clergy, judges, councillors, and officers of the state, with the oldest and most wealthy of the merchants holding office.

The middle class—that class so well named in England as the "shield of society"—consists here of the newer merchants, the conductors of the business of the extensive firms at home, and a growing, most important, and rapidly-increasing number of the sons and daughters of those respectable men, who have chosen Newfoundland as the country of their children. It is only necessary to attend at a public charitable ball to see these excellent people in their real character: it strikes every unaccustomed beholder with admiration, for a finer, healthier, or better dressed and behaved colonial "gentry" there does not exist. Professional men, lawyers, and medical men, belong, as in every other colony, to both these classes.

The third class I have no name for, as neither that of labourer nor that of peasantry is applicable.

The third class in Newfoundland are small farmers, small shopkeepers, and fishermen, or fishermen exclusively. They are well clothed, and usually wear a distinctive habit, which is a blue jacket and trousers of good cloth, and a low-crowned glazed hat. To see these people in a public procession one is tempted to observe, with the Emperor of Russia when he first saw the English in mass, on the occasion of the visit of the Allied Monarchs, "Where *are* the poor?" I have seen them in every possible situation, and have uniformly observed them quiet, orderly, and respectable: even in the pit of the theatre, which is frequently during winter filled with them, not a word nor an indication of row or noise occurs.

In the towns of course, there is a still lower class, which is engaged as elsewhere, in domestic or in menial offices, or employed in hewing wood and drawing water, or as carters, farm-servants, etc.

Our extracts have all a popular interest; but at the same time they are characteristic of the country in question. Our last regards the press, and is from "Newfoundland in 1842."

It will scarcely be believed that so small a population as that of St. John's and its neighbourhood, about 26,000, supports seven Newspapers, and where the readers hitherto have not been numerous, and where the chief source of returning profits for the outlay in press, paper, types, and labour, arises from mercantile advertisements. There are also two in Conception Bay.

The reason has been obvious—there is no tax upon them; and the state of party and religious feeling since the opening of the first Assembly of the people for legislatorial purposes, has necessarily given existence to several.

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ART. XI.—*English, or the Art of Composition.* By G. F. GRAHAM. London. Longman, Brown, Green and Longman.

IT is not easy to imagine in what way a man blessed with talents and leisure, could render better and more enduring service to his country, than by contributing his endeavours to correct and purify the language. The mischiefs arising from the depravation or wanton

unsettling of the vernacular tongue of a nation, though in general strangely overlooked, are not the less banefully widespreading, because their rise and progress are gradual and imperceptible, and their operation subtle and unnoticed. Unless a language is both *cultivated* and *well-settled*, its utility for all the nobler purposes will be much lessened. Its want of cultivation will incapacitate it from exhibiting and discriminating between the nicer shades and more delicate gradations of thought, passion, or feeling; while its want of being thoroughly settled and defined, will detract in corresponding manner and degree, from the accuracy with which those who use it can render themselves reciprocally understood. Thus the more refined distinctions of thought and sentiment, perceived and recorded by minds more gifted than their fellows, will be lost to the exterior world, from the want of an apparatus wherewith to note and express them with sufficient precision; or become involved in confusion, from different listeners not attaching the same meaning to the nicer inflexions and modulations of the instrument. "The noblest study of mankind is man," and it can never be pursued with much success, except by those who have at their command a language carried to a far higher degree of perfection, than would suffice for the ordinary occasions of life.

The importance then of the study of philology, depends on that of being able to express and communicate our thoughts correctly; and surely the value of this latter power, must be proportionate to that of being able to express them at all, viz. to that of the faculty of speech. We will not attempt to "gild refined gold, or paint the lily," or—a task of a similar nature—to make more clear, by any remarks on the subject, the blessings and value of the power of speech. Yet it can never be amiss to turn the attention for a moment on any of those numerous subjects of contemplation, which join from every quarter in bringing to our mind the conviction that "we are fearfully and wonderfully made." Of these the present, in common with many others, is but too often forgotten, on account of what ought in propriety, to increase our gratitude for the boon—the prodigality with which it is bestowed. Men are sadly prone to regard as favours, those things only in which they are superior to others. The faculty of language is a gift which nobody but a dumb man can appreciate; for, like the air we breathe and the sunlight we enjoy, its being common to all, causes it to be comparatively disregarded. It is the gift the most openly and apparently direct from our Maker, of any that we possess,—evidently impossible as it must have been for any human creature to have invented it without assistance;—and that which most palpably and prominently sets us above the brute creation. To give our opinion on the disputed point of the origin of language, in terms far superior to any we could ourselves command, we think—

It is easily inferred from the Scriptural Narrative, that God gave Adam his vocabulary, as well as that fine intellectual apparatus which might excogitate things worthy of being embodied in its magnificent expressions. . . . . The beast of the field had been formed; but as yet there was no praise. The fowl of the air winged their way along the firmament, but no hymn floated through the mighty expanse. The fish of the sea sported in the great deep, but the name of God had not been uttered in the unfathomable waters. Then man arose, in the image of his Maker, the high-priest of the terrestrial temple. He had loftier faculties for appreciating the wonderfulness, the beauty, and the benevolence, which were traced on the encompassing scene; but he had also a faculty of expressing what he felt; and as he gazed, the silence was broken, and creation thrilled at the melody of speech.

It is truly the most amazing of all our endowments.—that by means of which

"A man may stand in the midst of a crowded assembly, and use the air which they breathe to convey to every one the thoughts that crowd the hidden chambers of his soul . . . Yea, speech is wonderful, but not wonderful enough to describe itself.

Without this, indeed, even reason would have been almost useless, —no means existing for the communication of ideas; each individual could only have progressed so far in the march of civilization as his single unaided strength would suffice to carry him onwards; and could therefore never have emerged far from a state of barbarism. Whereas, in the present case, each successive generation commencing where its predecessor had stopped in the acquisition of knowledge, and beginning its inquiries with the results of all prior labours conceded as undisputed data, we have added discovery to discovery, till there has been reached the present pitch of civilization; when science tracks the course, and predicts with unerring confidence the position and appearance of every star that throngs the heavens; when thousands are every day busily employed solely in ministering to the intellectual gratification and advancement of their fellow men, and when time and space are almost annihilated by steam and railroads; still, apparently, to proceed in the same glorious path to ends and results which at present we may only imagine.

To return from our digression; the study then of philology, its importance bearing a direct ratio (however small) to that of a faculty so incalculably momentous as the use of speech—can never, by any one in his senses, be deemed of secondary interest. Now the preserving the purity, and increasing the power and copiousness of a language, can only be effected by the labours of learned and painstaking men. In the same way it can only be settled and determined by preserving a correct and unanimous use of it in all writings: the only possible rule of good or ill, of right or wrong, in language, is precedent or custom;

"Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi."

The concurrent use of writers and men of education, is the only standard that can be assumed: and the alone method, therefore, by which we may expect to produce the desired uniformity among those whose united custom gives the law, is, to make their own language a general and regular part of the education of those whose station and talents will, if this be neglected, give a hurtful importance to injudicious precedents. In this matter, those who have the care of things, have been hitherto wofully deficient; from our first-rate schools men are every day sent into the world, far more thoroughly and critically acquainted with the languages of Greece and Rome, than with that in which Shakspeare "warbled his native woodnotes wild." Because, from its being their mother tongue, they grow up with an insensible acquirement of a sufficiency of English for ordinary purposes,—because they learn a great deal of it unconsciously and without trouble,—no pains are taken to add to their knowledge, so much as would amount to a complete mastery over the language. The consequence of all this is, that those who cannot rest contented with ignorance, in a matter wherein to be rightly informed is of such vital importance, are necessitated to find or make time, amid the duties of after-life, to do for themselves that which their tutors ought to have done for them during their days of boyhood.

Whatever other objections, therefore, may be brought against Mr. Graham's work, it certainly cannot be advanced that it was not wanted. It is at any rate an *attempt*—in our opinion a successful one—to supply a long-felt desideratum; that of an educational work, calculated for general use in schools, on English composition. And for this alone, independently of what may be its ultimate success, the author deserves great praise. He who endeavours to procure anything of which there is a national or general want, merits at least thanks and goodwill from those on whose behalf his labours have been bestowed. Thus much reward Mr. Graham may confidently challenge. We do not fear that he will be disappointed in the event; for he seems to have thought of Paley's excellent maxim, "never to be idle because you cannot do *much*,"—as he says that his expectations will be fully realized, should he only succeed in drawing public attention to the subject. Besides doing this, we fully hope and think that his work will be found of itself excellent and useful for the purposes intended by its author. We proceed to give a sketch of the proposed plan.

The principle upon which the system is based, is *imitation*. Words first, and then sentences of the simplest form, are laid before the pupil, who is required in his writing to use similar words, and to imitate a given model in the construction of his sentences. These words and sentences are not taken at random, but with a due regard to the source of the ideas which they represent.

The words recommended to be chosen for the first use of the pupil, are those only which have reference to material objects. Since our first ideas are drawn

from objects of sense, it appears but reasonable to follow nature as our guide, and to make the learner first use in his compositions no words except those nouns, verbs, and adjectives, which relate to such objects. With this view, a very young pupil may be for some time confined to the simple proposition expressing the connexion of a quality with an object. Let any material object be proposed, such as glass, stone, &c. Glass may be called transparent, brittle, hard, smooth, ground, coloured, cut, painted, red, &c. The teacher should next instruct the pupil how to make this simple proposition fuller and more explicit, by the addition of circumstances, and other qualifying expressions; still strictly confining him to words suggested by the senses, and interdicting the use of those representing moral or intellectual qualities. Having proceeded thus far, he will now be qualified to consider the connexion of several propositions in one sentence, and should be shown how to determine their respective importance, and the relation they bear to each other. By this time it will be found, that, besides the command of a copious vocabulary, the pupil will have probably acquired some facility of expression.

When this practice has been continued for some time, and the pupil has acquired the power of composing sentences containing words expressing the objects, actions, and qualities perceptible to the senses, he may be permitted occasionally to introduce abstract terms into his composition. This, however, should be done by slow degrees, and the teacher should be particularly careful that the pupil have a clear idea of the exact meaning of the word to be introduced.

This extract from the Introduction is, in point of fact, a summary of the contents of the three first chapters. Having been made acquainted with, and taught to distinguish, the three component parts of every proposition—the subject, copula, and predicate—the pupil, in the first chapter, is required to form propositions embodying given words as the subjects or predicates; paying attention as he proceeds to rules successively added for amplification, and collocation of words. The second chapter exhibits at length the different means by which he may attain variety of expression. The third, still confining the learner to single propositions, introduces him to the use of abstract language. We quote from the beginning of the chapter Mr. Graham's very clear and simple explanation, for the pupil, of the nature of abstract language; as well as his reasons for postponing its use till the present stage.

The foregoing exercises have been confined chiefly to that portion of the English language which is used in description and narration. The words employed have therefore been, mostly, those which have reference to natural objects and their qualities, and the common actions of external nature. There can be little doubt that, in the formation of primitive language these were the first terms invented; indeed, it is natural to suppose, as the attention of mankind must have been first directed to the objects by which they were surrounded, and with which they were brought into daily contact and intercourse, that such objects were the first to which names would be given. It was not till men turned their thoughts to the powers within them, and began to be conscious of exercising their reason and understanding, that they would require words

expressive of mental states or actions. In inventing such words, however, it appears that they did not find it necessary to employ new terms to express mental qualities, but that they merely applied to moral and intellectual qualities the expressions they had before used in reference to material objects. We shall find this to be true, not in one only, but in every language on the face of the globe. Accordingly, if we examine abstract terms, which have reference either to the states, qualities, passions, or modes of action of the mind, we shall invariably find in all languages that the words by which these qualities are designated, were originally employed upon objects of sense. Thus, in our own language, the mind is said to be *quick* or *slow*, *dull* or *bright*, &c.; it is also said to *weigh*, *reflect*, *understand*, *perceive*, &c. Every one of these words has reference to matter, although, in order to perceive this relation clearly, it is necessary to be acquainted with the languages from which our abstract terms are derived.

The human mind possesses a power of discovering a resemblance between things, not in their outward appearance, but in their circumstances, or in the relation they each bear towards other things. This sort of resemblance in effects or circumstances is called *analogy*, and is the foundation of all abstract language. Thus the word *light* literally signifies the effect produced upon the eyes by the rays of the sun; but if, using the word in an abstract sense, we call a learned man the *light* of the age in which he lived, it will be perceived that the word is employed analogically, that is, it is used to express the effect produced upon the mind by the knowledge imparted by a learned man. There is no *visible* resemblance between a scholar and light, the similitude is to be found only in their effects. The relation which light bears to the eye resembles the relation which knowledge bears to the mind; that is, as the former dispels obscurity, and enables us to distinguish objects clearly, so does the latter enable the mind to understand and perceive more evidently whatever may be the object of its attention.

Advancing to the fourth chapter, the pupil is now to be allowed to begin connected composition. For his first trial in this department, the form of the fable is chosen, for the following reasons:—

In recommending the form of the fable for the pupil's first attempt at connected composition, I have been determined by several reasons. Its brevity, the attractive nature of the story, the plain style in which it should be written, and the opportunity it gives the pupil of introducing both abstract and descriptive terms in its construction, are advantages peculiarly adapted to the abilities of a beginner, and which no other form of composition possesses.

In the next chapter he proceeds to History and Biography; then is familiarized with the use of figurative language; and is finally employed on Themes and Essays. Such is a rough outline of the proposed plan. In detail, with the exception of too great prolixity in the first four chapters, it is generally well carried out: the explanations are clear and lucid; and the work is interspersed with numerous excellent rules; being also rendered more available for the purposes of actual scholastic tuition, by a perfect profusion of examples subjoined to each rule and chapter.

In the latter chapter, moreover, there are collections of sketches of fables, histories, and biographies, to be filled up by the learner, as an introductory exercise to these more difficult kinds of composition; and his way is yet again smoothed for him by the same device when entering upon the theme and essay. Forms of composition which, having hitherto been, in the few instances when English has been taught at all, given as the first, and indeed only, exercises, are here properly reserved to the very last, on account of their evidently greater difficulty.

We were surprised, and rather disappointed, not to find, at the close of the book, any mention or recommendation of *reading*, with a view to composition. After working through the course of rules here laid down, the pupil would be in the proper state to derive from his reading real benefit to his own style: and we hoped at the least to have been favoured with a sketch of a moderate and well-selected course of reading for that purpose.

Rules and precepts are useful and even indispensable in their proper place; but not one person in a thousand will ever advance far beyond mediocrity, if, in addition to them, and after he has become familiar with them, he has not his attention and admiration constantly directed to the best models of excellence in the study he is pursuing. No man expects to become, or ever has become, a good classical scholar, or writer, without varied and careful reading of the best classical authors: and similarly, all our truly celebrated authors have attained their own excellence of style by long and frequent study of the most illustrious of their predecessors. A single glance at the list of English works, read by several of the first authors of the last generation previously to the production of their own, as given in their lives, will place this fact beyond a doubt. We would suggest therefore to Mr. Graham the propriety of adding, in another edition, some notice of this sort;—it would render the book more complete as a whole; as well as have the effect of adding to its usefulness, by rendering it acceptable to a class of students more advanced than those for whom it is at present chiefly calculated.

In the Introduction (a considerable part of which contains matter we should rather have looked for in the concluding than in the opening chapter) there are one or two passages with which we do not entirely agree. In one part the author says—

> And here I earnestly recommend that all who have an opportunity of learning Latin should avail themselves of so great an advantage. I am fully aware that several writers on the English language have successfully shown that a critical knowledge of Greek and Latin has not preserved many authors from grammatical inaccuracies or uncouth phraseology in their English compositions. It has ever been insinuated, if not actually asserted, that a profound knowledge of the classics is incompatible with a good English style; but whatever motives may have dictated such opinions, it cannot be said that this

appears to be a very just view of the question. It is true that many English authors have been so imbued with the spirit of classical literature, as to have introduced into their writings idioms unsuited to the character, and contrary to the established usage of the English language; but, admitting this fact, it is unfair to infer that the study of the classics is injurious to an English style. This is, indeed, so far from true, that it is well known that the best writers in our language have all been classical scholars. In fine, if it be granted that a large class of our English words may be traced to a Latin origin, it will follow that a certain knowledge of this language must give the student much clearer and more distinct ideas of the signification of all the English words derived from that source.

But this is not the only reason why I recommend the study of Latin to the attention of the young. A knowledge of a language in which the mutual relations and dependence of words are shown by inflection, is calculated to give much clearer ideas of grammatical construction than can be imparted by the study of any language which is not so formed. The cases of nouns, and the tense, number, and person of verbs, are all marked in Latin by termination; whilst in English we have but one or two changes in the noun; and to express all the modifications of tense, mood, person, and number, we admit but of five or six changes in the verb. Another advantage to be derived from a knowledge of Latin, is the great assistance it affords us to a proper spelling. In, fact, it affords us a complete key to the spelling of those words which are most likely to present us with difficulties; these being all spelt according to a certain analogy they bear to Latin words from which they are derived.

We are not quite satisfied with all this. We cannot help saying that it appears to us but a cold and meagre exposition of the benefits to be hoped for from a proper acquaintance with the classics: we are more sanguine than our author seems to be in our expectation of good from them, but we look for its approach in a great measure from different quarters. In the first place, it was quite unnecessary to notice the objection, that men have been sound classical scholars and yet written bad English, inasmuch as its own absurdity is a sufficient refutation. No one in his senses will say that because a man has made himself eminent in one department of literature, he will therefore succeed in another and a different branch without study or labour. The possession of one kind of knowledge will often considerably facilitate the acquirement of another; but never so much so as to interfere with the operation of the primal cause, extending to intellectual as to physical food—"In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread." The reason why some authors, though thoroughly conversant with Greek and Latin (the former of which Mr. Graham most unaccountably omits), have not written good English [they are by no means many], is simply this: they have not studied it sufficiently; for the corresponding reason they *have* written excellent Greek and Latin, because they *have* studied them, and given their time to them; and that in some instances almost exclusively. Had they given the same, or one half, or even one quar-

ter the time and labour to the study of English, that they did to the classics, they would have written it with equal, or, if possible, greater elegance and purity than they did those tongues to which they were so much devoted.

Many persons have written, and will no doubt again write, very good English, though possessed of little or no classical knowledge. But this is very little to the purpose. The grounds on which the true lover of ancient literature would rest its claim to notice, are that, "cœteris paribus," it enables us to make a much better use of our own language—and, much more, of the intrinsic value of its own unlimited treasures.

It enables a man to make better use of his own language, for these reasons: He who knows but one language, however he may study it, will never know even that one philosophically and critically; and whoever wishes to become imbued with the true and real spirit of philosophical philology, must study other languages besides his mother tongue. Our native language is acquired so imperceptibly, and, in the majority of cases, so much by rote, that we seldom, if ever, acquire from it any clear, sound, grammatical ideas. These must be gathered from dead or foreign tongues, when grammar is studied as a science, and where we do not slide, as it were, into an illicit facility of expression.

Again, almost all our technical and scientific words are derived from Greek or Latin; from the former more especially, on account of the facility with which it affords significant compounds. Now these terms are much more readily and intuitively understood by one to whom the languages whence they are derived are familiar. To one ignorant of classics, such technicalities, coming to him in the natural course of things long after the rest of the language has been familiarised and made natural to him, must appear dead and lifeless terms,—having indeed certain meanings, as he learns by recurring to his dictionary; but still more like algebraic symbols than living words. Whereas, to him who has been long conversant with the stock from whence they spring, their origin as well as exact meaning are obvious at the first glance; and it is felt as almost impossible to attribute to them, even for a moment, any signification but their true and right one.

Another benefit which classical knowledge confers upon its possessor is, that, through the medium of quotation they furnish him with innumerable modes of forcible or elegant expression. It has been well remarked, that for every thought there seems to be one set of words better adapted than any other; and that when a man has hit upon that set, he may be said in that instance to have reached the perfection of language. In the same manner, there are, in all cultivated languages, many things so happily expressed, that it is impossible to translate without spoiling them: this it is which has given

rise to the custom of quotation; no educated man who had occasion for one of these phrases, would employ for it any other language than that into which it had as it were been naturalized.

But, after all, the grand inducement to the study of the classics, though the point on which the least can be said, is the fact that, excepting English, they open to us the greatest literary treasures in the world. All that is grand, or beautiful, or elegant, in oratory, in poetry, or in history,—all that is imperishable of the productions of human genius, has come down to us clothed in those two immortal languages: and to derive from them the pleasure or the profit they are so well qualified to afford, we must read them in the language of their almost-inspired authors. Any one who thinks a tanslation might supply the place of the original, we would advise to ask the opinion of some one acquainted with both. If he is still doubtful, let him read a version in some language he may know, of Shakspeare or Milton,—if yet unconvinced, we have nothing more to add; he has shown himself to be proof against the strongest possible evidence, and must be left in his error.

Mr. Graham's remarks on the English language, and his notice of its rise and fluctuations, are very good; but the general tone is not sufficiently warm in its favour. He does not give due praise to the magnificent language he uses.

> No language of Europe has been more frequently or more strongly affected by external influences than English; the cause of which may be chiefly ascribed to the many revolutions by which this country was convulsed during its early history. Scarcely had one language planted itself and begun to take root in the land, when, in consequence of a fresh irruption of invaders, it was partially destroyed, and another dialect, imported by the conquerors, was grafted on its stem. Thus, one people continually succeeding another in the possession of the country, the temporary language had no sooner begun to assume a fixed form, than it was interrupted in its progress by some overwhelming influence which obscured its character, and deranged for a time its whole fabric. Roman, Saxon, Danish, and Norman were successively the prevailing languages of this country within the space of seven hundred years; which may partly account for the fact, that it was not until long after the other languages had become fixed and settled, that English first assumed that distinct shape and character in which it now appears. The obstacles which it encountered in its growth do not appear, however, to have impaired its vigour; and as that which is long in arriving in maturity is generally more solid, and more lasting in duration, we may hope that English, which has taken so many centuries to perfect, will continue for as long a time, not only to flourish in its native land, but to extend the enlightening influence of its literature over every portion of the civilised world.

Very true. But the causes which have delayed the growth of our language, have not only "not impaired" its vigour, but they have

much added to it. Our country's language, like her oaks, is not the growth of a day; but, like them, having reached its deliberately-attained maturity, presents a structure well adapted for a perennial endurance of the storms and blasts of time. The same succession of masters over the ancient Celts which, "assigning the dominion of the land to Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, by turns, has by the mingling of a fivefold race given to our country the most capable population under the sun," has, by a like commingling of five separate strands in the common thread of discourse,—of five different ingredients in the general mixture,—conferred an equal capability on the entire line, on the resultant compound. And this is far from ideal; it is a capability which has been well and strongly tested,—which has enabled it to become an equally suitable vehicle, as Mr. Graham soon after observes, for "the stately dignity of Johnson, the neatness and elegance of Addison, the purity of expression and plain sense of Swift, and the tender pathos of Goldsmith;" surely he might have added, the superhuman grandeur of Milton, the boundless versatility of Shakspeare; or, of later days, the philosophic calmness of Wordsworth, the alternating force and sweetness of Byron, and the noble plainness, so often and so rapidly rising into unexpected sublimity, of Scott. We do not see that this can be considered an unfair mode of arguing; the only possible way to arrive at any degree of certainty as to the powers of a language, is to consider what has actually been done in it.

Since the value of the produce depends on the skill of the workman, as well as on the costliness of the material, the excellence of the works of a nation's literature may not be the most exact imaginable criterion of the perfection of the language. But it is indisputably the best, and indeed the only one, we have at command: and it is therefore idle to cavil at its use, because it cannot be shown to be mathematically unerring.

There are but very few objects of inquiry with regard to which all grounds of doubt can be removed: and in the absence of demonstratable certainty, sound reason bids us thankfully take up with the closest approximation that our straitened circumstances and limited faculties may place within our reach.

Applying then the above rule, we say that the English tongue will by it be nobly vindicated from the following charges:

Notwithstanding these beauties, it must be admitted that the English language possesses many defects, to which a natural partiality to our native tongue ought not to render us insensible. The very nature of its structure involves many disadvantages. The continued recurrence of monosyllables, most of them ending in consonants, not only greatly tends to enfeeble the expression, but produces a harsh and grating effect on a cultivated ear, which is particularly disagreeable to the natives of more southern climates, who are accustomed to softer and more harmonious sounds. Another defect with

which our language has been justly charged, is that peculiarity in its genius which removes the accent farther from the last syllable of the word, than is allowed in any other language. In English, many words are accented on the fourth or fifth syllable from the end. Instances of this peculiarity occur in the words —*législature, nécessarily, congrátulatory, imprecatory*, and many others.

The necessity of pronouncing so many short syllables together, produces a rugged and unmusical effect, and is frequently an insuperable obstacle to foreigners in attempting to master the difficulty of our language.

English, like everything human, falls short of perfection; but we do not believe it is by any means so faulty as it is here represented. It certainly has not the effeminate softness with which the "bastard Latin" of modern Italy "melts like kisses from a female mouth," nor the polished flippancy of French, which makes that language as pretty in the mouth of a woman as it is insignificant in that of a man. But until we are shown that smoothness and neatness are the only qualities to be wished for in a language, we shall continue to think it an advantage rather than a defect in English, that in it softness has not been pushed to effeminacy, nor smartness to exility. Any one who thinks it incapable of true harmony, should read a few of the softer and more melodious parts of our poetry—

> Untwisting all the chains that tye
> The hidden soul of harmony.

If he still looks for, or flatters himself he can imagine, anything more exquisitely mellifluous, he deserves to be pitied for his want, or *length*, of ear.

Nor does it at all alter the case, that our language is very difficult to be learnt by foreigners. The fact is notorious; but it has nothing to do with the faultiness or beauty of the language; it is only a proof that it is very different from their native tongues.

We have thus stated, with all well-intentioned freedom, the points in which we differ from Mr. Graham; we now again assure him that we have been much pleased both with his whole plan, and the manner in which he has worked it out. It is well worthy the notice of all persons engaged in education. After a proper use of this work, followed by a careful perusal of Dr. Crombie's excellent "Etymology and Syntax" (which the present book is admirably fitted to precede), either when in the head forms of a good school, or at college, no one we think could fail to write pure and even elegant English; and thus, as we have endeavoured to show, assist in some measure in conferring a lasting benefit on his country.

## Art. XII.

1. *The Lottery of Life.* By the Countess of Blessington. Colburn.
2. *The Tempter and the Tempted.* By the Baroness Calabrella. Miller.

It is unnecessary to describe the ridicule and perhaps reproach that would have marked the appearance of a novel in bygone times composed by one of the *noblesse*. It is well, however, that these days are past; and that our ladies and countesses prove themselves to be as well read in the human heart, as they are notable in regard of station, and as willing to instruct as to please. It is particularly gratifying to find them observant of life in other grades, as well as in their own; and that they have as pure and keen sympathies with those that are conventionally below them as with their equals and presumed associates. Lady Blessington, we need not inform our readers, is distinguished for her simple and truth-like portraitures. She has manifestly been a close and an eager observer, no less than an experienced actor, in many scenes. Her fancy too is lively and fine; and still it is remarkably well kept under the control of sound sense. But we shall not enlarge upon or recapitulate what has been often remarked with regard to her style and the kind of materials with which she loves to work. The "Lottery of Life" fills the larger part of the first of the present volumes, and is in her best manner, although its cast and compass forbid it to rank high as a cunningly contrived and artfully developed fiction. The other tales have appeared separately before. We copy out a clever description from the story that is here to be read for the first time. It represents the meeting of two sisters. A lady mellow and well advanced in years recalls passages in the May-day of life, and when all was fresh and warm within her; and when with bounding hopes and irrepressible eagerness she hurried to pay a visit to the companion of her girlish hours and thoughts; but whose affections and occupations were turned into a new channel. This is the happily-drawn picture.

I unpacked my clothes, and having changed my dress, set off to see my sister, whom my heart yearned to embrace. I expected to find her the lively and fond creature I had left her; but one glance showed me she was no longer the same. When I entered she was sitting by the cradle of her child, rocking it with her foot, while her hands were busily employed at needle-work. She seemed to have grown ten years older in the year and a half I had been absent; and there was a staid orderly look about her wholly unlike the gay aspect for which she was formerly remarkable. She made a motion to rise when she saw me, but, looking at the cradle, checked herself, waved her hand towards me to indicate the necessity of silence, then beckoned me to her embrace, and having pressed me in her arms, silently pointed to the sleeping

babe, and whispered, "Poor dear little soul, she is cutting a tooth, and has not closed her eyes the whole night." "You look, my dear sister, as if you had not closed yours for many nights," said I, remarking her heavy eyes and pale cheeks. "O, I don't mind it," replied she, "as long as my own darling can procure a little repose in the day. Is she not a sweet pretty creature, sister?" and she drew aside the little white curtain that shaded the child's face. The movement, gentle as it had been, awoke the infant, who forthwith began to utter the most piercing cries. "Don't let her see you, sister," said the alarmed mother; "the sight of a strange face always sets her crying. Poor dear pet! she is naturally the quietest child in the whole world, but cutting her teeth plagues her so that it makes her quite fretful. Bless its dear, sweet, pretty face!—there's a darling, don't cry!" and she dandled the screaming child, bestowing on it the most tender expressions, and covering its face with kisses. "Isn't your niece a beauty?" asked my sister. "See what laughing blue eyes she has, and what a lovely little mouth!" The eyes being filled with tears precluded me not only from judging of their colour, but from forming a notion of their capability of laughing; and the mouth, being distended to its utmost extent by screaming, looked anything but lovely when my sister called my attention to it. "Ah, you can't imagine what a blessing it is, Lucy, to have a child!" and she looked at hers with eyes beaming with affection. "How glad I am to see you again, dear sister!" said I, and I kissed her cheek. This involuntary endearment on my part passed unnoticed on hers, and I resumed, "How long it seems since we parted!" "Do you think so?" answered Sarah. "Baby is now seven months old; and as I did not marry until two months after you went, and I was nearly ten months a wife before I became a mother, you must have been nineteen months away. Well, I'm sure I didn't think it had been half so long; but time flies so fast when one has a good husband and such a darling as this," and she again kissed her child. "See what a dear, sweet, nice creature she is! look at her legs; and now she is as quiet as a lamb—bless her dear heart!" It was true the child had ceased to cry, and for a simple reason, the mother had stopped its screams by filling its mouth; but even while greedily imbibing the maternal nutriment, the tears still continued to flow from the ill-shaped eyes of my sister's idol, while she nevertheless indulged in the most lavish praises of its temper as well as of its beauty. "I am so glad you are returned," said Sarah; and I felt pleased at even this expression of kindness, though it by no means answered my expectations of the joy she would experience at our first meeting after our long and only separation; but my satisfaction became diminished when she added, "Yes, I am very glad you are come back, for I wanted so much to show you my darling baby." In fact, I discovered that Sarah, my own dear Sarah, at parting with whom I had wept so bitterly nineteen months before, had now become so wholly engrossed by her husband and child as to regard me with indifference, and to desire my return home solely that I might see her child. She had no interest, no thought for aught save the two objects she idolised, and was too artless to conceal this fact. I left her cottage with a dejected heart.

The author of the *Tempter and the Tempted* is, for anything we know to the contrary, a new candidate for popular favour in the literary republic. But if so, she is by no means inexperienced in the

craft of arranging her strength, or of giving accurate utterance to them. Indeed, never before have we met with a more unborrowed manner, or less hackneyed matter; nor with more graceful neatness and chaste beauty of language; while her thoughts appear to be so truly her own, as to be imbedded in her very nature. Over and around all, the gentlewoman and finely-bred lady unobtrusively figure.

The baroness has unquestionably made the *Lottery of Life* her deep and accurarte study: her eye has been habitually turned to watch the intricacies and subtleties of the world within her, and as it revolves and throbs in other bosoms. While intent upon the mental spheres, the entire system constituted of human worlds, a constellation of them, has been measured and traced with steady and piercing gaze; the most erratic being unable to evade her vigilance, or to hide itself in shade from her perceptions. Such indeed seems to be the accuracy of her eye and the precision of her ideas, that the conception of a character, a scene, or incident is instantly formed, and when once formed it is never afterwards lost sight of. One natural result is, that it requires no affectation, no effort, no feverishness of language to picture exactly to the reader that which the writer feels or wishes to represent. One other singularity belongs to this lady's work,—it is impossible to say in which she best succeeds,—in the serious, or the humorous,—the tender or the powerful. In short, she writes like a child of nature, but one moulded in the school of perfect breeding, although unchecked: it has been direction of a congenial character, not the curb or any proposed model for mere imitation that has distinguished her training. And hence it is that the Baroness Calabrella is to be hailed as a most welcome contributor to the elegant library; one truly but not feebly feminine. And yet we cannot conscientiously pronounce her novel perfect; for while nothing can be better in respect of feeling and principle, or more fitting in regard to expression, we think, that in the cast of the story she has violated probability, especially when depicting the conduct of the heroine, both in her refusals and her acceptings. Still, the lesson which is intended to be conveyed by Caroline's behaviour, and the diversity of sterling sentiments and chastening truths which are vindicated both by her actions and speech, are of a high order; and when taken without a very close examination of their consistency with the situation of the parties, cannot fail of conveying valuable teachings. It is relative to the combinations, not to the separate portions, we entertain objections.

Again, we are not entirely satisfied with Lord Knaresborough. He is hardly worthy of a noble-minded woman. His conduct on occasions appears to us not to be more manly than his words. In the following passage, for example, he cuts a puling and girlish figure. It is where it requires his mother to undertake the defence of Caroline's character, and which indeed she nobly vindicates; but where

his lordship demeans himself with a versatility and silliness unworthy of his pretensions and his sex.

"I will not (says the mother) I will not insult you, my son, by supposing you capable of adopting or believing the malicious gossip you appear to have heard regarding Caroline; but I confess your conduct has disappointed me." "O, my mother," exclaimed Lord Knaresborough, "could I indeed believe that you have better understood all the mysterious circumstances of Caroline's intimacy with the Signor Castella than I have done, how should I hate and loathe my rash injustice! But it cannot be: assuredly he is her lover, her protector; and she is lost to us for ever!" "Her protector he certainly appears to have been; and, by your own account, happily for her *he* did not see fit to desert her in her sickness. Of his being her lover, you have withheld all proof, if you possess any; but, before you venture to pronounce it, remember in whose presence you are speaking, and that it is the chosen friend of your departed sister you are calumniating; for not one word do I believe against Caroline's honour." "My dear, dear mother!" exclaimed Lord Knaresborough, secretly charmed by his mother's honest warmth; "what would I not give to prove your words true! You disbelieve all that I have heard respecting Caroline; would to God that I could do so too! for then my life would not be the burden to me it is; for now that the avowal of my feelings can only serve to record my own misery, I may own, that from our first acquaintance with Caroline, my whole soul worshipped her with a love as pure as I then believed herself. From that hour her image has filled my whole heart; and when our dear Augusta's dying wish, that her friend might fill her place in your affections, was expressed, I believed that she had penetrated into the inmost recesses of my heart, and beheld the secret stamped in every fibre. Oh, my mother! who could so fervently wish to find her the same pure being she had appeared to us all as I did?—my whole existence rested on it; it was the one rich and peerless jewel that made life desirable; and in losing that I have lost all;"—and here Lord Knaresborough covered his face, and burst into tears. Lady Knaresborough, though much affected, tried to overcome her feelings—to speak with all a mother's kind and tender sympathy to her son, whose anguish it wrung her heart to witness. "My dear Alfred," said she, "you have in this, I would fain hope, allowed your natural impetuosity to blind your reason: I feel such an assurance that Augusta could never have given her implicit trust, her unbounded admiration, to one who was undeserving of it. She loved Caroline with all a sister's tenderness; and while discussing her amiable disposition, her sound good principles, her constant fulfilment of painful duties, her praiseworthy silence in all that regarded her husband's coarse mind and vicious propensities, her abnegation of self,—how often have we simultaneously exclaimed, while deploring her ill-assorted union, she would have been just the wife for Alfred! her calm and peaceful mind would have ensured the repose his impetuous nature might endanger. And now, as then, do I firmly believe in her honour and rectitude; nothing but demonstrative proof will shake my trust. Indeed, to abandon her on anything short of proof, I should feel a reproach to my child's memory. O Alfred! again I ask, how could you forget our poor Augusta's last bequest to us—her beloved friend's safety!" Lord Knaresborough stood bewildered: how powerfully did his mother's words appeal to his heart! how ardently did he wish to

persuade himself that his impetuosity had misled and blinded his reason! At every word his mother uttered, the mist seemed gradually passing from before his eyes; and once more in imagination, Caroline stood before him in all her former purity; and fearful of again losing such a blessed vision, he eagerly seized his mother's hands, pressed them to his lips and to his heart, and besought her to forgive, and teach him how to repair his error, promising to be guided solely by her, and to set out again immediately, if she deemed it right.

Healthiness and truthfulness, however, predominate in the *Tempter and the Tempted;* and although the widowed Caroline bears herself too immaculately during her first marriage, and exemplarily subsequent to the death of a coarse unworthy husband; and although *dear Lord Alfred* is too mawkish and womanish for our liking, we must repeat that the novel is as a whole one of the most winningly instructive that we have ever read. The passage already quoted has been pointed out to us by a highly approving article in a contemporary journal; just as the two following more welcome specimens have been. Multitudes equally good and beautiful might be quoted, but these must suffice. Take in the following, description, sentiment, and anecdote:—

These scenes turned the current of her thoughts from self. What was her present sorrow compared to that which she here beheld! She had indeed lost her parents, and one friend almost equally dear; but these bereavements were not recent—time had cicatrised the wounds; and though at the sight of these newly made ones, her own would open and bleed afresh, her sorrow was more subdued. Her fears for Lady Augusta's life were always present while her eye marked the many graves around her tenanted by the young, cut off in their early morn, and beheld some afflicted mother's form bent in anguish over them. From such scenes Caroline returned melancholy and thoughtful; but the lonely communion she had thus established with the dead did not fail to strengthen and confirm her principles. She could not forget her present suffering, nor shut her eyes to the terrors of her position; but they were the oftener fixed on that eternity so forcibly brought before her while lingering round its portals. She was one day peculiarly struck by the attitude and appearance of an elderly man, whose long white hair, driven by the wind over his face, seemed saturated by the tears gushing from his eyes, as he knelt without his hat at a grave in a part of the ground appropriated for those taken on lease—for it is not all that are bought; some are let for three, five, or seven years; and many are never renewed by the surviving friends,—telling the fearful truth, of how soon the dead are forgotten. It was so little marked from the surrounding graves, that she would most likely never have noticed it but for this old man's figure. She lingered at a distance till his agony was in some measure calmed; and when his prayer was finished, she saw him place a *couronne* on the wooden cross on which a name was engraved. After he had retired, she quietly approached to read whose grave it was, and found it to be that of a woman whose writings are not better known to the world than her kind heart and generous mind were to those who had remained faithful during her many and great reverses of fortune. In the zenith of power, when her smile or frown could give value or discredit to those who surrounded her, she was the

friend of the needy, the protectress of the weak: her position often created envy; but her winning manner, her graceful *accueil*, converted many an envious discontented spirit into an admiring friend. In her trials and reverses she was made to feel how few are the friends and followers of prosperity whose feelings do not become chilled by the sight of adversity. The same kind and conciliatory manner, the same noble enthusiasm, the same power of conversation, only more refined and heightened by the literary career she had adopted to ward off the actual and pressing gripe of poverty, were still hers; but their value was differently estimated: the small and modest apartment could boast but few of the *habitués* who had formerly swelled to suffocation the crowd that frequented her gilded *salons* on the Quai. Some few were, however, to be found surrounding her couch of pain; and never had she taken so much trouble to court and conciliate the richest nobles, the reigning princes of her own and other lands, as she now did to show her cordial welcome and the heartfelt pleasure she felt in beholding the faithful few; and they dreamed not, while listening to her brilliant wit, her sparkling reminiscences of bright and beautiful *fêtes*, in which she had been a principal actress, that the finger of death was already on her—that her moments of life and vivacity, freely given for their amusement, were stimulated by the excessive use of opium; while her hours of racking pain and mental anguish were confined to her own bosom. She died in poverty: she—who had given away in charity a hundred times more than would have made her last days easy and comparatively affluent—died in want!—her last hours disturbed by pressing, though trifling wants. She died; and then those who had not thought of her wants, while living, talked of a subscription for a monument to record her virtues. But at the period of which we are writing, the small wooden cross whereon Caroline had seen the *couronne* of immortals laid, was all that marked the resting-place of her earthly remains.

Our other sample is as natural, real, and touching, and without the slightest straining, as any pathetic scene was ever rendered:

Lady Augusta turned to her brother, saying, "What does she mean, Alfred? do speak to her, I am so very tired;" and she again laid her head back, and was soon in a tranquil sleep, her hand firmly grasping Caroline's. Lord Knaresborough uttered some indistinct words, but Caroline motioned to him not to disturb his sister; and then all was silent save the beating of their hearts. What busy thoughts were passing in the mind of each! both felt the restraint of the other's presence, and both alike dreaded the instant that should end it. There was a holiness around that sleeping girl that silently rebuked and sent back abashed every thought that was not as pure as herself; and, perhaps, if ever earthly love is free from that dross which makes it earthly, it was felt by those two beings who were thus silently united in contact with that sweet and placid sleeper. What prayers were breathed—what vows were cradled in the hearts of both! They no longer doubted the feelings of each other; but both alike resolved to keep those feelings under control. At length their position was relieved by the entrance of the Countess, and the sleeper awoke at the sound of her footsteps. She declared herself refreshed; and Caroline immediately tied on her bonnet, and was bidding her adieu, when Lady Augusta said, "Dear Caroline, do go home and take some rest; you look so tired. I will send Alfred in the evening to give you news of me." And thus a meeting

was arranged for them by one who little thought how much of their future lives might depend upon it."

We only add our congratulations on the appearance of a new aspirant in the realms of lovely fiction; on the baroness finding a publisher in the author of *Fair Rosamond*, and on Thomas Miller receiving the patronage of such a distinguished novelist.

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## NOTICE.

ART. XIII.—*William Shakspeare: a Biography. No. I.* By CHARLES KNIGHT.

THIS is but the commencement of the Life; but we may be sure that every justice will be done to the subject which research, knowledge, and enthusiastic zeal can bring to bear upon it. The day is past when it was deemed that nothing certain could be gathered relative to Shakspeare's private life or personal history. But the period has also arrived when ingenuity is largely drawn upon to work out probabilities so as to furnish a compact and complete biography of the dramatist. Take the following likely enough picture of the circumstances and the scenes which are supposed by Mr. Knight to have operated upon the genius of the poet in his boyhood:—

"The poet who has delineated human life and character under every variety of passion and humour, must have had some early experience of Mankind. The loftiest imagination must work upon the humblest materials. In his father's home, amongst his father's neighbours, he would observe those striking differences in the tempers and habits of mankind which are obvious even to a child. Cupidity would be contrasted with generosity, parsimony with extravagance. He would hear of injustice and of ingratitude, of uprightness and of fidelity. Curiosity would lead him to the bailiff's court; and there he would learn of bitter quarrels and obstinate enmities, of friends parted "on a dissension of a doit," of foes who "interjoin their issues" to worry some wretched offender. Small ambition and empty pride would grow bloated upon the pettiest distinctions; and "the insolence of office" would thrust humility off the causeway. There would be loud talk of loyalty and religion, while the peaceful and the pious would be suspected; and the sycophant who wore the great man's livery would strive to crush the independent in spirit. Much of this the observing boy would see, but much also would be concealed in the general hollowness that belongs to a period of inquietude and change. The time would come when he would penetrate into the depths of these things; but meanwhile what was upon the surface would be food for thought. At the weekly market there would be the familiar congregation of buyers and sellers. The housewife from her little farm would ride in gallantly between her panniers laden with butter, eggs, chickens, and capons. The farmer would stand by his pitched corn, and, as Harrison complains, if the poor man handled the sample with the intent to purchase his humble bushel, the man of many sacks would declare that it was sold. The engrosser, according to the same authority, would be there with his understanding nod, successfully evading every

statute that could be made against forestalling, because no statutes could prevail against the power of the best price. There, before the shops were many and their stocks extensive, would come the dealers from Birmingham and Coventry, with wares for use and wares for show,—horse-gear and women-gear, Sheffield whittles, and rings with posies. At the joyous fair-season it would seem that the wealth of a world was emptied into Stratford; not only the substantial things, the wine, the wax, the wheat, the wool, the malt, the cheese, the clothes, the napery, such as even great lords sent their stewards to the fairs to buy, but every possible variety of such trumpery as fill the pedler's pack,—ribbons, inkles, caddises, coifs, stomachers, pomanders, brooches, tapes, shoe-ties. Great dealings were there on these occasions in beeves and horses, tedious chafferings, stout affirmations, saints profanely invoked to ratify a bargain. A mighty man rides into the fair who scatters consternation around. It is the Queen's Purveyor. The best horses are taken up for her Majesty's use, at her Majesty's price; and they probably find their way to the Earl of Leicester's or the Earl of Warwick's stables at a considerable profit to Master Purveyor. The country buyers and sellers look blank; but there is no remedy. There is solace, however, if there is not redress. The ivy-bush is at many a door, and the sounds of merriment are within, as the ale and the sack are quaffed to friendly greetings. In the streets there are morris-dancers, the juggler with his ape, and the minstrel with his ballads. We can imagine the foremost in a group of boys listening to the 'small popular musics sung by these *cantabanqui* upon benches and barrels' heads,' or more earnestly to some one of the "blind harpers, or such like tavern minstrels, that give a fit of mirth for a groat; their matters being for the most part stories of old time, as 'The Tale of Sir Topas,' 'Bevis of Southampton,' 'Guy of Warwick,' 'Adam Bell and Clymme of the Clough,' and such other old romances or historical rhymes, made purposely for the recreation of the common people." A bold fellow, who is full of queer stories and cant phrases, strikes a few notes upon his gittern, and the lads and lasses are around him ready to dance their country measures. He is thus described in the year 1564, in a tract by William Bulleyn: 'Sir, there is one lately come into this hall, in a green Kendal coat, with yellow hose, a beard of the same colour, only upon the upper lip; a russet hat, with a great plume of strange feathers, and a brave scarf about his neck, in cut buskins. He is playing at the trey-trip with our host's son; he playeth trick upon the gittern, and dances 'Trenchmore' and 'Heie de Gie,' and telleth news from Terra Florida." Upon this strange sort of indigenous troubadour did the schoolboy gaze, for he would seem to belong to a more knowing race than dwelt on Avon's side. His 'news from Terra Florida' tells us of an age of newstongues, before newspapers were. Doubtless such as he had many a story of home wonders: he had seen London perhaps; he could tell of Queens and Parliaments; might have beheld a noble beheaded, or a heretic burnt; he could speak, we may fancy, of the wonders of the sea; of ships laden with rich merchandise, unloading in havens far from this inland region; of other ships wrecked on inhospitable coasts, and poor men made rich by the ocean's spoils. Food for thought was there in all these things, seeds of poetry scattered carelessly, but not wastefully, in the rich imaginative soil."

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THE

# MONTHLY REVIEW.

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## Art. I.

1. *Sketches of Human Life.* By the Rev. C. E. Dering, M.A.
2. *An Essay on the Improvement of Astronomical Telescopes, during the Eighteenth Century.* Andover, U. S.

It will instantly appear why we have classed together these publications. The former of them contains a number of short sketches or essays, each to the tune of some expressive sentence or sentiment, very generally in the shape of a Latin motto or extract. The sketches themselves are by no means remarkable in respect of novelty of thought, nor even of terseness of expression; which we rather wonder at, seeing that the author informs us that he has been a sporting parson. But although slight, the pieces are neat and contain many sensible as well as pleasant ideas; so that they will be found attractive, at the same time that not a few of the lessons are important. What we have particularly to note, however, is, that the "sportsman" constantly seizes an opportunity to proclaim himself an enemy of the philosophy of the *new school.* "Give me," he says in one place, "truth, proved facts, as the foundation of my opinion, and I shall ever prefer their solidity to the baseless fabric, the aerial shadows of *free-trade* principles, whether applied to the arrangement of mind or matter."

Now, it is not very easy to catch from such vague utterances what is the opinion of the reverend gentleman upon any particular subject. With regard indeed to his professed preference of *proved facts* to *aerial shadows,* we believe he only speaks as every other man has ever done; and therefore nothing distinct is gathered from the bare assertion. Who ever admits that he is willing to dispense with *truth* for *baseless fabrics?* But is it a truth that the present age is remarkable for its despite of proved facts? We have, on the contrary, been led to entertain the notion that there is rather too little respect paid to authority in these latter days; and that the utilitarian spirit runs to the extreme of desiring and endeavouring to prove all things.

Our author might have provoked discussion by his expressions

relative to the *free-trade* principles, some quarter of a century ago, whether when he applies them to *mind* or to *matter*. But the time is gone when any preacher of the *old school* is capable of commanding an audience by such doctrines as are indicated in the passage quoted and many others, in the same vague tones, throughout the small volume. In a word, the thing we least like in the sketches is the worn-out sort of insinuations that appear to us to convey contempt of the "schoolmaster" who is abroad, and to declare danger as well as inutility to be the companion and offspring of the many efforts that are being made to shed knowledge of an intellectual kind among the million.

Now, instead of regarding with complacency popular ignorance with regard either to mind or matter, our earnest desire is that the millions of beings who form the living mass of the social world, may have diffused among them, a popular yet precise knowledge of the very highest science, viz., of the natural history of the heavens.

It is not because astronomy is one of the exact sciences, or because it has the precedency of them all, that it is to be recommended as a subject which the young should study, and on which the old should meditate. In common with all the other sciences, it possesses for the intellectual eye charms of the highest order. Like them, it developes and strengthens the mental powers; it affords to our curiosity the highest gratification, and is essentially connected with the most useful and important arts of civilized life. But in its other bearings, it is above and beyond them all. It brings within the mind's grasp the noblest efforts of divine workmanship. Amid its engrossing views of all that is magnificent and sublime in the universe, it extinguishes all that is grovelling and temporary. It supplies morality and religion with their surest and most powerful checks; while the judgment and the imagination of those who pursue it are incessantly conversant with those pure and exalted spheres, through which their disembodied spirits may be yet destined to range.

Thus associated with our duties and destinies, astronomy supplies us with vigorous principles of action; and we have no hesitation in saying, that the right apprehension and belief of its truths, are incompatible with the vices and corruptions of our deteriorated nature. It is, in short, to the eye and the judgment of man, what the doctrines of our faith are to his heart and his affections; and those who are deaf to the soft accents which breathe from the records of divine love, may yet listen to the deep-toned voice which breaks from the creations of divine power. If such is likely to be the influence of the study of astronomy, it ought to be made an essential part of the education of youth.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that this science requires for its comprehension any powers but those of the most ordi-

nary kind. The grandest and the most general views, and the minutest and most varied details of astronomical knowledge may be thoroughly communicated to youths without any previous mathematical instruction.

In studying the form of our own globe suspended in absolute space, and revolving daily round its axis while it is carried annually round the sun, it is not necessary that we should be able to measure a degree of the meridian, or understand how this double motion could be impressed on a quiescent sphere. In comprehending the eclipses of the sun and moon, and in performing the simple operation of computing them, it is not necessary that we should master the problem of three bodies, or understand the irregularities of the solar and lunar orbits, by the aid of which the true places of the luminaries are deduced from their mean motions. In assuring ourselves that the stars are immeasurably distant from our own planetary system, we are not called upon to discuss their parallaxes and their proper motions; and in extending our inquiries to the binary and ternary combinations of the double stars, in which we discover numberless planetary systems in the remotest distances of space, we need not occupy ourselves with the construction of the delicate micrometers, or the methods of nice observation by which such systems have been established.

Astronomers, even, there are, who have enriched their science with the noblest discoveries, and yet could neither calculate an eclipse nor observe an occultation:—while those who have furnished the mathematician with co-efficients of his formulæ are unable to understand how by the magic of analysis their own observations have been transformed into general laws of the universe. There is perhaps no man alive who is deeply versed in all the branches of astronomical science; and hence it is absurd to suppose that a knowledge of its difficult methods and of its recondite theories are in any respect necessary for the comprehension of its general doctrines.

But without the aid of these considerations, we may place our argument in a bolder attitude. Though we have excluded the theoretical part of astronomy as unnecessary to a proper understanding of the system of the universe, yet many of those very theories, and much of what has been regarded as the profoundest part of the subject, are capable of being established by experimental evidence, or by a species of proof, which, though less rigid than that of mathematical demonstration, is yet equally conclusive, and to some minds even more convincing. Evidence much inferior to that of geometry serves us for a guide in all the most important affairs of life. Even on the authority of presumptive proof do we risk our own lives, and put to hazard those of our fellow men;—and why should we scorn to be lighted by the same torch through the mazes of science, though there be a purer and more inaccessible light, which might guide us

in a less devious course? There are minds of a high capacity which are not only fatigued but even disgusted with the formal chainwork of a mathematical demonstration, while others are appalled at the very aspect of its symbols, and are absolutely incapable of following its substitutions and its reciprocations; and yet both these classes of men, including the great mass of our rational species, will listen to the wonders of science as if to a romance of the most engrossing interest, and actually pant after those noble truths from which an imperfect system of instruction seems for ever to have debarred them.

For the use of such men it would surely be a national object to provide a complete, an intelligible, and an amusing system of instruction; but this could be executed only by persons deeply versed in the sciences, who had studied them in all their aspects, and who would enter so zealously upon their task, as to deem it as great an honour to discover a new process of illustrating what is obscure, and of simplifying what is complex, as to invent a new instrument, or add a new fact to science. Founded on the principles we have stated, such a system would embrace works for the use of schools, which we regard as the most important of all, and works of a more advanced character, for the perusal of the upper, the middle, and the lower classes of society.

It will be said that such a plan has been put into operation by the *Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge*, and also by the number of *Libraries* which have been published, and are in the course of being issued *seriatim*. We are not unaware that some of these efforts have been conducted by incompetent means, while others have been unjustly assailed by the ignorant and the timorous. Still, need we travel beyond the British isles, to read the page which records the pre-eminence of an informed over an ignorant population?

It seems to us an insult against the Omniscient Spirit, who said "Let light be," to breathe even the thought that that light should ever be obscured. The red-eyed fiend of Revolution is more the offspring of Ignorance, than even the squalid demon of Superstition; and if, on this convulsed and restless globe, social order is ever to acquire a permanent establishment, it can only be beneath the azure of its most enlightened zone, and amid the impregnable strongholds of knowledge and of virtue. We look not with complacency upon that ever-stirring spirit of change which would uproot what is old and tried, and replace it with speculations of questionable soundness, and of ambiguous issue;—but the next spirit to this in danger is that which resists the growth of improving institutions,—of that slow, but sure process of amelioration, which feels the security of each successive step.

At a period like the present, when our laws are in a state of improvement, when liberty of person and of thought are secured—when

agriculture and commerce are freed from so many of their shackles; and when religion and humanity are shedding their benign influence over the land, it would be a strange anomaly to check the diffusion of that intellectual light which gives beauty and stability to the whole.

There is one view of the subject which we presume is not a common one, and which we would recommend to the consideration of those who are not friendly to the dissemination of knowledge. The Society mentioned as organized for this purpose chiefly had in view the improvement of the industrious classes, although they stated it as a probable effect of their labours, that the instruction thus conveyed would find its way to the upper ranks, and we believe it was this view of the matter that excited the fears of many good men. If the arrangements of the Society were to benefit only the working classes; if the knowledge which they diffuse were to settle only at this lower level, and if the middle and the higher ranks were to receive it only by an upward current, we should not scruple to condemn a system which thus inverted the natural order of society, and rendered those who must obey the intellectual superiors of those who must command. But such a state of things is absolutely impossible. An instructed peasantry, and an ignorant aristocracy, is almost a contradiction in terms, and cannot, under any circumstances, co-exist. It is only a small portion of the working classes that is capable of understanding the valuable works published by the Society, and only a small number of these who can avail themselves of the benevolence which is offered them. The sweat of the brow is not favourable to the operations of the brain; and the leisure which follows the daily labour of the peasant and the manufacturer, would, even if no other demands were made upon it, afford but little scope for the over acquisition of knowledge. Long will it be ere the English husbandman renounces for study the pleasures of his weekly holiday, and long may it be ere the Scottish peasant be withdrawn by a thirst for knowledge from the duties of his sabbath, and from the simple rites of his morning and his evening sacrifice. Groundless therefore is the fear that education will ever elevate the labouring classes above their relative level, or interfere with their obligations as men and as citizens. Efforts for the diffusion of knowledge will have accomplished a great task when they have opened in every corner of the land the pure fountains of science, to which the poorest and most ignorant may apply; and the alarms of the timorous will spedily subside when they find that the middle and the higher classes will drink most deeply at the sacred spring.

It is chimerical, indeed, to suppose that knowledge, when once cheap and free, will ever confine itself to any sphere; and it is more chimerical still to believe that it will settle among those classes who have the least leisure, the least taste, and the least occasion for pur-

suing it. Expansive in its very essence, it will diffuse itself in all directions; but liable as it must always be to peculiar obstructions in its downward course, it will seek its native haunts amid the leisure, the wealth, and the elegancies of higher life. From this upper atmosphere it will descend through the capillary vessels of the state, and the force of its descent, and the width of its diffusion, will be proportional to the height to which it has been raised.

We come now to glance at the history of Improvement of Astronomical Telescopes during the eighteenth century; the period embracing a space sufficiently large and filled with wonders, to recommend the study of the history of the heavens to popular favour. First, let us attend to the improvement of the Reflecting Telescope; and secondly, the invention and improvement of the Achromatic Telescopes.

I. Although the *reflecting telescope* was invented by Gregory, and actually constructed by Sir Isaac Newton, during the seventeenth century, yet it was not till the eighteenth century that it became an instrument decidedly superior to the refracting telescope, and capable of being successfully applied to the examination of the heavens. Sir Isaac had made them only six inches long; but in 1720, Mr. Hadley, of Essex, had constructed *two* Newtonian reflectors, five feet three inches in length, one of which he presented to the Royal Society of London. Aided by his instructions, the celebrated Dr. Bradley and the Honourable Samuel Molyneux entered upon the same task. The first which they made was finished in May, 1724, and was about twenty-six inches long. They executed another seven inches long, and were occupied with a third of eight feet in focal length. The first of these instruments, or one of the same focal length, was elegantly fitted up by Mr. Molyneux, and presented to his Majesty John V., King of Portugal.

The first person who executed reflecting telescopes for public sale was Mr. Hauksbee, who made one of three feet and a half, one of six feet, and another of twelve feet. Mr. Scarlet and Mr. Hearne, mathematical instrument makers in London, were instructed in the process of grinding and polishing specula, by Mr. Molyneux, and ever afterwards the reflecting telescope became one of the articles of manufacture with every regular optician.

A great step in the improvement of the reflecting telescope was made by James Short, of Edinburgh. By giving a correct figure to the specula, and by the nice adjustment of the parts of the instrument, he executed telescopes which far surpassed any of those made in London. With one only four inches and a half long, he saw in the clearest manner the satellites of Jupiter; and with another only *fifteen* inches in focal length, the five satellites of Saturn were several times distinctly seen together. In 1742, when this celebrated optician had settled in London, he made, for Lord Thomas Spencer, a

reflecting telescope *twelve* feet in focal length, which cost £630; and in 1752 he completed one for the King of Spain, at the expense of £1200.

The excellence of Mr. Short's instruments brought the reflecting telescope into general use; and when the attention of Dr. Herschel was first drawn to the wonders of astronomy, by studying the popular treatise of Ferguson, he resolved to construct a reflecting telescope, to enable him to see with his own eyes the most interesting of the celestial phenomena. In 1774 he completed a five-feet reflector, and he afterwards, when residing at Bath, made them seven feet, ten feet, and twenty feet, in focal length. In order to obtain an excellent speculum for his twenty-feet telescope, he selected one out of no fewer than *eighty*, all of which he had ground and polished with his own hands. The genius and perseverance which created instruments of such transcendent magnitude were not likely to terminate here. In the examination of the starry heavens, the ultimate object of his labours, Dr. Herschel exhibited the same exalted qualifications, and in a few years he rose from the level of humble life, to the enjoyment of a name more glorious than that of the sages and warriors of ancient times, and as immortal as the objects with which it will be for ever associated. Nor was it in the youthful ardour of the spring of life that these triumphs of reason were achieved. Dr. Herschel had almost reached his fortieth year before his career of discovery began; and it was in the autumn and the winter of his days that he gathered in his rich harvest of glory. The discovery of a new planet at the remotest limits of the solar system, was the first reward of his diligence; and new double and multiple stars, and new nebulæ and clusters of stars, were added in *thousands* to the list of celestial bodies.

Dr. Herschel now introduced what he called the *Front view*, a new method of observing, in which the small speculum is laid aside, and the astronomer looks directly through an eye-glass at the image formed by the great mirror. By this means one half of the light is saved, and so great was the brightness with which this method exhibited the celestial bodies, that when Dr. Herschel first applied it to the Georgium Sidus, he discovered two of the satellites of that planet.

Aiming at still higher objects, Dr. Herschel began in 1781 to construct a reflector *thirty* feet long, and having a speculum *thirty-six* inches in diameter; but, in consequence of the speculum having cracked while cooling, its completion was for some time delayed. In the meantime George III., through the suggestion of Sir Joseph Banks, agreed to defray the expense of the largest instrument that could be made. Dr. Herschel accordingly began, in 1785, to construct his *forty-feet* telescope, with a speculum *forty-nine and a half* inches in diameter. On the 28th August, 1789, the day after it was

finished, he discovered a new satellite belonging to the planet Saturn, and during the same year he detected another new satellite of Saturn, both of which revolved within the orbits of the five old ones discovered by Huygens and Cassini.

When we compare the *twenty* and *forty*-feet telescopes of Dr. Herschel, which were in use at the close of the eighteenth century, with the *six*-inch reflectors of Newton, which were the largest that had been executed at the beginning of the century,—and when we contrast the discoveries in sideral astronomy to which they led, with our knowledge of the starry heavens in the days of Newton, we cannot avoid the conclusion that the boundaries of astronomy were more widely extended by the reflecting telescope alone, and during the latter half of the eighteenth century, than during the whole period of its past history. How, then, can we account for the total omission of such brilliant discoveries in an elaborate History of the Astronomy of the eighteenth century? Had this work been the production of any other astronomer but Delambre, we should have ascribed the omission to an envy of British science, by which alone this extraordinary change was effected; but as this great man was far elevated above such narrow views, we can only ascribe his silence to the decay of his powers, and to the dread of an unfinished work.

In the History of Human Inventions we can generally trace some continuous line by which the labours of one age are connected with those of another; and by which the discoveries of an individual gradually ascend above those of his predecessors. But in the records of the eighteenth century, the human mind started out of its ordinary sphere, and in the picture which emblazons its triumphs, the individual labours of Dr. Herschel occupy the middle and the foreground in vivid colouring and in powerful delineation. In surveying the vast ocean of discovery upon which the history of this period embarks us,—his discoveries are the sea-lights which throw their columnar radiance over the deep, while those of other men are but the glimmerings of animalcular existence, which scarcely shoot beyond the pellicle which covers them.

Since Dr. Herschel withdrew from the toils of science, no individual has arisen to extend his telescopic labours. Mr. Ramage of Aberdeen has indeed constructed several reflectors approaching in magnitude to those of Dr. Herschel; but the exertion of a private individual speedily finds its limits; and it is probable that this branch of practical astronomy will take a retrograde course till some British sovereign shall extend to it the munificence of George III.

The reflecting telescope, however, is yet susceptible of great improvement, and many valuable discoveries may yet be expected from its application to the heavens. The production of a perfect parabolic figure is still a desideratum in the process of grinding and

polishing specula; but, as this seems to be beyond the reach of art, we have still the means of diminishing, though we may be unable to remove, the spherical aberration. Lord Oxmantown, a young Irish nobleman, of whom his country may be justly proud, has constructed with his own hands, more than one reflecting telescope, in which the great speculum consists of three separate pieces, a central mirror and two external rings, which are truly ground to a spherical figure, and so adjusted by screws that the only aberration that remains is that which would be produced by one of the rings when acting alone. This fine idea is capable of being applied to large instruments; and we anxiously hope that his lordship will pursue it with all the energy of his active mind.

II. One of the finest discoveries of the eighteenth century, is that of the *achromatic telescope;* and, if we owe to those founded on the principle of reflection the great discoveries of sideral astronomy, it is by means of the achromatic telescope, as applied to transit instruments and divided circles, that the nicest measurements of celestial arcs have been taken, and those accurate results obtained which have led to the completion of astronomical theories, and to the perfection of the lunar and planetary tables.

After the penetrating genius of Sir Isaac Newton had pronounced "the improvement of reflecting telescopes to be desperate," no slight honour must belong to the individual who dared to hope where Newton had despaired, and who triumphed over the difficulties which baffled the theoretical and practical skill of the high priest of Nature. This fortunate individual was Mr. Chester More Hall, of More-Hall in Essex, a name deservedly embalmed among the sacred relics of science. In imitation of the divine mechanism of the human eye, he was led, in 1729, to the combination of media of different refractive powers; and, in 1733, he had actually completed several achromatic object-glasses of flint and crown glass. No account of this invention was published; and there can be no doubt that when John Dollond began his experiments, he was entirely ignorant of the previous labours of Mr. Hall. When he succeeded, therefore, in 1758, in the invention and construction of this noble instrument, he obtained, as he justly deserved, all the honours of a first inventor; and when he introduced these telescopes into actual use, and made them an object of English manufacture, in which no foreign nation could compete with us, he conferred a service upon his country of no ordinary kind. That service, however, though it exalted the honour, and improved the revenue of the nation, stands unappreciated and unrequited in her annals; and, as if the great Dispenser of Justice had frowned upon the ungrateful deed, few improvements upon the achromatic telescope have been allowed to mark the future progress of English science;—it passed into foreign nations as an article of trade, as well as an object of glory, and the sovereigns of

other lands fondly welcomed into their territories what we had dishonoured and rejected. Attempts, which were fruitless, were made to perfect the invention of Dollond, and to extend its power. The Royal Society, too, were roused from their long and deep slumbers; they appointed a committee to make experiments on the manufacture of flint glass for achromatic telescopes;—they even erected an experimental glass-house; and Government were persuaded to extend to them the mighty privilege of melting a few pounds of glass without being visited and taxed by the excise officer. For half a century after the death of Dollond, no philosopher or artist in England was allowed to make experiments for the improvement of flint glass, without paying the tax to government, and without submitting to the harassing interruptions of the tax-gatherer. Nay, by a singular refinement of extortion, a pound of glass remelted *fifty* times, was liable to the duty upon fifty pounds! Under these circumstances, we hailed the appointment of the glass committee, and the remission of the excise regulations, as an era in science; but ardent as we were in every measure that could endear the name of England, and advance its interests, we were compelled to state, that this committee never would, and never could accomplish the object for which they were associated. Their chemical and physical knowledge doubtless availed them much in such an inquiry; or if preferred to an enterprising individual, whose fortune or renown depended on the issue, it might, in all probability have insured success. But how was it possible to suppose, that Mr. Davies Gilbert, Sir H. Davy, Dr. Wollaston, Dr. Young, Mr. Herschel, and Mr. Babbage could spend their hours and their days in the atmosphere of a furnace? Would they leave the pursuits which had already immortalized them, to labour in a cause in which success would neither inspire gratitude nor command requital? Would they, in fine, devote themselves to rediscover a discovery which had been already made by a Swiss peasant, in the gorges of the Jura, and which the British government could have purchased for a paltry equivalent?

The history of M. Guinand's labours possesses a peculiar interest. An English achromatic telescope found its way to the village of Brenetz, in the canton of Neuchatel. A defect of sight had compelled M. Guinand, a maker of watch-cases, to construct his own spectacles. From this he was led to grind the lenses of small refracting telescopes which he mounted in tubes of pasteboard. To such a mind, the sight of the achromatic telescope which belonged to his master must have been an object of high interest. He was allowed to separate the lenses, and study its properties, and such was his zeal to imitate this optical wonder, that he commissioned some flint glass from England, and actually constructed with it several achromatic telescopes. The badness of the glass, however, and the impossibility of procuring it of the size he required, inspired him with the ambitious resolution

f making good flint glass for himself! We are sure that no chemist n England or France would have ventured on such a task with any opes of success; but ignorance was in this case power; and glass ortunately was not an exciseable commodity in the village of Brenetz. He studied the chemistry of fusion;—between 1784 and 1790 he nade daily experiments in his blast furnace with meltings of three r four pounds each; he noted down the circumstances and the re-ults of each experiment. Partial success invigorated his ever-failing fforts, and the news of learned academies having offered prizes for he object at which he strained, animated him with fresh and glowing xcitements.

Having abandoned his profession for the more lucrative one of naking bells for repeaters, his means became more ample, and his eisure hours more numerous. He purchased a piece of ground on he banks of the Doubs, where he constructed a furnace capable of using *two hundred weight* of glass. The failure of his crucibles, the bursting of his furnace, and a thousand untoward accidents, that would have disconcerted any other mind, served only to invigorate his. The disappointments of one day were the pedestal on which the resolutions of the succeeding one reached a higher level; and in the renewed energy of his spirit, and the increasing brightness of his hopes, the unlettered peasant seems to have felt that fate had destined him to triumph. The threads, and specks, and globules which destroyed the homogeneity of his glass, were the subjects of his constant study; and he at last succeeded in obtaining considerable pieces of uniform transparency and refractive power, amounting sometimes to twelve, and in one case to eighteen inches in diameter. He at last acquired the art of soldering together two or more pieces of good glass, and though the line of junction was often marked with globules of air or particles of sand, yet by grinding out these imperfections by means of a wheel, and by replacing the mass in a furnace, so that the vitreous matter might expand, and fill up the hollows so made, he succeeded in effacing every trace of junction, and was consequently able to produce with certainty the finest discs of glass.

Rumours of Guinand's success had now begun to spread throughout Europe, and the first philosopher who availed himself of the intelligence was M. Fraunhofer, of Munich, who had the charge of the optical part of the establishment of Benedictbaiern. He was so pleased with the specimens which were sent to him, that he repaired in 1804, to Brenetz, and persuaded M. Guinand to go to Bavaria, where he settled in 1805, and continued for nine years, engaged in the manufacture of flint glass.

In 1820, long after his return to Switzerland, the celebrated French artist, M. Lerebours, visited him, and not only obtained all the glass which M. Guinand then had, but commissioned a fresh supply. M. Cauchoix, another excellent Parisian artist, procured

other pieces, and splendid achromatic telescopes have thus been manufactured in the French capital. Though possessing the deepest interest, England seemed the least alive to these great discoveries. She sent no delegate to Brenetz—she made no offer for the secret; but in 1822, a piece of Guinand's glass was obtained by the astronomical Society of London, and formed into a telescope by our excellent artist, Mr. Tulley. Its homogeneity and purity, nay its absolute perfection, has established the value and efficacy of Guinand's process.

The visit of Guinand to Munich, in 1805, led to a new era in the history of the achromatic telescope. Commencing with all the knowledge of the Swiss artist, Fraunhofer devoted his mind to the perfection and simplification of his methods. Striæ, and imperfections of a minute kind, which the practised eye of an optician could alone detect, still required to be eradicated; and even the crown glass, which had hitherto been supposed an object of easy attainment, required the labour of a whole year to bring it to perfection. In order to gain these ends, Fraunhofer reconstructed the furnaces at Benedictbaiern, procured all the instruments which were necessary for his purpose, and took upon himself the charge of all the meltings. Four quintals of glass was the average quantity with which he wrought, and he at last succeeded in determining the causes of his failure, and in obtaining distinct processes, by which he could manufacture discs of flint glass, eighteen inches in diameter. In these laborious and perplexing experiments Fraunhofer injured his health, and quickened the progress of that insidious disease which carried him off so prematurely from the sciences.

But while Fraunhofer had thus supplied himself with the finest materials for his art, he had prepared his mind, by the study of optics, both in its mathematical and practical branches, for carrying into effect his great views for the improvement of the telescope. His discovery of fixed lines in the spectrum enabled him to determine, with minute accuracy, the absolute, as well as the relative, refractive and dispersive powers of his glass; and his skill in practical mechanics conducted him to the construction of a machine for giving the last polish to his lenses, an operation in which the errors of the previous process of grinding were corrected, in place of being exaggerated, and in which the result was made perfectly independent of the skill of the workman.

With such means and accomplishments, Fraunhofer began the most difficult task to which human genius was ever applied. The resources of his powerful mind never, for a moment, failed him. But we are travelling into a later period than announced; nor is it necessary to go any further, in order to show that the experiments in optics, and the means of making exact discoveries in the illimitable realms of space, are wondrously greater than ever entered

into the heart of untutored man to conceive. And yet there is no difficulty, but unsurpassed, unrivalled delight and exaltation of thought experienced in accompanying the astronomer among the stars, and into spheres which the imagination loves to fancy may be the abode of the blessed and of our departed friends throughout eternity. It is a species of knowledge which may be rendered as plain and convincing as the most common occurrences around men's earthly dwellings—as the fact that the seasons will return in a certain course, or that night will alternate with day. Why is it then that so much ignorance and incredulity prevail among the masses of the people with regard to the majestic truths of astronomy? Indeed, were it not that the untutored cannot gainsay the fact that the precise appearance of a comet, or the occurrence of an eclipse can be and really is foretold with as much certainty as that darkness at midnight will accompany the extinguishing of a candle, millions would continue to discredit every ascertained truth in the most glorious and in the exactest of sciences. How many of our peasantry are ready to laugh at the idea of the earth's revolvings! How many British minds are there whose imaginings have never been sublimated and trained to lofty speculation, so as almost to conceive and understand some of the predicted events of that day when the drama of mortal life shall close in a style of unparalleled magnificence! We shall not longer declaim on this subject, but conclude our paper, with two passages extracted from certain accounts that have appeared in scientific journals, descriptive of the sun's total eclipse which occurred in July last. The first is by Miss Pinnaud, and Boisgeraud, of Toulouse.

The terrace of a church tower was chosen for our observatory, and, at four in the morning, we were at our post, provided with telescopes, a thermometer, and a collection of coloured glasses. At 4 h. 23 m. 30 sec. the sun appeared in the horizon. It rose like a large disc of fire behind a mass of light clouds, but it soon ascended above them, dissipated the vapours, and from that time, the serenity of the sky was not troubled. At 4 h. 50 m. 15 sec. the eastern edge of the moon touched the western side of the sun in a north-west direction, the eclipsing body advancing with a uniform motion from north-west to south-west. At 5 h. 42 m. 54 sec. the part of the sun remaining visible formed only an exceedingly slender crescent, of which the horns became more and more sharpened. A number of indentures at this period marked the edges of the crescent, but it was impossible to determine their height or their number, in consequence of the undulatory agitation which affected it, and destroyed the previous regularity of its contour. Darkish streaks also appeared towards the extremity of the horns. A few seconds after, the disc of the moon completely covered the sun; and, at 5 h. 43 m. 13 sec., the eclipse was total. As soon as the western edge of the sun was freed from the disc of the moon, a bright light immediately dashed forth its rays. The crescent which then appeared in the north-west was again marked by numerous indentures, particularly towards the extremities. As the crescent increased, these disappeared; and the dark

lines which appeared to unite the two ends of the crescent disappeared in 20 or 25 seconds. In proportion as the eclipse came on, the solar light gradually weakened, and shed over the atmosphere and terrestrial objects a tint gradually more and more pale, in which it is impossible to distinguish a well-defined and positive colouring. This obscurity was not such as that which follows the twilight—it was a livid and sickly tint, a shade of olive grey, which was like a mourning robe flung over Nature, imparting an idea of sadness. Guided by former experiments on total eclipses, astronomers had announced that after the total disappearance of the sun, the disc of the moon would appear surrounded with a luminous aureola. This took place as was predicted, and appeared to us to be of equal width in every part. It was a colourless light, of which the intensity became gradually weakened, as it was more distant from the dark disc of the moon, and in it was seen a small number of luminous rays, still more brilliant, like those composing the glory over the head of a saint. But what most struck us, was a difference of brilliancy in the different parts of the crown. In the midst of the south-eastern region of the lunar disc, for about 45 deg. at least, was perceived a collection of curvilinear divergent rays, of which the two last inclosed a space where the light had a less clear intensity than in all the rest of the aureola. Beyond that, at each side, was diffused a uniform light towards the north-western side, in the midst of which appeared a wide line of luminous convergent rays of greater brilliancy than the surrounding parts. The interior surface of the moon's disc was of a uniform obscurity, but not, however, intense enough to hide the black traces of micrometric lines crossed at the focus of the glass. We perceived none of those moving serpentine lights observed in 1715 by Louville and Halley. But one of us saw very distinctly, all of a sudden, at the height of the eclipse, a brilliant point, surrounded with a bright circular scintillation, which remained invariably fixed in the lower south-south-eastern region, a little to the left of the vertical diameter, near the circumference of the disc. Might not this point, which disappeared a moment before the end of the total eclipse, be the same as that observed by the Spanish Admiral Ulloa, and which he attributed to a long opening going right through the moon, so as to let through a certain portion of the sun's light? Or was it a lunar volcano, the eruption of which coincided with the moment of the eclipse? Or should we not rather attribute it to the solar rays, which being reflected from a certain portion of the waters of the earth should have concentrated themselves on a part of the moon's surface to be sent to us by a new reflection? What is, however, certain is, that in place of appearing in the north-west, as seen by Ulloa, it was seen in the quarter nearly opposite.

But the most remarkable and most unexpected phenomenon which the luminous aureola presented was the following:—On the upper edge of the lunar disc, extending from the vertical diameter towards the west, there was an appearance as of mountains of fire, smooth on the left side, and sinking down with sharp and abrupt points on the other. Three of those could be very distinctly seen, the first of which, being the highest, rose to an elevation about equal to the twelfth part of the apparent diameter of the moon. A little further to the right, were seen on the circumference of the moon, but altogether outside, several undulating elevations, less marked than the first, but equally brilliant. Two similar peaks, less elevated than those in the upper

part, and of which the rough sides were in the same direction, shone forth at the same time; one on the right, a little below the horizontal diameter; and the other on the left, a little above it. Language fails to give an exact idea of those fiery mountains. They were like incandescent rocks of crystal of a delicate rose-colour, being in a certain degree transparent and brilliant, with a calm and steady light; their forms were clearly defined, and their lines were distinct and well marked. They constantly preserved the same form, the same place, and a perfectly motionless condition; excepting that, as the total eclipse came to a close, the peaks of the upper part seemed to increase in size, and this increase in bulk took place, not like a body which is perceived to lengthen and lose its shape, but like lofty rocks, of which the summits and the middle part were only seen at first, and whose base became visible in proportion as the veil which covered them sank slowly down. This magnificent spectacle lasted to the end of the total eclipse. When the sun got free from the obscure disc of our satellite, the appearance of the first ray of light was masked by a bright beam, much more intense than the last ray which shone before the total occultation. At that moment, and then only, the luminous aureola which surrounded the moon, and the incandescent peaks which appeared on a part of its circumference, were suddenly extinguished in the brightness of the sun's light. Here arises a question of great interest. What are those peaks and rocks of fire? It does not appear to us possible to admit them to be mountains of the moon, for their obscure face being turned towards the earth, they would have appeared opaque and dark. Besides, the lunar disc has never presented asperities of such great dimensions. It cannot either be a phenomonon of diffraction, or an effect of light, for the perfect state of immobility of those luminous bodies, clearness of their contour, and the irregularity of their position round the moon's disc, repel such an interpretation; and in fact, no physical phenomonon appears to explain this appearance. If these bodies are foreign to our satellite —if they are not appearances generated by the eclipse itself—the most natural hypothesis is to place them in the sun. But this supposition is so new, that it cannot be hazarded without an extreme reserve. It is not, however, impossible; for it is allowable to suppose that these solar mountains, if they exist, being only a little fraction of the entire mass of the sun, send to the earth a light incomparably less than that of the entire globe of that planet, and consequently they must disappear in the vivid light which proceeds from its disc, particularly when its brightness is dimmed by the interposition of coloured glass. We, in fact, proved that those rocks of fire, as well as the numerous aureola by which they were enveloped, disappeared altogether when their image was brought into the focus of the telescope, and seen through a dark glass. It was only through clear glasses that they could be perceived. We may add, that the sensible increase of height, which the peaks of the upper part appeared to take, would agree, in our opinion, with the progressive advance of the moon before the sun.

The other account addresses itself still more to popular understandings, and is by a person who writes from Vienna. It thus commences and proceeds:

No *partial* eclipse, however considerable, can give the faintest notion of what a *total* one is. All Vienna was in expectation, for many days previous

to the event, and strangers flocked to that capital in crowds, on purpose to witness that phenomonon. * * * * To our hotel came the celebrated astronomer Schuhmacher, all the way from Denmark, on purpose to see the eclipse with astronomical eyes. His Excellency, (for such he is,) kindly presented me with a card, which would procure me admission the next morning into the Botanical Garden, where Prof. Littrow, the Vienna Astronomer would place his telescopes, and pursue his observations. As for the Wizard of Denmark, *he* was to be favoured with the sole occupation of the Observatory, from whose tower, all alone, he was to gaze upon the mighty wonder, and to lose himself in the abstract calculations of science, undisturbed by the presence even of a single fellow-mortal.

Most persons, I believe, in the hotel,—perhaps in the whole city of Vienna, —retired to bed that night with feelings of anxious expectation. At four in the morning, to my great joy, I beheld the clear rays of the sun shining upon the walls of the court, which were opposite my window, while the general appearance of the sky indicated a favourable concurrence of circumstances. Soon after five, I was on my way to the Botanical Garden, *carte en main*, and, as I left the hotel, the sun, still rejoicing in his strength, shone full upon me. Already the ramparts of the city were thronged with multitudes—an impressive sight in itself. No spot, I imagine, could have been better adapted for witnessing the phenomonon than the Botanic Garden. In its spacious inclosure were not perhaps more than twenty people in all, divided into two groups, the less favoured being placed at a respectful distance from the small knot of *savans*, to which, per favour of my card, I was admitted. These latter were located on a mound, at the extremity of the garden, which commanded a spacious sweep both of sky and landscape. On the right was visible a long line of ramparts, crowded with people; on the left, the view extended over trees and houses to the blue Carpathian Mountains. The Mount of Science, as it might be called, was amply provided with all sorts of telescopes, barometrical and thermometrical instruments, chronometers, &c. One lady alone was admitted to these silent mysteries; for the astronomers required intense quiet for their observations.

About ten minutes before six, the first spot of darkness was observed upon the sun. From that time till the total obscuration, there were no very unusual appearances; at least none but such as I had remarked in other great eclipses. The sky, over which light, filmy clouds had begun to draw, about half an hour before the commencement of the eclipse, became still more obscured by vapour, and blue mists arose increasingly from the horizon. A perceptible chillness crept into the air, and flights of swallows flew wildly and restlessly through the darkening atmosphere. But all this gave no intimation even of the effect that was to follow. As long as the smallest portion of the sun was visible, there was considerable light. Had I not been aware that an eclipse was in progress, I might only have imagined that the morning was chill and vapoury. But now aproached the important moment. At this time Prof. Littrow politely requested the lady, her friends, and some other persons, to withdraw from the hallowed mount. *Procul—O procul este profania!"* I was in fear lest the order should extend to *me*; but in virtue, I suppose, of my especial introduction, and perhaps also of exemplary taciturnity, I was, to my great joy, permitted to remain, and even from time to time to look through a

telescope. I, however, preferred the use of my unassisted eyes in order to study general effects; and all that I particularly remarked through the glasses was the perceptibly uneven rim of the moon. "Jetzt wir sind allein und ungestört," cried Prof. Littrow, with a sort of professional joy, and forthwith he directed his assistant to begin to count from a chronometer, aloud, in order to ascertain the exact moment of complete immersion. All now was utter stillness, with the exception of the monotonous "ein, zwey, drei," &c. of the reckoner. A heavy bell that tolled at intervals from the city, like the funeral knell of our beautiful orb of light and life, and the sharp shrill cries of the birds, which had, however, disappeared from sight, as if to take refuge from some impending convulsion of Nature. Yet a moment, and on a sudden an effect took place—unexpected and sublime. The whole aspect of heaven and earth underwent a change, with regard to light, shade, colouring, everything; and the instant that preceded the total eclipse resembled in nothing, and gave no idea of, that which followed it. Up to the very last moment of previous time, Nature was saddened indeed, but not changed. We had yet a sun. But now it is gone! —or rather, fearful to see!—there is a black sun in the heavens, and that orb, upon which an instant before I could only look through coloured glasses, I now beheld with my naked eye—a mere blot in the universe! At this moment, as far as I could rapidly note, the following was the appearance of things:

Round the black sun was an irregular halo of whitish light, defining clearly and strongly the obscured orb. In some places this halo extended into longer gleams, forming altogether a faint glory like that with which painters surround the head of Christ. It was not so generally dark as I had supposed it would have been,—though the reckoner declared that there was a time when he could not discern the second-hand of the chronometer; but the sudden diminution of light, at the moment of total obscuration, was nevertheless marked and startling. Also, the sudden diminution of temperature, the thermometer falling, as I was afterwards told, 11 degrees instantaneously, upon the complete immersion of the sun. One of the most striking and unexpected effects was a red and lurid glow that suddenly kindled up on the horizon, the blue pale vapours which had risen from the east being converted into the semblance of a mighty conflagration. The principal light in the landscape came from thence—no longer from the sun. The rest of the landscape was of a sickly greenish tinge, overcast with duskiness, through whose spectral tints the crowds upon the ramparts were dimly discerned, all standing in solemn stillness, like the vast shadowy multitudes in one of Martin's pictures—such as await the destruction of Nineveh, or the last sweep of the Deluge. But then you must conceive that all these effects, which take so much time in the telling, were combined into one grand and instantaneous impression on the senses and the soul. The black sun defined by its own pale halo—the indescribable colouring of nature —the lurid glow over the sombre mountains—the death-like chillness of the air (quite as peculiar as the appearance of the light) seeming to strike to the heart—the silent ghostly multitude—the solemn bell,—all these constituents of the scene occurred at one and the selfsame moment, overwhelming the mind by their unexpected combination.

Short as was the period of the total obscuration, (not more than two minutes,) there was time for enough thought and feeling to fill two years.

Even the grave Professors and men of science, occupied as they had been by their observations, acknowledged, after all was over, that they experienced "etwas fremdes und ängstlich" while the shade and the chill was upon Nature. But now another curious phenomenon takes place: up starts the first gleam of restored light, ("auch ein interessante augenblick," as Prof. Littrow observed,) also surprising the mind by its unlikeness to anything that one might have imagined.

The appearance was just as if a perfectly round but small orb of light rushed out suddenly from the upper limb of the overshadowed sun, and, like a herald star, proclaiming to the world that Day would be restored. This effect was so startling and remarkable, that some one (a Frenchman you may be sure) compared it to a "coup de théâtre." The return of all things to a more usual appearance was equally instantaneous. For one breathless moment—

Nature made a pause,
A solemn pause, prophetic of her end;

the next instant there was light, life, and motion. The dark colouring had passed away: the birds wheeled about once more in joyous circles—and there was a visible stir amongst the before awe-struck multitude. Indeed, in about ten minutes from the time when the sun began to reappear, the vast crowds had already melted away from the ramparts, as if the interest of the great drama that Nature was enacting had not only passed its acme, but had altogether ceased. I must say that I experienced something of a similar feeling, and that I felt no disposition to watch to its conclusion the now rapidly ending eclipse. After moments of such strong excitement as those we had lately experienced, the mind collapses, and a feeling of melancholy succeeds, to think that a period to which we had long looked forward with lively expectation is already over and gone. Nevertheless, it was a very cheering reflection that the eclipse *had been seen*, under circumstances which, in a picturesque point of view, left nothing to desire, though for men of science there was a disappointment in no stars being visible during the total immersion, on account of the light clouds that veiled the sky.

Prof. Littrow's observation on the weather that prevailed during the eclipse was, that it had been "nicht ganz günstig, und doch nicht schlecht;" and he congratulated himself extremely on having been able to make some important and correct (*scharf*, he said,) observations at the critical moments of the phenomenon. Both he and Prof. Schuhmacher agreed in having seen through their telescopes, during the total eclipse, three red spots beneath the dark body of the moon, which red spots changed their hues into various prismatic and beautiful colours. Each Professor also attributed the effect to something in our own atmosphere,—possibly to that very clouded state of the heavens of which some complained. For my own part, I could not regret those modifying influences of cloud and vapour, to which, evidently, a great part of the sublimity of Nature's appearance, was to be referred.

Reader, was not the eclipse an event of moment to the people of Vienna; and would not the familiar study of the economy and natural history of the heavens be to the artizan, the ploughman, and the poorest of our race, the most satisfying and exalting of all studies, short of the truths revealed to us by God himself!

## Art. II.

1. *On the Curative Influence of the Climate of Pau, and the Mineral Waters of the Pyrenees on Disease.* By A. Taylor, M.D.

2. *Descriptive and Historical Sketches of Avranches and its Vicinity.* By J. Hairby, M.D.

We know not how many continental Spas and Mineral Waters have been described and recommended since Sir Francis Head published the *Bubbles;* but of this we are aware, that some of those which were formerly in repute, such as the springs of Aix-la-Chapelle, came to be in a great measure neglected, in accordance with the manner of fashion and the caprice of the fanciful. Pau, to be sure, has been long known to physicians on account of the curative influence of certain characteristics of the place; but these, in so far as the town and immediate vicinity are to be regarded, appear rather to belong to the climate, than to the waters; the town, in fact, possessing only those of the river Grave. The place, no doubt, offers several advantages over almost every other that can be named, if we are to take our author's account implicitly, which may be done without any great stretch of favour; seeing that although he zealously recommends the peculiarities of the neighbourhood, he gives reasons for his opinion, without much of the semblance of exaggeration. For example, owing to its situation, being surrounded on all sides, except the east and south-east (whence the winds are dry and warm), the air is remarkably still, occasioning an extraordinary effect upon the constitution. Frequently, we are told, the tranquillity of the atmosphere is so complete "as to leave a doubt as to how the wind really blows. So much is this the case, that it is said of a certain naval captain, who had buffeted many a breeze, that he left Pau in August, because during the two or three years he had lived there, he had never encountered, in nautical phraseology, *a capful of wind.*"

Now, Nice is visited by cold and searching winds; and whereas at this last-mentioned place, one of *thirty-one* persons dies annually, at Pau it is one in *forty-five.* It has, to be sure, sundry characteristics in common with Rome; but then it is without epidemics and malaria fevers. Again, the rainy days in London are 178; but at Pau they are only 109, although more wet falls at the latter, the soil of which, however, is of such a character, both as to an absorbent texture and natural declivities, that dampness is not generated.

Allusion has been made to the peculiar effect which the climate of Pau has on the constitution; and this is said to be so remarkable, that, "the pulse beats with a slow, soft, equable stroke; and the arterial excitement appears just sufficient to keep arterial action to that point that does not wear out the machinery." Still, to persons

who are not invalids, and who are in robust health, watchfulness and remedies against congestion are at first required, until they become acclimatized.

Pau has been celebrated for the picturesque character of its situation and vicinity, offering many temptations to those who are able and have a taste, to make excursions to adjacent spots and surrounding scenes of striking beauty. Its historical associations are also highly interesting, as may be pleasantly learnt from the descriptions of Mrs. Ellis, of James and Inglis, as well as from the present publication. Let us now quote passages from Dr. Taylor's work. The first of our specimens regards a variety of tests, all in favour of Pau:

A good opportunity is afforded once a week at Pau, on Monday, the weekly market-day, of observing the *physique* of the Bearnese population; at least of that part within seven or eight miles of it. Every road pours upon the town its tributary streams of peasantry to swell a throng which renders the principal streets almost impassable. Independently of the picturesque effect produced by the lively and well-assorted colouring of their costumes, one cannot but be struck with the decidedly marked appearances of health in both sexes.

We do not see among this crowd the emaciation produced either by griping poverty, constitutional debility, or enervating vices, but a well-balanced tranquillity of manner, and a physical development not exaggerated but compact, which, little interfered with by art, conveys to the mind the impression of what a peasantry ought to be, neither above nor below its position, with health that knows no violent alternations, and a contentment the fruit of the *mens sana in corpore sano.*

Among the women occasionally may be seen cases of *goître*, but these are chiefly from the marshy district of the Pont Long. They are much less frequent than in the adjoining district of Bigorre, where in some of the lateral vallies leading from Campan to Barrèges frightful examples of this disfiguring affection constantly force themselves upon the notice of the traveller.

Both men and women in Bearn, although tanned by exposure to the sun's rays, yet show a clearness and uniformity of complexion with a firmness of fibre that distinctly mark the absence of a lymphatic diathesis. * *

If the augurs found in the entrails of the animals examined, marks of disease, they wisely considered that the gods were unpropitious; for the climate that could produce visceral disease in them could scarcely be expected to spare animals of a more refined and tender organization. On inquiry, then, we have found that the domestic animals in the district under consideration are hardy and little visited by disease, while among them there is a patience, a tractability, and freedom from vice, which one does not meet with in a more exciting atmosphere.

Proofs of a dry atmosphere:

There are some circumstances, although familiar, which we shall give, as illustrating the peculiar absence of free communicable humidity in the atmosphere at Pau. Although considerably more rain falls in Pau than in London and in some other situations in England, yet from the absorbent nature of the

soil, and from some peculiar electric state of the atmosphere (for the barometer, during some of the winter and spring months, most strangely rises on the approach of rain, and falls upon that of dry weather), the ladies, even during a continuance of rainy weather, find that their hair, living hygrometers highly sensitive to an overcharged state of the atmosphere, retains the curl much better than in England; indeed, so much is this the case, that some who in England were obliged to wear the hair *en bandeaux* find that it now curls without effort. Another familiar proof of the deficiency of free moisture in the atmosphere may be given, viz., that steel articles of furniture are found little affected with rust even in unoccupied houses, nor do the walls of the latter show marks of damp.

But there are other recommendations to the active and the vigorous.

The facilities for taking air and exercise at Pau, either in a carriage, on horseback, or on foot, are abundant. Five principal highways, kept in excellent repair, radiate from Pau, and command views, not only of the Pyrenees, but also of the tamer but still beautiful scenery of the plains. On horseback, rides may be varied to any extent, among the undulated and well-wooded *coteaux* to the south; while the pedestrian, if in good health, may make many pilgrimages through green lanes and clustering vineyards; and although much cannot be said of a field for the sportsman's pursuits, still there is sufficient to act as an incentive to take air and exercise. At the early part of the season, after the corn has been housed, at some five or six miles round Pau, the quail and partridge, particularly the former, may be found in sufficient quantity to afford sport; and during the winter months, woodcocks, snipes, and wild ducks, at no great distance from Pau. There is another sport of a more exhilarating and manly kind, viz., that of hunting the izzard and the bear in their native fastnesses on the mountains, and searching for the *coq de bruyère* (the capercailzie of Scotland) amidst the black pines on the summits of lofty peaks; but a description of these sports we shall reserve to the sequel, when we come to speak of the Pyrenees themselves. In the valley of Tarbes, twenty-four miles to the east of Pau, a baronet keeps a pack of English hounds, which meet four times a week during the season. The foxes are so abundant that the sportsmen are never without a *find*; and the runs are described as excellent, the country being well suited for the sport. The worthy baronet, who is himself passionately fond of the chase, is very polite to his countrymen, who, like himself, possess a genuine love for it.

More inducements still, if we are to trust to all that our Spa-doctor advances; although, if we remember rightly, the picture did not look so tempting in Mrs. Ellis's "Summer and Winter in the Pyrenees."

There are in Pau and its neighbourhood at least one hundred suites of apartments, more or less well furnished, independently of small lodgings and the hotels. The average rent of two-thirds of this number may be stated at from 2,500 to 3,500 francs for eight or nine months; the remainder vary from 1,200 to 2,500 francs for the same period. Some of the apartments have accommo-

dation for twelve to fifteen persons, and all the larger ones would contain six or eight people or more. The houses are furnished with everything necessary for a family, except linen and plate, both of which may be hired in the town. Those who may prefer living out of town, have an opportunity of gratifying their tastes, as there are several comfortable houses to be let, in healthy and airy situations, at distances varying from half a mile to two miles.

In the town the houses are for the most part let out in apartments, so that there may be two or more families under the same roof; but in the event of any family requiring more extensive accommodation, or preferring an entire house, it is a matter easy of arrangement.

There are lodgings to be had at the hotels, either for families or single persons; by the latter, at a very moderate rate in private houses, and a bachelor may *abonner* himself in any of the hotels for a small monthly charge. The best hotels are the Hôtel de l'Europe, Hôtel de France, Hôtel de la Poste, and Hôtel des Ambassadeurs. At all these hotels they are well acquainted with the habits and tastes of the English, and are very anxious to anticipate their wishes, and consult their comfort in every way. Those who prefer to be served by *restaurants*, in preference to a *cuisine* at home, can be gratified at a moderate expense either *à l'Anglaise*, or *à la Française*.

The wages of French servants are not exorbitant; a good cook may be hired for fifteen or twenty-five francs a month; a man servant for thirty to thirty-five francs. Voitures in abundance are to be had by the month, day, or hour, at a moderate rate, say 1*s.* 8*d.* an hour, and the charge for saddle-horses is 2*s.* a day. The prices of the substantial articles of living are one-half of what they are in England, and even English luxuries cost very little more than in England.

If our memory be not treacherous, Mrs. E. had complaints to make not only relative to accommodation, but attendance: at least in as far as regarded the supply of tea-kettles, or even of boiling water for tea-brewing. Improvements may, however, be in rapid progress in accordance with English tastes, seeing that a considerable number of our people resort annually to the quarter which Dr. Taylor has made the subject of his descriptive notices, embracing "Geology, Botany, Natural History, Mountain Sports, Local Antiquities and Topography of the Pyrenees." At the same time the remoteness of the place, and the very considerable expense of money and time, which even by the route most recommended by our author, must be encountered, will continue, we should suppose, to operate against Pau ever becoming a very crowded scene of English invalids; although if Dr. Taylor's neat and cheerful representations be worthy of reliance, persons threatened with consumption, or labouring under its earlier symptoms, will do well to direct their attention to the influences described. Nor need families, it would appear, be under extreme anxiety with regard to the means of education, or even the observances of their religion. Says the doctor:

It may be proper to make known to those desirous of coming to Pau with children, that good masters are to be found for all the branches of education

usually taught. There are experienced teachers of the French and Spanish languages and classics, and professors capable of instructing in the more advanced parts of music, drawing, and other polite accomplishments.

There is also the Royal College, where the classics, mathematics, and philosophy are taught. The boys may be boarded at the college, which is under a good system of discipline, great attention being paid to the health of the pupils. Although a Catholic institution, no tampering is permitted or practised with the religious opinions of the pupils, a Protestant clergyman regularly visiting the college, and examining the boys who are of that persuasion, while every Sunday they are regularly conducted to the Protestant church.

Dr. Hairby's "Avranches and its Vicinity" need not detain us long; this portion of Normandy being one of the most beautiful and most frequently visited places on the continent by English tourists, and indeed made the residence of many of our gentry, while the French society is said by our author to be particularly good; many of the old *noblesse* and their descendants choosing the town for their abode. "The English society is highly respectable in general, and there is a constant interchange of friendly, social, and inexpensive intercourse. Any stranger meaning to reside, whose station of life and correctness of deportment entitle him to a reception in society, is sure of a ready admission, and of receiving polite and hospitable attention." "The English who have the privilege of *entrée* to the French houses, find it exceedingly agreeable from the courtesy and kindness with which they are treated." Here are some of the particulars needful to be known by intending visitors to Avranches.

All the large houses are at present occupied by native and British gentry; but in the course of a few months new and commodious habitations will be available. There are some suburban cottages with gardens attached, which may be had at an exceedingly moderate rent. The town residences,—which also have for the most part gardens connected with them,—let at from 30*l.* to 55*l.* per annum. Commodious furnished lodgings may also be had from 30 fr. to 120 per month, but except in the item of beds—which are generally very good—the furniture is indifferent in quality, and extremely deficient in quantity, many necessaries being wanting altogether. Carpets are never supplied, and these, either new or old, should be brought from England for winter use, as they are highly expensive in France, and can always be disposed of from one British resident to another, on favourable terms. There is a duty of 15 per cent. on their importation, but this is a trifling addition compared with the differences of the prices in France and England on carpets and all woollen articles. While touching upon the subject of domestic arrangement, it may not be useless to state that there is a considerable saving (to those who intend to reside for three or even two years), in purchasing furniture, which may be obtained of very excellent quality at a moderate expense; if the system of hiring be adopted—a common practice—the charge for very indifferent articles is so far beyond their value, that in three years it amounts almost, if not altogether, to their first cost.

Dr. Hairby's book does not supply us with many passages available for extract, or sufficiently racy for entertainment. He has, in fact, clogged himself with a mass of antiquarian matters and historical records; so that were it not for the lithographic drawings, the volume would be one of the least attractive that any tourist could contrive to compose or to compile. We step into the Vicinity, and conclude with two short paragraphs.

Granville is a few leagues farther on, the nearest sea-port to Avranches,—the distance being about seven leagues,—and the residence of a British consul; but is in no respect remarkable except for the beauty of its women, who are pre-eminently superior to the females of the surrounding country. They are dark complexioned, with rather high cheekbones, and probably have some Spanish blood in their veins; but, from whatever origin descended, they are fine specimens of womankind; their neat low caps, covering luxuriant black hair, and the elegant mantillas or capes which they wear, give them a graceful air, distinguishing them at once from the high coifed, and very plain looking women generally seen in the province.

An anecdote of these Amazons:

Not long ago a whimsical instance of the still warlike temperament of the women occurred. Some fishermen's wives and daughters perceived a few English fishing boats intruding upon the oyster banks near the island of Chausey, at the time when the French Government cruiser, appointed to keep the coast clear from such pirates, happened to be in the harbour. They forthwith went to the officer commanding, and told him to go out immediately with his crew, which from some cause or other was not deemed necessary or practicable at the instant. Impatient of delay, the *poissonières* (and ladies of their vocation are not the most mild and gentle of their sex) rushed down to the pier and swore that they would *man* the boat themselves, put out to sea, and fire upon the English corsairs;—as there was little doubt of their capability of doing so, in spite of the legitimate crew, if they thought proper, the officer was obliged to comply at once with their orders, and sail in haste.

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ART. III.—*Notes of Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond, of Hawthornden. Printed for the Shakspeare Society.*

IT now turns out that the abridgement of these famous Notes, made public many years ago by the Drummond family, and which has been the subject of so much bitter discussion and difference of judgment, was not an unfair version. It is fortunate, however, that such an able antiquary as Mr. David Laing, of the Signet Library of Edinburgh, discovered some years back, among the papers of a distinguished physician, the complete manuscript of the Notes; for although the published abridgement of them, in consequence of

which, to use Mr. Campbell's words, "Jonson's memory has been damned for brutality, and Drummond's for perfidy,"—was not essentially a garbled representation, yet the complete copy may serve the purpose of freeing the memory of the poet of Hawthornden from accusations of want of good faith; it being Mr. Laing's opinion now, that the said notes, "if they bear testimony to Jonson's occasional arrogance and boasting, exhibit him also in a more favourable aspect, as of a warm-hearted, kindly disposition, easily offended it is true, but as easily appeased."

The conversations, or rather the notes of them, should certainly be taken as a whole and not by picking out, after the fashion of a special pleader, what may suit a preconceived opinion either of Ben or Hawthornden, or the determined advocacy of a partisan. This, however, is the method which Gifford pursued, who was a writer of a scornful and ferocious, as well as severely critical mind. Admitting that Drummond's taking and keeping of the notes were misdeeds, surely they never entitled the biographer of Jonson to treat the man as a villain and a discredit to human nature; when it ought to have been known by the intemperate accuser that Drummond was as a man universally esteemed, honoured, and beloved. But what fairness or decency could be expected from a person, when prejudice interfered, who could spitefully speak of the country which had given birth to the object of attack? Let us hear how Gifford, in his Life of Jonson, sums up his view of the *Conversations*. He says, relative to the poet of Hawthornden, "Such an authority must be wholly distrusted: no one ought to believe what such a friend of Jonson's could say." "Jonson reserved the last of his visits for Mr. William Drummond, the poet of Hawthornden, with whom he passed the greater part of the month of April, 1619. It is not known at what period, or in what manner, Jonson's acquaintance with Drummond began; but the ardour with which he cherished his friendship is almost unexampled; he seems upon many occasions to labour for language to express his grateful sense of it; and very depraved must have been the mind that could witness such effusions of tenderness with a determination to watch the softest moment and betray the confidence of his guest. For this perfidious purpose no one ever offered greater qualities than Jonson: he wore his heart on his sleeve for daws to peck at: a bird of prey, therefore, like Drummond, had a noble quarry before him, and he could strike at it without stooping." Again, "Drummond's object was not correctness: he only sought to injure the man whom he had decoyed under his roof, and therefore gave his remarks in a rude and naked deformity." He "was guilty of the blackest perfidy;" he was "an accomplished artificer of fraud;" he "complacently sat down after his prayers to destroy Jonson's character, as he fondly hoped, for ever."

Now, what are the principal grounds for aspersing the character of Drummond, and denouncing him as a perfidious and vile wretch? We begin with them.

He [Jonson] is a great lover and praiser of himself, a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to loose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him (especiallie after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth;) a dissembler of ill parts which raigne in him, a bragger of some good that he wanteth; thinketh nothing well but what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done; he is passionately kynde and angry; careless either to gaine or keep; vindicative, but, if he be well answered, at himself.

For any religion, as being versed in both. Interpreteth best sayings and deeds often to the worst. Oppressed with fantasie, which hath ever mastered his reason, a general disease in many Poets. His inventions are smooth and easie; but above all he excelleth in a Translation.

When his play of a Silent Woman was first acted, ther was found verses after on the stage against him, concluding that that play was well named the Silent Woman, ther was never one man to say Plaudite to it.

Compare this with what has been reported by Howell, who was one of the cleverest letter writers in the English language, when he speaks of one of Jonson's suppers, held in 1636, in an epistle to Sir Thomas Hawk:—"I was invited yesternight to a solemn supper, by B. J., where you were deeply remembered. There was good company, excellent cheer, choice wines, and jovial welcome. One thing intervened, which almost spoiled the relish of the rest,—that B. began to engross all the discourse, to vapour extremely of himself, and by vilifying others to magnify his own muse. T. Ca. (Thomas Carew, the poet) buzzed me in the ear, that though Ben had barrelled up a great deal of knowledge, yet, it seems, he had not read the ethics, which, among other precepts of morality, forbid self-commendation, declaring it to be an ill-favoured solecism in good manners. It made me think upon the lady (not very young) who having a good while given her guests neat entertainment, a capon being brought upon the table, instead of a spoon, she took a mouthful of claret, and spouted it into the hollow bird. Such an accident happened in this entertainment. You know, *propria laus sordet in ore:* be a man's breath ever so sweet, yet it makes one's praise stink if he makes his own mouth the conduit-pipe of it. But, for my part, I am content to dispense with the Roman infirmity of Ben, now that Time hath snowed upon his pericranium."

Exception has been taken also to the tone and intent of the reporter when recording the following opinions: the Scullor was Taylor, the water-poet. We, however, fully credit the note, for Ben entertained contempt the most thorough for the intellect of James.

The King said Sir P. Sidney was no poet. Neither did he see ever any verses in England to the Scullor's.

t were good that the half of the preachers of England were plain ignorants, that either in their sermons they flatter, or strive to shew their own quence."

Drummond continues to report as follows:

That Done's Anniversaries was profane and full of blasphemies; that he d Mr. Done, if it had been written of the Virgin Marie it had been someng; to which he answered, that he described the Idea of a Woman, and not she was. That Done, for not keeping of accent, deserved hanging.
That Shakspeer wanted arte.
That Sharpham, Day, Dicker, were all rogues; and that Minshew was e.
That Abram Francis, in his English Hexameters, was a foole.
That next himself, only Fletcher and Chapman could make a Mask.

We believe our next sample to be not less characterestic:

He hath consumed a whole night in lying looking to his great toe, about hich he hath seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians, feight in s imagination.
Northampton was his mortall enimie for beating, on a St. George's day, e of his attenders; He was called before the Councell for his Sejanus, and scused both of poperie and treason by him.
Sundry tymes he hath devoured his bookes, *i.* (*e.*) sold them all for ecessity.
He heth a minde to be a churchman, and so he might have favour to make e sermon to the King, he careth not what therafter sould befall him: for he ould not flatter though he saw Death.
At his hither coming, Sir Francis Bacon said to him, He loved not to sie oesy goe on other feet than poeticall Dactylus and Spondaeus."

Bacon wittily alluded to Jonson's purpose of walking all the way to Scotland. We give more of these Jonsonian and *rare* sentences:

Daniel was at jealousies with him.
Drayton feared him; and he esteemed not of him.
That Francis Beaumont loved to much himself and his own verses.
That Sir John Roe loved him; and when they two were ushered by my Lord Suffolk from a Mask, Roe wrott a moral Epistle to him, which began, That next to playes, the Court and the State were the best. God threateneth Kings, Kings Lords, [as] Lords do us.
He beat Marston, and took his pistoll from him.
Sir W. Alexander was not half kinde unto him, and neglected him, because a friend to Drayton.
That Sir R. Aiton loved him dearly.
Nid Field was his schollar, and he had read to him the Satyres of Horace and some Epigrames of Martiall.
That Markham (who added his English Arcadia) was not of the number of the Faithfull, *i.* (*e.*) Poets, and but a base fellow.

That such were Day and Midleton.
That Chapman and Fletcher were loved of him.
Overbury was first his friend, then turn'd his mortall enimie.

* * * * * * *

Owen is a pure pedantique schoolmaster, sweeping his living from the pu[ll]teriors of little children; and hath no thinge good in him, his Epigrames bein[g] bare narrations.

Chapman hath translated Musaeus, in his verses, like his Homer.

Flesher and Beaumont, ten yeers since, hath written the Faithfull Shi[p]heardesse, a Tragicomedie, well done.

Dyer died unmarried.

Sir P. Sidney was no pleasant man in countenance, his face being spoil[ed] with pimples, and of high blood, and long: that my Lord Lisle, now Earle o[f] Wor[ce]ster, his eldest son, resembleth him.

There is a remarkable anecdote of Sydney in these notes:—"H[e] can set horoscopes, but trusts not in them. He with the consent o[f] a friend contented a lady, with whom he had made ane appointmen[t] to meet ane old Astrologer, in the suburbs, which she keeped; an[d] it was himself disguysed in a longe gowne and a whyte beard at th[e] light of dimm burning candles, up in a little cabinet reached unt[o] by a ledder."

Our next and last extract fully agrees with what one would wi[sh] to associate with Rare Ben's mother. What a stout heart must h[e] have inherited:—

He was dilated by Sir James Murray to the King, for writing somethi[ng] against the Scots, in a play Eastward Hoe, and voluntarly imprisoned himse[lf] with Chapman and Marston, who had written it amongst them. The repo[rt] was, that they should then [have] had their ears cut and noses. After the[ir] delivery, he banqueted all his friends; there was Camden, Selden, and others[.] at the midst of the feast his old Mother dranke to him, and shew him a pap[er] which she had (if the sentence had taken execution) to have mixed in th[e] prisson among his drinke, which was full of lustie strong poison, and that sh[e] was no churle, she told, she minded first to have drunk of it herself.

After all now, we see no sufficient grounds for pronouncing Jonson to be a brute, or Drummond a traitor—even when selecting the notes that have given the greatest offence. Not to speak of their publication as being a most welcome contribution to literary history, and illustrative in a high degree of Ben's manliness as well as self-glorifyings, we cannot discover that there was anything very malicious on the side of either poet; or more than venial errors, and natural enough in the given circumstances.

Jonson sets off on foot for Scotland, principally, we may presume, to visit Hawthornden, where he remains for about three weeks. Their meeting was doubtless cordial; and their conversation question-

es turned upon the literature and the authors of the day. In
ting down the table-talk of the dramatist, we may suppose Drum-
ond to have thought that the more of it that he could record the
tter, seeing that the speaker was so great, rich, and racy. The
nversations, no one will deny, are truly characteristic; frequently
nsisting of jests, anecdotes, and other curious things, defying
ptious criticism. Drummond would laugh heartily, and Benjamin,
he got more and more elevated, would rattle away, colour, and
aggerate, pleased to find his host too so much amused. And yet
rummond's conduct must be called treacherous and base; as if he
d first decoyed the dramatist to Scotland and to Hawthornden, and
en laid the most perfidious snares for a simpleton! This is at least
ying no great compliment to the sagacity of the visitor, who, on
s return to London, corresponded in the most affectionate terms
ith Drummond. But not to speculate or vituperate further, let us
se our paper with Barry Cornwall's conclusion of his Memoir of
e Life and Writings of Rare Ben, prefixed to a late edition of the
et's works. The remarks appear to us to be not far wide of the
ark; although our readers are to bear in mind that the writer sides
rongly in an earlier part of the memoir against him of Hawthorn-
en. He says, "In regard to Jonson's moral qualities, a few words
ill suffice. We are not disposed to refer all that has been said
ainst him to mere slander. Sir Oliver Surface (we think it is)
joices in the fact of his nephew having acquired enemies; esteeming
as a proof of his merits. For our own parts, we are inclined to
nsider it as at least equal evidence of his having had a sprinkling
f faults. The current of report could never have run so strongly
ainst Ben without some reason. Even his own admissions con-
rm the testimony of his contemporaries, so far as relates to the un-
veness of his temper. He was undoubtedly a man far from deficient
a the irritability which is ascribed to his craft. He was also, per-
aps, addicted somewhat to boasting, and was a convivial companion.
hese weaknesses deducted, Jonson appears to rise out of the mist
f calumny, a fine, straight-forward, liberal and excellent man. He
ay be excused for priding himself upon his learning, since he
imself held the ancients in such deep reverence. And he may be
rgiven a little self-commendation, seeing that he was no niggard of
raise towards others. He is said to have been envious; but we can
e no trace of this vice in his writings. On the contrary, there is
o one with whose works we are acquainted, who has dealt out so
rge a measure of eulogy, or exhibited so many instances of good
ill towards his contemporaries. There are some authors whose
enown we are more inclined to covet, perhaps; but there is not
ne whose manliness and sincerity of purpose we more respect, or whom
e would have admitted to our house as a friend and fire-side com-
anion, in preference to Ben Jonson."

## Art. IV.

1. *The Expedition into Afghanistan.* By James Atkinson, Esq. Allen and Co.

2. *Narrative of various Journeys in Balochistan, Afghanistan, and the Punjab.* By Charles Masson, Esq. 3 vols. Bentley.

Afghanistan, and indeed the far-off East, are still continuing to occupy a vast amount of public attention. Many regard our possessions and relations in that quarter of the globe as being in a perilous state, some even going the length of predicting that at no distant date we shall be driven from India altogether, asserting that already the various races that inhabit the immense territories in question, and who have so long looked upon our power as invulnerable, are beginning to be convinced that they have laboured under a great mistake, and have only to bestir themselves to wrest from our hands our ill-got possessions. Leaving all such speculations as those alluded to, to politicians and party writers, we at once proceed to invite notice to some of the passages contained in the works before us.

Mr. Atkinson was Superintending Surgeon of the Bengal division of the army of Afghanistan, accompanying its march to Ghuznee and Cabul. At the latter of these places he remained until the capture of Dost Mahomed, when he returned to India, having the deposed chief for a companion part of the way. The volume accordingly contains notes and sketches descriptive of what came under his observation in the course of the expedition or campaign; and must therefore to a very considerable extent consist of topics that have been repeatedly handled by previous writers, most of whom could with professional skill enter into military details. There is, however, novelty in the book, especially where Dost Mahomed is the theme; our author entertaining a much lower opinion of that ruler, and at the same time a much more favourable one of Shah Shoojah, than has been the case with most other persons who have had opportunities of judging of the two brothers. But we hardly think that the Superintending Surgeon's facts, or even that his own showing, can be reconciled with his strong conclusions concerning these worthies. Take Dost Mahomed as he is represented to have dilated on English policy, and certain of his views with regard to the best mode of ruling the Afghans:

Dost Mahomed, during the march from Cabul to Jellalabad, on several occasions felt himself competent to comment on the existing state of things and the future prospects of Afghanistan. He recommended strongly the policy of taking the dominion of the country into our own hands. "The Suddozees," he said, "had never been accustomed to obey, and never would obey; and by

heir intrigues under the anomalous sovereignty of Shah Shoojah, we should e involved in perpetual embarrassment. The only effectual mode of crushing em was to govern them in our own way. "You will also find," he observed, the very courtiers about the Shah, who have for years been fattening on your unty, the most forward in plotting against you." And this, truly, is no eat exaggeration. At the moment I am writing, (December, 1840,) the ah has been actually assailed by the discontented, on the ground of his othingness, and that the Feringhees are universally considered the rulers of e land. The short-sighted fools would be glad to get rid of us, never for an stant imagining that our presence is their only safety from another revolu-on. But intrigue and ingratitude are pre-eminently the attributes of an fghan.

With regard to the character of the Afghans as a race, our author aints them as cruel, treacherous, and unprincipled in the extreme; nd as a hint to those who would travel in safety through the country f the barbarians, we may quote the following terrible lessons:—

It appears that the Lohanees under Surwur Khan, in charge of the recently-rrived kafila of grain from Moltan for the army, had visited the robbers on he road with Afghan severity, in the way of retaliation. Every man who howed himself armed, and seemed to meditate robbery, was cut down. Every an caught in the act was ripped up at once. At one village, the Lohanees ere told that an attack would be made on them at night. "In that case, hen," said the Lohanees, "we will cut the throats of every man, woman, and hild in the village." No attack was made. If the people have understanding, hey may see the difference between our conduct on the march and theirs, and t may tell hereafter. But man, as he is in this country, and looking no further han the present moment, seems to require that species of treatment which alone can control his rapacity. The Lohanees lost not a camel nor a load all the way from Moltan to Candahar, whilst we have lost hundreds "at one fell swoop," and are losing them daily, the property of individuals as well as of the state.

The Afghans are adepts as thieves and pickpockets, which an instance will illustrate:—

I may now advert to a little circumstance illustrative of Afghan skill and dexterity. On my arrival at the village of Rouzah, I was met by several natives, who gave me the *salam aliekum*, and joined me. The path lay up two or three narrow streets, and my followers soon increased to about a hundred and fifty of all ages, but all very respectful. Still, so far from camp, and alone, the fort too having been taken by storm that very morning, I was not quite easy; and I began to think that my impatience to see the tomb of Mahmood had led me into some danger; when fortunately observing a party of our Sepoys on duty at a well, I called one of them off guard to attend me. Two of the Afghans, one on each side, stuck close to me all the way, and were vociferous in their complaints against Dost Mahomed, expatiating bitterly on the oppression they had suffered, and the extortion that had been practised throughout the country. The coming of the Shah, they hoped, would put an

end to all the tyranny that had been so long exercised among the people. They showed me the tomb and accompanied me back to the place where I had dismounted, still sticking close to me, one in particular. He had seen the silver pencil with which I had made several sketches, and where I put it away. *Salam aliekum* marked our parting; and when I got to my tent I found that my pencil was gone.

But nothing seems to have surpassed the dissimulation which the *amiable* Shah was in the habit of practising:—

It was now the Shah's turn to be on the alert, and he performed his part with admirable tact. On the 19th August, two days after the return of the party from Bamian, Hajee Kauker, his brother Khan Mahomed Khan, and two other chiefs distinguished for their disloyalty, waited on his Majesty, and were received in the most courteous manner. Friendly inquiries and compliments passed among them all, and the arch-deceiver feeling assured that his genius was still triumphant, and that his conduct in the pursuit had not been suspected, chuckled at his continued success. But that chuckle was of a very short duration. At the convenient moment they were all pronounced to be state prisoners by the Shah, and instantly conveyed under a guard of Sepoys to the place of confinement. Not a word was spoken, not a murmur escaped their lips till they entered the prison allotted to them, and then their only exclamation was "*La houl ! Toba !*" expressions of wonder and lamentation.

A few days afterwards five other noted characters, thinking themselves perfectly safe and all their misdeeds forgotten or forgiven, made their *salam* to the Shah. Among these were Hajee Dost Mahomed and Mulla Rusheed, a crafty bad man, and they were all secured in the same quiet way and with similar adroitness.

I went to see them all in prison shortly afterwards, and took sketches of the two Hajees, who both sat to me with great composure. They supposed however that there must be some object in such a proceding, and sagely conjectured that their pictures would be sent to London and themselves liberated.

When I had completed the drawing of Hajee Kauker, I asked him to write his name upon it, and he readily took the pencil from me for that purpose; but Hajee Dost Mahomed, an astute stern man, prevented him, saying—"Never sign your name; you know not to what use it may be applied."

The picture given by Mr. Atkinson of Afghan women is not more flattering than that of the most treacherous of the men:—

The roofs of the houses have commonly a parapet wall round them, to allow the women of the family to take an airing unveiled, and they are generally also applied to the nastiest of purposes. The parapet walls, formed of railwork thickly overlaid with mud, are five or six feet high, the Afghan spouses being most anxious that their females should not be overlooked. A gentleman, who had gone to the upper part of the Bala Hissa to obtain a full view of the surrounding country, was supposed to be looking at some women half a mile off below, and a ball from a matchlock whistled past him. I was told that I was in danger while making a sketch of the city from the same elevated place. But notwithstanding this prodigious feeling on the score of being seen, and though an

Afghan would think himself utterly disgraced by his wife's face being exposed in public, he does not hesitate for a moment in sanctioning her misdeeds, "keeping her purdah" all the time for a competent consideration. Thus "keeping the purdah" is everything to an Afghan. Behind the screen, protected by secresy, nothing is wrong; and this mode of conjugal proceedings seems to prevail more or less among all classes. The women of Cabul are notoriously given to intrigue; they are allowed to go anywhere they please in their boorka-poshes, which completely cover the whole person. They leave their homes on the pretence of visiting mother, sister, or female, friend, and remain as long as they like, but they must take especial care to "keep their purdah." The Persian proverb says—

"A Cabul wife in Boorka-cover
Was never known without a lover."

In some of the walls facing the streets there are little loopholes, with tiny shutters, through which an Afghan beauty is occasionally seen glancing furtively at the stranger passing by, and so often the old long-bearded husband may be observed sitting grimly in solemn stupidity at a wider aperture below.

A more agreeable view is given of the cultivation of the soil, in certain places. Take that in Cabul:—

The valley is thoroughly cultivated, and there appears to be more agricultural skill manifested here than in any other part of Afghanistan I have yet seen. The road is not more than fifteen feet wide, dyked in with stones and mud, and bordered with hedge-rows of a prickly bush. The fields, too, are more in squares, and terraced where the slope of the hills requires it. One field of Indian corn was filled with water half-way up the stalk, and the vegetable looked as if growing in a vat—a mud mound on all sides keeping in the water that had been turned into it from the neighbouring hills. It would appear that agriculture could hardly be pursued to a higher limit; every spring and stream is indefatigably brought into play to irrigate the crops. No opportunity is lost; even subterraneous passages are made, at great labour, for conveying water wherever it may be required.

Our last extract from the Superintending Surgeon's volume, contains a striking hint in favour of teetotalism:—

Only thirty-eight wound cases were received into our hospital (at Ghuznee); six of them belonged to her Majesty's Thirteenth Light Infantry, two to her Majesty's Second or Queen's, twenty-seven to the European Regiment, and three Sepoys of the Forty-eighth Regiment N. I. Three men of the European Regiment died in the hospital; one from a matchlock-ball passing through his chest and injuring the backbone, and the two others from matchlock-balls penetrating the abdomen, so as to occasion the protrusion of the bowels. Happily the gun-shot wounds, the most dangerous, were few. All the sword-cuts, which were very numerous, and many of them very deep, united in the most satisfactory manner, which we decidedly attributed to the men having been without rum for the previous six weeks, the Commissariat having none to give them. In consequence, there was no inflammatory action to produce fever and interrupt the adhesion of the parts—a strong argument in favour of teetotalism

We have alluded to Mr. Atkinson's representations of the character and conduct of Dost Mahomed, and noticed the inconsistency of his facts and opinions. Indeed, the most interesting portion of the volume is that which details the dangers and escapes of the Khan, from the period of his quitting Cabul, after the taking of Ghuznee, until his final surrender. We may also mention, that from certain passages in the narrative, there seems to have been grounds for believing that Sir William Macnaughten had practised treachery,—a charge which has been recently repeated in paragraphs of Indian news; and that his death, according to Afghan notions of retaliation in war, was justifiable. But whatever may be said on this head, our author's opinions of the barbarity and deceit of the people of Afghanistan have been borne out by events subsequent to the period when Mr. A. drew up his notes. In fact, his Oriental scholarship, as well as his many opportunities of studying the native character in various Eastern countries, must give weight to much that has been set down in the pages before us; while the style of writing is neat, perspicuous, and animated, so as to render the book a pleasing and informing contribution to the library. Mr. A. does not cram his volume either with professional topics, or with dry scientific details of any kind; although he writes like a proficient in these departments. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of his mind, is that of seeing common things in a novel light, and of imparting to his pictures very distinctly the shape which the subjects assumed in his eye. We may add that his pictorial *Sketches of Afghanistan*, which have lately been published separately, are amongst the most beautiful and characteristic illustrations that we have seen.

Mr. Masson's Narrative properly divides itself into two great branches; the first giving us his journies, and an account of what he observed and experienced in the course of his wanderings and adventures; the second, our political relations beyond the Indus, and the circumstances in which originated the Afghanistan war and other events which have been the themes of so much speculation and lament. We shall begin with a string of extracts belonging to the first branch of the division, introducing the events of the sketches by means of the slightest possible notice. Take the author at Bahawalpur, and at an early period of his journies.

At Bahawalpur I was the guest of one Khan Mahomed, a man high in authority, if not the Governor of the place; and in one or two conversations I held with him, he acquitted himself very fairly, his themes being politics, medicine, the philosopher's stone, and religion,—fashionable topics with great and learned men in the East. I was astonished at some of his questions about Russia, and other European powers, but less so at some curious notions he entertained as to the nature of the Company Sahib; having previously heard from Salim Singh, an officer of the Bikanir Rajah, that the Company Sahib

was a very good old lady, for whom he had a great respect. But the forte of Khan Mahomed was medicine; and the large quantity of glass bottles ranged around his apartment, and filled with variously-coloured liquids, evinced, if not his proficiency as a physician, some little dexterity as a compounder.

He was very anxious to know my business, and could hardly believe that I had none, or that I had not brought some message to the Khan, to whom he loyally expressed the devotion of a slave. I had frequently before been suspected to be an elchi, or ambassador; and it was vain I appealed to the negative evidences of my poverty, and my trudging alone and on foot. Europeans were considered incomprehensible beings; and the inconveniences I bore from necessity were imputed to choice, or to "ikhnat," or ingenuity.

Take this of an alchemist:

He gave me much of his time, and was a fair specimen of the Durani gentleman, combining a somewhat refined manner and good-natured sense with a good deal of simplicity and credulity. He was a desperate kimiaghar or alchemist; and I was amused to observe how courteously he would address every faquir or jogi he met with. The more unseemly the garb and appearance of the mendicant, the greater he thought the chance of his being in possession of the grand secret. He had particular veneration for Hindu jogis. I apprehend his attentions to me were in part owing to his idea that, being a Feringhi, I was also an adept in the occult sciences. It grieved me, aware that he was needy, to see him dissipating his scanty funds in silly and unmeaning experiments. On his arrival at Kalat, a messenger had been despatched to Kotru, in Katchi, to bring all the limes that could be procured: some bright idea had flashed across his mind that a decisive result could be obtained from lime juice. At other times, he was seeking for seven-years-old vinegar. The acrid milky juices of the plants in the neighbourhood were all submitted to trial. Mehrab Khan had sanctioned a trifling daily allowance to him, but could not afford to give sufficient salary to detain the Khan at Kalat. One morning, I met him on his return from an audience at the Miri. Remarking that he was excited, I asked him what was the matter? He replied by vociferating, in no very delicate terms, how he should be pleased to treat Mahrab Khan, and his wives and his sons and his daughters; and hoped that the Devil would take Kalat, and the men and the women of Kalat. In a day or two, he proceeded towards Haidarabad, in Sind, where he would meet an old friend in Samandar Khan, Popal Zai. Din Mahomed made two moderate demands of me—to provide him with a son, and to instruct him in the art of making gold.

Cabul appears to be remarkable for the hospitality of its citizens:

There are few places where a stranger so soon feels himself at home, and becomes familiar with all classes, as at Kabal. There can be none where all classes so much respect his claims to civility, and so much exert themselves to promote his satisfaction and amusement. He must not be unhappy. To avow himself so, would be, he is told, a reproach upon the hospitality of his hosts and entertainers. I had not been a month in Kabal before I had become acquainted with I know not how many people; had become a visitor at their houses, a member of their social parties. No holiday occurred that did not

bring me a summons to attend some family circle in some one of the many gardens of the city. The stranger-guest will not fail to be astonished at the attentions paid to him on such occasions. It seems as if the entertainment had been expressly designed for him, and that the company had no other object than to contribute to his gratification. The most rigid mind must admire such politeness, and the feelings which prompt its exhibition.

## Tolerance of the people of Cabul:

It is matter of agreeable surprise to any one acquainted with the Mahomedans of India, Persia, and Turkey, and with their religious prejudices and antipathies, to find that the people of Kabal are entirely free from them. In most countries, few Mahomedans will eat with a Christian; to salute him, even in error, is deemed unfortunate, and he is looked upon as unclean. Here none of these difficulties or feelings exist. The Christian is respectfully called a "kitabi," or "one of the book." The dissolute Vazir Fati Khan, when occasionally an Armenian Christian presented himself, desiring to become a convert to Islam, was wont to inquire what he had found deficient in his own religion that he wished to change it? and would remark, that those persons who possessed a book and would adopt a new faith were scoundrels, actuated by love of gain, or other interested motive. To the Hindu anxious to enter the pale of the Mahomedan Church he made no objection; on the contrary, he applauded him who, having no religion, embraced one. I at first imputed the indifference of the Kabal people to their own laxity, for I soon observed that there was very little religion among them. Those called Shias were very generally of the Sufi mazzab; which, whatever its mystical pretensions, I fear implies no religion at all. The same system largely prevails among the Suni professors: but when the same liberality was found to extend over the country and among all races, whether Afghans, Tajigs, or others who could not be chargeable with Sufi doctrines, I was sensible that there must be some other reason.

Living with the Armenians of the city, I witnessed every day the terms of equality on which they dwelt among their Mahomedan neighbours. The Armenian followed the Mahomedan corpse to its place of burial; the Mahomedan showed the same mark of respect to the deceased of the Armenian community. They mutually attended each other's weddings, and participated in the little matters which spring up in society. The Armenian presented gifts on Id Noh Roz, or the Mahomedan New-year's Day; he received them on his own Christmas Day. If it had happened that a Mahomedan had married an Armenian female who was lost to the Church of the Cross, I found that the Armenians had retaliated, and brought Mahomedan females into their families and inducted them into their faith. An Armenian, in conversation with the present head of the Wais family, said, that some person had called him a Kafr, or Infidel. The reply was, "He that calls you a kafr is a kafr himself." It is something for a Christian to reside with Mahomedans so tolerant and unprejudiced. Wine, prohibited to be made or sold in the city, is permitted to be made and used by Armenians, who are simply restricted to indulge in their own houses. They have not unadroitly induced the Mahomedans to believe that to drink wine is part of their religion, and to interfere on that head is impossible. There are a few families of Jews at Kabal; but, while perfectly

tolerated as to matters of faith, they by no means command the respect which is shown to Armenians. Like them, they are permitted to make vinous and spirituous liquors; and they depend chiefly for their livelihood upon the clandestine sale of them. Some years since, a Jew was heard to speak disrespectfully of Jesus Christ; he was arraigned, and convicted before the Mahomedan tribunals on a charge of blasphemy; the sentence was sang-sar, or to be stoned to death. The unhappy culprit was brought to the Armenians, that they, as particularly interested, might carry into effect the punishment of the law. They declined; when the Mahomedans led the poor wretch without the city, and his life became the forfeit of his indiscretion. It was singular that an attack upon the divinity of our Saviour should have been held cognizable in a Mahomedan ecclesiastical court, and that it should have been resented by those who in their theological disputes with Christians never fail to cavil on that very point.

## Coins procured from the plain of Begram:

Before the commencement of winter, when the plain, covered with snow, is of course closed to research, I had accumulated one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five copper coins, besides a few silver ones, many rings, signets, and other relics. The next year, 1834, the collection which fell into my hands amounted to one thousand nine hundred copper coins, besides other relics. In 1835 it increased to nearly two thousand five hundred copper coins; and in 1836 it augmented to thirteen thousand four hundred and seventy-four copper coins. In 1837, when I had the plain well under control, and was enabled constantly to locate my people upon it, I obtained sixty-thousand copper coins, a result at which I was well pleased, having at an early period of my researches conjectured that so many as thirty thousand coins might annually be procured. The whole of the coins and other antiquities from Begram, with several thousands of other coins brought to light in various parts of Afghanistan, have been forwarded to the Honourable the East India Company.

## This is Mr. Masson's character of Dost Mahomed:

Possessing a variety of talents, without principle, he had foiled his competitors, and elevated himself to power, the great object of his ambition. To attempt to delineate the character of a man who has none, would be ridiculous. He was good or bad as it suited his conceived interests. Still, the qualities he derived from nature, or acquired in intercourse with the world, did not constitute him a great man—the former were not such as rendered him capable of an act of generosity; the latter were not such as permitted him to repose confidence in any human being. Dost Mahomed Khan might have an accomplice, never could he have a friend; and his power, erected on the basis of fraud and overreaching, was always liable to be destroyed by the same weapons. Many of his vices and errors were, undoubtedly, those of his countrymen, and of circumstances. His fortune had placed him in an age in which honesty could scarcely thrive. Had he been born to legitimate power, he would have figured very respectably; his talents would have had a fair field for their developement and exercise, and he would have been spared the commission of many enormities, then unnecessary. It has been remarked that he never acted wantonly,

or perpetrated mischief for the mere sake of mischief, and that he was open to shame—but it was doubtful whether for having done evil or because he had gained nothing by it. It is fair to notice the conduct of Dost Mahomed Khan in his new capacity of supreme chief of Kabal, especially as it did him much credit in many respects. From his youth upwards he had been dissipated, and prone to all the vices of the country. Master of Kabal, he abjured wine and other unlawful pleasures. The chief of the community, it was due that his example should not be questioned. Of his application and aptitude for business there could be but one opinion. He had been uneducated; he now felt the evil, and, by an effort, which required considerable resolution at his age, overcame the neglect of his youth. He learned to read and write. In all matters where no political questions had force, he was fair and impartial, and free from haughtiness; and accessible to all classes. Vigilant in the administration ot the country, crimes became few. People ceased to commit them, conscious they should be called to account. There can be no doubt but that at this time Kabal was flourishing: stranger as I was, and observing the visible content and comfort that prevailed, I could not but have attributed it to the equal rule of Dost Mahomed Khan; but I had afterwards to learn that so much good might be owing to other causes than his justice or care for the welfare of his subjects.

And this of Dost Mahomed's son:

Mahomed Akbar Khan, son of Dost Mahomed Khan, hearing of my discoveries, sent for me, and wished to see them. He was enraptured with the two female heads, and lamented that the ideal beauties of the sculptor could not be realized in nature. From this time a kind of acquaintance subsisted between us, and the young sirdar would frequently send for me. I became a pretty constant visitor at his tea-table; and procured from him an order, addressed to the several maleks and chiefs of the Kohistan and Ghorband, to assist me in any researches I might undertake in those districts of which the sirdar was then hakam or governor. I was as much gratified as surprised to witness the good sense displayed by the young sirdar as to the nature of my researches and their object. He remarked to those about him, who suggested that I might be seeking treasure, that my only purpose was to advance science, which would lead to my credit on my return to my native country; and he observed, that while among Duranis the soldier was held in honour, among Europeans respect was paid to men of "illam," or science. At one of these majlisses or conversations, when the subject of topes was discussed, a person related that he had attended Moorcroft Sahib on his visit to Darunta, and that while inspecting the monuments there a coin was brought, to which the sahib applying his glass, observed, "Now I understand the meaning of the topes."

Mr. Masson's journeyings, the series of which extended from 1826 to 1838, were upon a wide scale with regard to territory as well as time. His experience of oriental subjects has, therefore, been large; and, besides, it embraced tribes and scenes, which, at the commencement, and during a considerable portion of his travels, were little thought of by the people of England; although latterly they have been occupying great attention. It does not very clearly appear

what objects our author had in view in starting at first in countries west of the Indus. It may be presumed however from many passages in his volumes, that an unquenchable love of beholding new scenes and of adventure had no small, although a sort of indefinite, share in his prolonged movements. And certainly if dangers and hair-breadth escapes held out strong inducements to his disposition, he has had no reason to complain of any lack in these respects. Latterly, to be sure, his exertions were in a great measure prompted by a desire to contribute to the interests of science, and especially have an antiquarian importance. Still, his first journey, in a particular degree, supplied him with matters for narrative that have seldom been surpassed for vicissitude, hardship, endurance, and energetic perseverance. For about four years, at the beginning of his explorations, he may be said to have been a mere pedestrian, without attendants, and with little more property or wealth for the most part, than the clothing necessary to his person; and even this was at times painfully deficient. Hunger, cold, fatigue, robberies, and other mishaps of a stranger, a European stranger, amongst barbarous races and in inhospitable climes, were of the list of his sufferings. On the other hand, he was strikingly indebted to the kindheartedness and honesty of people who had him completely in their power. He indeed appears to have been endowed with, or to have acquired in the course of sudden or random occurrences to which he was constantly exposed, a knack at making friends, and drawing out their generosities, even in lands where human life is of so small account.

But, besides the multitude of subjects, and the multifarious incidents which more properly fall with the traveller's experience and his scientific researches, an important division of our author's work has a political importance, embracing British relations beyond the Indus, and the circumstances which issued in the Afghan war,—Mr. Masson having resided in Cabul for several years, and down to the mission of Burnes, as political envoy, or "agent for communicating intelligence from those quarters" to the Indian Government.

A close examination of Mr. Masson's volumes will afford the fullest idea that has yet been conveyed of the general condition, politics, and policy,—if periodical anarchy and continual perfidy can be called policy or government of any sort,—which characterize the states and the tribes of Balochistan, Afghanistan, and the Punjab. At the same time facts and arguments are plentifully adduced, which may enable the statesman to test the conduct of those whose representations or councils led to the recent unfortunate war; although the reader must be on his guard by bearing in mind that our author writes like a disappointed and offended man; intimating that Lord Auckland was deceived by the reports of favourites, and misled by persons who were unworthy of his facile confidence. Burnes, Wade, and Macnaughten, are among those agents and residents who fall within

the scope of Mr. Masson's disparagement. Our only remark here is that Lord Auckland is now in England, and will doutless be called upon to explain, perhaps to justify, his Indian government, in the next session of Parliament; and that members of the late Ministry have already stood forward, not only to vindicate his policy, but to take much of its responsibility upon themselves. To abide, however, by Mr. Masson,—it is worthy of notice, (and no British subject, not even Burnes, appears to have had so good opportunities for forming a correct judgment,) that his view of Dost Mahomed, as regards character and course of life, is that of a cold-blooded and treacherous barbarian, possessed, however, of good natural parts, and apt for business. He is one of twenty-two sons who survived their father, but the number of whom he has several times shown no reluctance to lessen by violent means, and under the fairest promises of protection. His mother was of inferior birth, and destined the boy to a menial situation in a mosque erected to an Afghan saint. But his career, from the moment that his ambition and discontent were first exhibited, down to the day when he became an exile and a captive, may be closely traced in the volumes under consideration. Let us therefore cite a few passages having especial interest as regards other individuals who have figured at Cabul. This of the arrival of Vektavich at Cabul, whose name has become so notorious:—

"On the 19th of December, Lieutenant Vektavich reached Kabal, and rather suddenly, for we had scarcely heard of his arrival at Kandahar when he made his appearance. The Sirdars of that place were willing to have detained him, but he threw his papers on the ground, and menaced them with the Emperor of Russia's vengeance should they do so; when, finding they had a very different kind of a person than Kamber Ali to deal with, they permitted him to proceed. His arrival at Killa Kazi was announced to the Amir; and some one was sent to inquire his rank, that his reception might be regulated. He replied that he was no elchi, but a messenger, or bearer of letters. Count Nesselrode has since made him a commercial envoy: if so, it was entirely unknown to himself, or denied by him. Mirza Sami Khan inquired of the Amir, where he should be lodged; and receiving a very careless reply, again submitted that it was proper he should be informed. The Amir said, "Lodge him with Mahomed Hussen, at the nawab's, and there will be two lutias, or buffons, together." The Mirza had difficulty to get a better reply: but it was finally settled that the Mirza himself should look after him; as under his eye he could hold no improper communications.

Mr. Masson regards the idea of Vektavich being employed by the Russian Government as not only groundless but ridiculous. His arrival, however, appears to have frightened the British Envoy from his propriety. We thus read:—

"The arrival of Vektavich completely overpowered the British Envoy, and he abandoned himself to despair. He bound his head with wet towels and handkerchiefs, and took to the smelling-bottle. It was humiliating to witness

such an exhibition, and the ridicule to which it gave rise. The Amir called on the disconcerted Envoy, and Mirza Sami Khan brought over the letter said to be from the Emperor; for both of them had suspicions, in common with the Kandahar Sirdars, that it might not be genuine, and so they told Captain Burnes; who, however, at once assured them that it was genuine, and that there could be no doubt of it. After this imprudent admission, the Amir was at liberty to play off the Russian and the Imperial letter. The latter, however, was left with Captain Burnes to be copied. I unhesitatingly expressed my opinion, that the letter was a fabrication, as far as the Emperor was concerned, but that it was very probably got up in the Persian camp before Herat, because without some such document Vektavich would not have dared to show himself in Afghanistan. Captain Burnes pointed out to me the large exterior seal on the envelope, on which were the Russian arms. I sent for a loaf of Russian sugar from the bazar, at the bottom of which we found precisely the same kind of seal. Captain Burnes shrugged his shoulders, elevated his eyebrows, and rolled his tongue round his cheek: but he had done the evil, in not allowing the Amir and Mirza Sami Khan the benefit of their own doubts. Count Nesselrode, in acknowledging the mission of Vektavich, may be supposed to have adopted this letter, although he does not expressly do so: I still, however, believe it to have been a fabrication, while admitting the Russian Minister's dexterity in relinquishing projects he never entertained. It may be further remarked of this document, that it was not written by the Count at the Emperor's command, but purported to be from the Emperor himself: another proof, in my estimation, that it was not genuine; however, on that very account well calculated to deceive Dost Mahomed Khan.

The following paragraphs are not more complimentary to the lamented Envoy; but their sting is considerably blunted, by the obvious sore personal feeling of the writer:

The day after Captain Burnes's arrival, he placed before me the official documents relating to his mission. I observed, after reading the instructions so called, that there were really none at all. He replied, that Dr. Lord on joining him at Haidarabad had made the same remark.

Captain Burnes repeatedly saw the Amir; and his conversations were not of the most prudent kind, at least as I thought; for I considered it very unadvisable to excite expectations not likely to be realized, and to instruct a man, disposed to be sanguine enough, how essential his alliance was to the British Government. The Amir and Mirza Sami Khan were satisfied to listen to Captain Burnes; and did not explain their pretensions; alleging, that after his long journey, a few days repose was required; their objects being to ascertain the temper and habits of the Envoy, as well as to agree among themselves on the terms to be proposed to him.

The Amir had every reason to exult in the humility of his new guest, who never addressed him but with his hands closed in the attitude of supplication, or without prefacing his remarks with "Gharib Nawas," your humble petitioner; which acquired for him in Kabal the sobriquet of Gharib Nawas. My friends used jocularly to tell me I might as well leave; and the Amir himself was well pleased to find Captain Burnes more compliant and obsequious than I had been. The Nawab Jawar Khan, however, took the liberty of remonstrating

with the Envoy, and pointed out to him, that an agent of the British Government had no occasion to fear, and that he might possibly repent having assumed so submissive a tone.

Nothing could be more certain than that British reputation was highly considered in Kabal; and it was supposed that a British mission would be conducted with some degree of decorum. It excited universal surprise to witness the contrary, and that the revels of Kamber Ali, (an envoy or alleged envoy from Persia,) at Kandahar, were surpassed by the Amir's new guests at Kabal. The Amir, while receiving continual reports of what was going on, forbade any notice to be taken; rejoicing, perhaps, that the Envoy's intrigues were of any other than a political nature, and well satisfied that the mission should disappoint public expectation.

Mirza Sami Khan, observing how matters stood, honoured me with a visit at my house, the first he had ever made me; and, after a few long-winded observations, proposed that I should imitate the example of my illustrious superiors, and fill my house with black-eyed damsels. I observed, that my house was hardly large enough; and he said that I should have Shah Zada Ashraf's house, near the Amir's palace. I then asked where the damsels were to come from? and he replied, I might select any I pleased, and he would take care I should have them. I told him his charity exceeded all praise, but I thought it better to go on quietly in my old way; and he dropped the subject.

Our concluding extract bears upon the policy of opening the Indus:

The main and great aim of government, is declared to be to open the Indus. Was the Indus ever closed, or farther closed than by its dangerous entrances and shallow depth of water? Another object was to open the countries on and beyond the Indus to commerce. Were they also ever closed? No such thing: they carried on an active and increasing trade with India, and afforded markets for immense quantities of British manufactured goods. The governments of India and of England, as well as the public at large, were never amused and deceived by a greater fallacy than that of opening the Indus, as regarded commercial objects. The results of the policy concealed under this pretext have been the introduction of troops into the countries on and beyond the river, and of some half dozen steamers on the stream itself, employed for warlike objects, not for those of trade. There is, besides, great absurdity in commercial treaties with the states of Central Asia, simply because there is no occasion for them. From ancient and prescribed usage, moderate and fixed duties are levied; trade is perfectly free; no goods are prohibited; and the more extensive the commerce carried on the greater advantage to the state. Where, then, the benefit of commercial treaties?

Taking Mr. Masson's volumes apart altogether from the political lights they afford, and the animadversions with regard to the origin of the Afghan war, they deserve to be regarded as amongst the most complete and stirring records of Oriental life that have ever reached this country. There are many historical episodes in the work which are rich as well as the result of learned investigation, that will reward study. His pictures have life and vividness. They are no less truth-like than extraordinary. And they are remarkably abundant, being at the same time well diversified and distributed.

ART. V.—*Plighted Troth; or a Woman her own Rival. A Dramatic Tale, in Five Acts.* Saunders and Otley.

t has become the fashion for youngsters to assay the drama or ramatic poetry, although it is confessedly "the most powerful, as it the most comprehensive and difficult, of all the bright creations of he measured verse," as a recent adventurer in this high walk of the use has expressed himself. It necessarily follows that youth and xcellence in this department are incompatible; that inexperience, hort-lived poetic culture, and imperfect notions of art, even reaching o the mechanical and to stage situation, will mar the success of a uvenile aspirant, whatever may be the fire of his inspiration and the trength and beauty of his diction.

We are not prepared to assert that the author of *Plighted Troth* s a stripling in respect of years; although we think there are inter- al evidences in the piece that he is a young man; and still stronger proofs that he has not been in the habit of composing for theatrical epresentation. In fact, he tells us in the Preface to his Tale, that the work "had been commenced without any view to the stage, or ny object beyond that of evolving what appeared to be a story of some interest, in whatever mode might suggest itself as the most dequate. As the composition however proceeded, the essential element of dramatic action now came to be more scrupulously em- ployed than it previously had been; and the foregoing portions of the piece having been revised on this principle, it seemed at length to have assumed a shape which, with considerable curtailment and some alteration in the framemork, might not eventually prove unsus- ceptible of theatrical representation."

Now, although on being submitted, on its completion, to Mr. Macready's experience and criticism, the author's hopes were corro- borated, we cannot marvel at the fact of its being promptly con- demned, judging from the published form of the Tale. In the first place, it might have been presumed that, as the story had not at first shaped and fixed itself in the author's mind, as one fitted or intended for the stage, no after-thought or recasting process would infuse into it the life and action indispensable for theatrical representation. He had not placed himself from the outset, and, without once changing his position, kept himself in the seeing and the hearing of a whole theatre of people; but rather wrote as if he had only to be read and meditated upon. But secondly, both plot and developement appear to us to be so defective or faulty, as to forbid the piece being accepted as a play. A slight indication of how the main story runs, may afford some clue to its failings, in respect of plan and construction.

Sir Gabriel Grimwood, whose castle and domains are situated in a remote corner of Cumberland, is, as we shall afterwards find him

describing himself not less rapacious than unprincipled, scrupling
nothing, however wicked or bold, to compass his ends. He has
steward, Wormall, an apt pupil, a suitable associate, and a more
although not less desperate venturer, when occasion offers. Madda
lene, a beautiful creature in every sense, by some purloinment
abduction, is brought under the power and roof of the Cumberlan
knight, who at the same time has a ward, Raymond Willoughby,
whose patrimony, and by means of the aid of Wormall, he possesse
himself. Maddalene is kept in a menial situation, but allows he
fancy to aspire to Raymond, who, however, has a previous engage
ment on his hand and in his eye, regarding not the lovely orpha
with other than friendly feelings, until he is jilted by her on whos
he had first of all set his affections. This occurs just as he is abou
to be driven from Grimwood castle by its grasping and plottin
master; simultaneously too with Maddalene's avowed love, whic
Raymond speedily returns; plighting his troth to her, although thi
event and act form no distinct scene in the drama; and immediatel
betaking himself to foreign service as a soldier, from which he come
not back for ten years.

In the course of these ten years the drama is occupied with wha
occurs at home, during which time the revolution of 1688 has distracte
England, and changed or reversed the fortunes of multitudes. Madda
lene has escaped the machinations of Grimwood and Wormall, th
latter having been secretly competing also for himself to accomplish he
ruin, by robbing her of her fortune. Wealth, rank, and splendour now
are hers as well as the most attractive beauties of person and mind.
In short she is now the Countess St. Auriol. But this is not all the
vicissitude of fortune in the Tale; for Wormall opportunely for
himself rats and denounces the Jacobite Grimwood to the new go
vernment, having also become the proprietor of the Willoughby
estates, as the reward of his aid to plunder Maddalene: Sir Gabrie
being forced to drag a life of disgrace and poverty, which he does in
the precincts of London. He also cherishes a sort of maniac's re
venge against his over-reaching Steward, who is now knight for the
shire of Cumberland. We must likewise state that the report has
obtained currency and credence, that Raymond perished on a foreign
shore. But before intimating what is the issue of the story, we take
leave to quote three striking portions. The first of these gives us the
heroine in Grimwood castle, ere she has yet revealed her love; a love
which, whether she sing, play, or paint,—write or read, allows her to
think but of one being. She throws the lute aside, the accompaniment
of a sweet song that she has been warbling, and thus soliloquizes:

> Pah!———And yet sure it must not needs be *He*
> Of whom it speaketh, this same little Lay,
> I drew it from my fancy. Hence no blame
> Is mine if that perchance——But this doth come

Of idleness.—Unto our studies straight—
My palette and my pencil—
*(Goes to the easel and makes preparations to paint.)*
Aye—my thoughts
Are ne'er so vagrant but I can compel them
Into the fold of my more sober and
Sedate resolves. *(Mixing the colours on the palette.)*
No—'t'is not yet the tint
I look for. This is all too dim, and that
Too garish.—Soft, is't nearer now? Let's see.
*(Begins to paint the portrait that resembles* WILLOUGHBY.)
Aye, and mayhap there may be those who e'en
Might here too find a semblance. Yet here too
I borrowed nought but of my fancy.
*(Absorbed in painting.)* No,
Let me assay it as I may, I ne'er
Shall catch the sunny sadness of his smile!
Dear Raymond——*(suddenly recoiling.)*
Ah!—Beware!—
*(Throwing aside the palette and coming forward.)*
It cannot be
That thou durst!—*(musing.)* Yet most sure it is no wrong
To love what's to be loved!—Who'll chide if I
Carry my ring-doves in my bosom, or
Caress the Faithfulness that at my side,
Doth after it's rude fashion kiss my hand,
Dumb fondling on its mistress!—True, but here—
*(abruptly.)*
Now as my name is Maddalene will I vanquish
This vanity! To study in right earnest.
My books. Aye, nought like books for fetching back
The truant mind unto its anchorage.

The book she fixes upon is a swarthy tome "containing a discourse upon that noble and most marvellous art, astrology; whereby nativities are cast and fates foretold;" and sure enough the task leads to much discourse, which must be looked for in "Plighted Troth," a Dramatic Tale.

The second passage alluded to is found in the Second Act, where Folio, Wormall's Secretary, describes the condition of the desperate, the revengeful, and the remorseful Grimwood in his fallen state.

*Folio.* I saw a desolate chamber—naked walls—
Unto one side some sordid rushes huddled,
As for a lazar's wretched pallet—here
And there—a chest—a bench—and ruder board
Whereon, in motley neighbourhood, lay mingled
Fragments of broken victuals—rosaries—
Wine cups and tankards—waxen images

Of saints and martyrs—whilst in the midst there hung
A blear and dismal lamp, whose throbbing flame
But served, as 'twere, to let the gloom betimes
Discern itself and shudder!
*Wormall.* I could swear
The whole were now before me, thou so truthfully
Dost paint it and!— But—
*Folio.* Hearken yet.—Removed
Some few brief paces from the board there sate
A man whose garb and aspect meekly grave
Bespoke his sacred function. Spread before him
Lay the Inspired Volume, from the which
He ever and anon set forth in sweet
Albeit sombre cadence, bland monitions,
And ghostly councils—so it did appear—
For the soul's health of one, upon whose frail
And wasted form, as it at length loomed out
From the obscure, my straining eyes now fastened!
*Wormall (apart.)* 'Tis well. At last he totters to his fall,
And soon must free me from—
(*To* FOLIO.) The man himself.—
*Folio.* Grasping the goblet with convulsive hand,
There glared the phantom of what once was Grimwood,
Lighting his grey and ghastly visage up
With the lurid flame enkindled by the wine,
Whilst ever and anon as some chance strain
From those the man of God poured forth, fell on
His troubled sense, he blindly seized it as
The theme of his discourse, and with wild comment
Wove it into some broken rhapsody,
I know not what, save that therein he played
By turns, the moralist, the theologian,
The sage philosopher descanting on
Nature's mysterious laws, howbeit the whole
Jumbled together in such lawless jargon,
And so confounded by the changeful hue
Of his quick varying humours—for meanwhile
He ran the scale of passion up and down,
Now mirth, now rage, now tears, his fitful mood
Obeying rather, as it seemed, the freak
And wanton frenzy of the dishevelled storm
That with hysterical clamor raved without,
Than aught beside—his wild discourse, I say,
In this mad turmoil so perplexed as e'en
Had baffled all sagacity to find
A clue whereby to thread the 'wildered maze!
*Wormall (apart.)* Aye.—Good. His long distemper'd brain, at length
Hath rotted and is nought!—'Tis well. Your madmen
Can tell no tales that will make proselytes!—

*To* FOLIO) The case is clear, good Master Folio, and
xplains the while it palliates mayhap
lis guilty life. His mind is gone, and for
'hat matter, never was in his firm keeping.
*Folio.* And yet I know not—for again, whene'er
t so befel a chord was struck, the which
To the deep master passion vibrating,
Chimed with the tempest of dark hate that rages
Within his breast, the element in which
Alone he lives—straightway his jarring soul
Spontaneous fell into rough tune, and reason
With a rude hand, but true, controlled the stop,
Setting his fury to coherent strains!

The third is a very long extract, giving Sir Gabriel and the Priest with much greater particularity, the scene being still in the desolate chamber. The strugglings of the guilty soul, between conviction and hate, remorse and revenge, ghostly dread and hellish intent, are maddening. Our readers cannot fail also to remark upon the ruined villain's reminiscences of high estate and daring purpose, contrasted with his degradation. Neither will the tone and firmness of the Priest pass unheeded:—

*Priest* (*closing the volume, and addressing* GRIMWOOD.)
For man was made to mourn!
*Grimwood* (*abstractedly.*) Was made to mourn!
*Priest.* Howbeit, not as without hope to sorrow,
Seeing that this our brief discomfiture
May win for us far greater glory!
*Grimwood* (*still abstracted.*) Glory!
Dost mark the winding of that boastful horn
Exultant 'mid the echo's?—Yea. But now
It breathes less bravely, now it murmurs mournfully,
Now speaketh under its breath—now—dies away—
Blank silence flowing onward with its cold,
Impassive, and impalpable flood, the while,
To fill, for aye, the grave of the buried sound!
*Priest.* Such is, in sooth, the glory of this world;
But such, withal, is worldly wisdom's way
Of pondering thereon. I pray thee, turn
Thy thoughts into the track wherein a guide
More infinitely wise than mortal wisdom
Would lead thee—(*placing his hand on the volume*)
Following whom thou'lt duly learn,
In their true scope and fashion, to regard
Things vain and sublunary!
*Grimwood* (*abruptly.*) The very Thesis
I would propound, thou hast ta'en it out o' my mouth!
(*Putting his hand to his forehead, and assuming an aspect of meditation.*)

Vain sublunary things! And wherefore sublunary?
Because they're vain. And wherefore are they vain?
Because they're sublunary, for *mutatis*,
*Mutandis*, it is but a proposition
Identical. (*Fiercely.*) Doth any sophist look
To controvert or question it?
*Priest.* Nay, nay,
Cast off this idle humour, I adjure thee,
And wed all faculty that yet is thine,
To that one awful theme alone—this life
Passing away. Eternity at hand!
*Grimwood.* Eternity at hand!—'Tis so—I see it!
(*With sudden excitement.*)
Mark ye yon gap in the clouds—Look through. Haste, haste!
Ere that they block it up again! Behold
Time carried by himself unto his tomb,
Whilst in his stead, doth reign a mystick king
At once his progeny and his progenitor,
In sign whereof he grippeth his feet in his mouth,
And lo! a ring of Infinite span sublime
That hath nor ending or beginning! And now
Worlds founder and are wrecked, and stars go out,
And the lone universe thus stripped of all
Its substance, sinketh into inanity
Looking around with vacant glare—at nought!
(*Looks round vacantly and weeps.*)
*Priest* (*apart.*) Alas, his reason groweth day by day
More vagrant still! But hist he weepeth! Would
This faultering of the soul could ripen into
A holy sorrow, and the glimmering of
The fire-worm of the conscience, dim howe'er
It may be, light him on at length to truth!—
A word in season oft is hallowed—(*Turning to* GRIMWOOD.)
Nay—
All that doth lie beneath the sun is vanity,
And we must look beyond, upturning these
Our streaming eyes, from earth, and all earth's cares,
Childlike, and penitent, and pitiful,
Till that our meek and chastening tears invite
A hand parental from on high to staunch them!
(GRIMWOOD *draws near to the* PRIEST *and looks into his face with anxiety.*)
But heed ye well.—Not unto him is meted
Mercy, who mercy shall have meted not.—
Wherefore do thou, as thou wouldst be done by,
And pledge ye here, that thou henceforth doth rest
In peace and love with all mankind!
*Grimwood* (*starting up suddenly and looking behind him.*) Avaunt!
He's looking to fondle on me, that he may grip my throat

And draw his blade across it, ere that I
Can tell the tale!
*Priest (apart.)* Aye, here the mischief lies.—
But the more foul and purulent, the more
The need to probe it, in the compassing
Whereof, the edge of our reproof may haply
Startle his dull and dormant sense, into
A state of waking.
(*Assuming a deportment of authority and addressing* GRIMWOOD.)
Sinner—Hearken! Dream not
Of reconcilement with offended Heaven,
Till reconcilement ratified 'twixt thee
And all heaven's creatures, all, and specially
That One, who heretofore hath lain in the core
Of thy unholy hate!
*Grimwood (after a pause, and during which he regards the* PRIEST *enquiringly.)* Thou'rt, as I do reckon,
He that should come to shrive me?
*Priest.* I am he.
(*Apart.*) His mind returns.
*Grimwood.* Is't time we set about it?
*Priest.* Full time.
*Grimwood (gathering himself up.)* Then, Holy Father, thus do I
Unburthen me.—Thou may'st have heard of one
Gabriel Grimwood, a proud man and prosperous;
Yea—one, who did fill so large a space in the chart
Of this world's honor, that scant room remaining
Beyond, for Fame to rest her foot on, she
Was fain to light down here.
(*Spreading his hands on his breast.*)
Thou seest him now!
(*Extending his arms, and laughing hysterically.*)
This same proud, prosperous man, this man, of whom
Did Fame thus crave to be called vassal, leasing
Her dwelling on the tenure, that from hour
To hour she blew her everlasting trump
To his everlasting glory! Lo! Behold!
Thou seest him now! (*Extending his arms, &c.*)
And what was that which turned
Honor to shame, which smote the pillars of
This vast renown, thus piercing with its spires
Into eternity above, as though
'Twould feed upon its never dying fires,
And live for ever? What was that which pulled
This glory down, flung him who sat in its beams
Into the dust, the whoop, the scoff, and the scorn,
Of those who coming to worship tarried to curse,—
Which seizing on his feudatory Fame,
Bade ring her captive clarion ribald o'er

Her prostrate lord and o'er the sacrilege
That there did thus profane him, vaunting Pœans
Of treachery triumphant! What was that
Which wrought this foul impiety! Reverend father,
I'll e'en content me with thy ghostly parlance.
'Twas one of Heaven's creatures—one—as thou
Didst, and most pertinently too, subjoin—
Who hath lain, doth lie, shall lie, for ever, aye,
In the core of the core of this unholy hate!

*Priest.* Lost and infatuate! It were profanation
Of my august commission to discharge it
In the behalf of such as thee! From my feet
I shake the dust and straight—! (*As if departing.*)

*Grimwood (with intense emotion and catching the* PRIEST'S *robe.)*
Hold, father! Hear me.—
Thou knowest the oblations manifold
Of penance, that in faithful fealty, I
Offer unceasing up to holy church—
The sin abstained from, and the duty done,
The fast, the prayer, the vigil, and the vow,
The pious rites, and meet observances
With rigid scruple duteously discharged,—
Thou knowest all this. But if so be ye deem
The righteous wrath of Heaven against my guilt
May not herewith be satisfied—Command
What more ye will—the scourge—the shirt of hair,
The bed of poignards—aught or all can mortify
Both body and soul, command forthwith, I say,
And forthwith be obeyed—but leave me, leave me,
The hope and solace of my deep revenge!

*Priest.* Son of perdition, to thy fate I leave thee,
(*Going he returns.*)
Nay, rather yield thee up, bound hand and foot,
As outcast from that Holy Church thou durst
Thus desecrate—unto the powers of darkness!

(*Raises his hands over* GRIMWOOD, *as if to pronounce sentence of excommunication.*)

*Grimwood (recoiling.)*
Forbear!—Stand off! Wilt set my brain a-fire!—
(*Supplicatingly.*)
Are there no terms whereon I may compound?

*Priest.* Away inheritor of ruin, and
Be henceforth excommunicate!

*Grimwood (throwing himself on his knees.)* At thy feet
For mercy!—Free me from the curse, haste, free me,
And I am what ye will.

*Priest (apart.)* Alas his fears
Alone make up his faith, but in the bleak
And howling waste of the seared conscience, we
Must e'en content us with the troubled spring,

If nought more pure be found wherein the weak
And perishing soul may taste of penitence.
(*To* GRIMWOOD.)
Ere I withdraw the bann incumbent now
On thy devoted head, as earnest sure
Our covenant be faithful, I do here
Demand that, from this hour, forthwith, for ever,
Thou dost abjure, renounce, and utterly
Cast from thee, this most fell device of thine,
And not more fell than 'tis fantastic, of
Dispatching daily missions to explore
The world of rumour, thereby idly hoping
To learn that One, ere this, long numbered with
The dead, still lives to be a weapon in
Thine hand, against the peace of him, thine enemy.
This mad and impious practice I require
E'en from this hour to be abandoned!—Aye,
But wince, but waver, and upon thy brow
The anatheme's for ever branded!
*Grimwood* (*dismayed.*) 'Tis done
As thou ordainest, holy father.
*Priest.* But I
Must have sure pledge and earnest of it.
*Grimwood.* Take
E'en what ye will.
(MAURICE *rushes in abruptly, and excited.*)
*Priest.* How now?
*Maurice* (*panting.*) At last! At last!
(*After a slight pause* GRIMWOOD *springs from his knees towards* MAURICE.)
*Grimwood.* Speak, knave!
*Maurice* (*panting.*) He lives!
*Grimwood* (*laughing hysterically and pointing at* MAURICE.)
What saith he—that man—that man!
Where am I? Hold! Is not this Gabriel Grimwood,
(*Grappling himself.*)
And this his hireling! Let me handle thee.
(*Grasping* MAURICE.) Speak
Those words again.
*Maurice.* He hath come to life!
*Grimwood* (*vociferating.*) Aha!
See that ye put no trick upon me, knave,
Or if thou dost—keep up the mummery,
Till that I've time to hang myself, and die
In the belief of it.
*Maurice.* The day is not
Older an hour, since that these self-same eyes
Have seen young Raymond Willoughby!
*Grimwood.* To thy knees
And swear it, though it prove rank perjury!
*Maurice* (*kneeling.*) Now

As heaven witnesseth, I speak the truth.
*Grimwood.* Up up—'tis I should kneel to thee—
(*Drops on his knees to* MAURICE, *who has risen.*)
What wouldst thou? (*Rapidly.*)
Ask of me aught ye will—a throne—a realm—
Or if the sceptre-monger bankrupt be,
Let him, if not in purse, in person pay.
Haste. Name thy pleasure, fix the forfeit, speak.
Wouldst thou, thy slave should lay him prostrate down
Until thy spurning heel in regal sport
Had trod him into dust? (*Laughing hysterically.*)
Or peradventure,
A yet more dainty relish, might prescribe
To break him on the wheel? (*Laughing, &c.*)
'Tis said again
To be a delicate pastime, and right merry,
To tie one's victim to the stake, and watch
The serpent fire slow coiling to his brain? (*Laughing, &c.*)
Make thine election—only let the doomed (*Striking his breast.*)
Live but one day—
(*The* PRIEST *comes forward, and looks fixedly at* GRIMWOOD.)
*Grimwood* (*sardonically and rising.*)
TO EXECUTE HIS WILL!
*Priest.* Is this thy penitence and peace with heaven?
*Grimwood.* Out,—mouthing Monk, and to thy cloister flee—
Dost thou not hear the thunder-steps above
Of the down-rushing tempest? Out—away!

While Grimwood by turns raves, recoils, and watches with deadly hate to pounce upon his undoer Wormall, Willoughby returns, still faithful to his *plighted troth*, and all intent upon discovering Maddalene. He is introduced to the Countess St. Auriol at at a ball, yet fails to recognize his beloved amid the enchantment of the scene, and in "the majesty of all affluence" which surrounds and crowns the peerless and princely beauty. But she is not so blind or dull; for, immediately after sentimentalizing, as the music waxes low and plaintive, in the following strain,—

> "Hark, those sweet shuddering sounds, do they not make
> Thee sad with very transport, flooding the soul
> With thoughts angelical, and lending it
> Pinions to wing its way to Heaven—and there
> To lingering gaze on those it loved on earth!"

the sudden sight and uttered name of him to whom her heart and hopes have so long clung prove overpowering. She shrieks and swoons, but to no one's greater bewilderment than that of Raymond Willoughby; and henceforth the woman is *her own rival;* for, although the returned soldier is charmed and dazzled, each succeeding

interview serving to complete the conquest, yet the earlier spell is over him, and Maddalene still, at every touching turn, is seen to possess the throne of his love,—to the deeper enchaining of the Countess, but at the same time to the more certain bar, which is as much interposed by her womanly pride, dignity, and honour, as by his intense fidelity. And here it is that the difficulty and the interest of the tale of "Plighted Troth" reside and are made to turn. In its first and early passages, it is not easy to approve of the conduct of either hero or heroine. The courtship on his part must have been most sudden, abrupt, and rather the result of pettishness at being jilted, than of any deep-founded admiration or knowledge of Maddalene. On her side again, especially considering her birth, and her rare accomplishments, she acted unbecomingly in revealing her love and readiness to throw herself into his arms. There was a want of strong and lofty principle on both sides, and for the maintenance of that warmth and truth which the dramatist represents to have been the food of both hearts for ten long years. Nor is the manner in which the story is put together, and the various incidents interwoven, from the *plighting* period to the stage at which we have arrived, skilfully dramatic. There is a deal of description of, and reference to, what is not seen, or felt to have been acted. The dialogue again, even for the comfort of the mere reader, would require compression, and frequently neater and more energetic expression.

Still, with all its faults, violations, and sundry extravagances, we regard the piece as one not merely of much promise, but (and as our already copious extracts show.) as a dramatic tale abounding with passages of high power, while others have exceeding beauty. Perhaps the most remarkable and delightful feature in the work will be discovered where the author undertakes to pourtray contending emotions and passions in one and the same breast, and shows how the stronger principle, in spite of all disguise and effort to conceal and to self-deceive, will prevail. Let our long extract bear witness, where the scene is chiefly between Grimwood and the Priest, and until the demon of revenge o'ertops everything else, at the moment Maurice brings long-looked-for tidings. A more trying series of scenes for portraiture of self-contendings, and where the principles and feelings are entirely noble, occurs when, as already noticed, we find *woman her own rival*, and when Raymond's *troth* is repeatedly put to the test, together with his sensibility to the enchanting attractions of the Countess. We can, however, do no more than direct attention to this fine and earnestly written portion of the work. Neither shall we by farther forestalment, satisfy the curiosity of our readers by tracing the thread of the love story to its denouement. But before closing, we return to Grimwood and Wormall, and quote a tragical scene, sustained with tragical power. The miscreants cannot but meet; and while the desperation of the one drives him to the dread-

ful interview, the guilty knowledge and reckless determination of the other are the greedy expectants:—

*Wormall* (*after a pause, and falteringly*) A guest unbidden—and mayhap unwelcome?
*Grimwood* (*abruptly.*) Welcomed and unbidden both! For lo, already!
The pomp awaits ye, and the feast's prepared!—
(*obsequiously.*)
I pray your Worship—eat. (*Pointing to the victuals.*)
*Wormall* (*apart.*) Forebodes this mood
Or good or evil?—Let the matter be
But undivulged, and evil howsoe'er
The augury, we'll not despair e'en yet
Of turning it to good.—(*Bows to* GRIMWOOD.)
*Grimwood.* 'Tis for thy slave
To plead for pardon, that he hath not summoned
A gracious company to meet and greet
A guest so honourable. But sooth to say—
I have no friends—saving the parish Sexton,
And he's—a-digging my grave, so cannot come.—
True—there's my Chamberlain, and Steward of
The Household, Gentleman Usher, Groom of the Stole,
Clerk of the Pantry, Pursuivant and Lacquey,
My man in fine of all-work—for with true
Spanish grandiloquence and beggary,
We vest these several dignities and titles
In one poor varlet—True, there's he beside—
But varlets—as perchance your Worship knoweth
Full well—make sorry friends, save when they're held
At distance, only moving at your beck—
This same should therefore, with all reverence due,
Wait on your Worship, but that being wise
(*Raising his voice for* MAURICE *to hear him.*)
In his generation, he hath sped to keep
His eye upon a legacy that's like
To drop into his mouth, so be, he looks to it.—
Hence my sole self must play the servile host.—
Howbeit you'll take the ready will for the deed.—
I pray your Worship, eat.—
*Wormall* (*apart.*) Alone.—My blood creeps!—
Down demon, down, and tempt me not—!—and—he
Mayhap already hath revealed—
(*Bowing to* GRIMWOOD.) I thank ye,—
'Tis long since we have met.
*Grimwood* (*folding his arms and looking up.*) If I remember me—
When last it was mine honour to draw breath
Within the precincts of your Worship's presence,
'Twas at the battle of that Irish River
Which gave the Fleming—England—and my minion

The spoil and plunder of his whilom lord!—
I pry'thee, eat.
*Wormall* (*eagerly.*) But 'tis not yet mayhap
Too late for reparation, and—
(*Drawing near to* GRIMWOOD *and whispering*)
Thou hast not
Disclosed the—?
*Grimwood.* Nay, most sure, but keep it still
To make the most thereof.
*Wormall* (*with alacrity.*) It is but what
Is just and—
*Grimwood.* Umph—with such authority
As your Worship at my side, there's naught that I
Might not dare perpetrate!—But eat, I pry'thee,
Of this same dish of meat.—It was an alms
From a compassionate clown that waits upon
The shambles. He, poor knave, was fain to filch it
In pity of my need, from certain offal
That he, for aught I know, was carrying unto
Your Worship's hounds!—Aye—I did feed the better
Some half-a-score of years, or more, gone by,
At Grimwood's Forest!
*Wormall.* These most bitter tauntings
Are of a truth no more than my desert,
But if contrition—
*Grimwood.* Can the culprit save,
He'll sit with patience for an hour or so
In sackcloth and in ashes.—Thus it runneth—
Your Worship's penitential exercise,—
Or I forget me?
*Wormall.* But if the Penitent prove
That he is penitent, by laying down
As a peace-offering a share—
*Grimwood.* Of that,
The whole whereof he had made away with!—Aye?
*Wormall.* Nay call it a moiety or more!—
*Grimwood.* Or a mummery—
Which?
*Wormall.* Now ten thousand furies!—If thou'lt give it
Such colour and complexion, thou, no more
Than I, hast claim upon—
*Grimwood.* The very point
That I would urge—but better pleaded—less
Digressively than garrulous old age
Might shape the case. We neither of us have
A claim upon the booty, but must both
Yield it forthwith unto its lawful owner.
*Wormall* (*apart and agitated.*) Now do wild thoughts beset me—
(*To* GRIMWOOD.) Say, will nought

Tempt ye to lay this frantic spirit? Speak,
What terms do you demand?
*Grimwood.* The price of a halter,
The which when I have purchased I will hand thee,
Since, as they say, when desperate, some felons
Would fain cheat Justice e'en herself!—But soft—
We are grown scrupulous and hence must not
Again to fraud prove accessary—nay
Must rather warn the aforesaid squinting Dame
She draw her bolts, for that a criminal
Doth plot to wrest from her the right of hanging him,
By doing it himself!—Come, come I prithee!—
(*Pushing the food towards* WORMALL *with violence.*)
*Wormall.* Beware, I charge ye, of what may betide
And I thus baited!—(*Agitated and fumbling with the knife.*)
*Grimwood.* Knew I not that thou
Wouldst of necessity grow ravenous
By toying with thy famine? Quick, man, quick,
And fall to work at once!
*Wormall* (*stabbing him.*) Then so be it.!—

We do not exactly like the mode in which Wormall is *done* at last; but upon the whole, we regard the tale as one which, however unsuited to the stage, is deserving of reception at the fireside, for its purity of purpose and sentiment, as well as for the power and beauty of its poetry.

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## ART. VI.

1. *The City of the Mormons; or, Three Days at Nauvoo, in* 1842. By the Rev. H. CASWALL, M. A., Professor of Divinity in Kemper College, St. Louis, Missouri. Rivington.

2. *The Book of Mormon.* Translated by JOSEPH SMITH, Jun. First European from the Second American edition. Liverpool: Young.

WE first of all shall give the pith and marrow of Mr. Caswall's extraordinary narrative, and next some account of the Book of Mormon, and also of the Mormonites. It is high time that every one of our readers were made acquainted with the monstrous profanation, the unblushing and absurd pretensions, the puerile imposture, by which tens of thousands of our countrymen and of our American brethren are at this moment carried away, under the guise of a new and perfect system of religion. We hope and trust that the professor's little *eighteen-penny* book will find extensive circulation in every part of our land; and if so, we cannot doubt of its helping to stem the tide

f impiety, and the scheme of gross forgery, which are setting in pon Great Britain, as well as that Transatlantic country of *free* intitutions, which is so ready to be affected by sudden aberrations, nd so impetuous towards extremes.

Early in April of the present year, Mr. Caswall was called by buiness to St. Louis, a city of thirty thousand inhabitants, and distant rom Kemper College six miles. Curiosity having led him to the iver's side, he there witnessed a specimen of the mighty bustle of rade that characterises many parts of the Union, which but a few ears ago were deserts and all but unknown to civilized man. About orty steam boats were busily engaged in receiving or discharging heir various cargoes. One of these vessels was from New Orleans, rowded with passengers from the South, having completed her oyage of twelve hundred miles.

On inquiry of the clerk of this boat as to how many passengers hey had brought, he answered, "plenty of live stock," three hundred f whom were English emigrants, "all on their way to join Joe Smith, the prophet of Nauvoo." They were from the neighbourhood of Preston, in Lancashire, as Mr. Caswall soon learnt from themselves; "decent looking people, and by no means of the lowest class." It was a vain thing attempting to dissuade them from following out their purpose, professing to be guided in reference to the Mormonite prophet by the words, "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

Mr. Caswall now determined to visit the stronghold of the new religion, and to obtain, if possible, an interview with the prophet himself; laying aside his clerical dress, lest he should be known to be a "minister of the Gentiles." But what was equally provident, he had, in order to test the scholarship of Joe, provided himself with an ancient Greek manuscript of the Psalter written upon parchment, and "probably about six hundred years old."

Our author gives a graphic sketch of his voyage up the Mississippi, the "Father of waters." At length they reached the Mormon city, "two hundred and thirty miles from St. Louis, fifteen hundred miles from the mouth of the majestic river before me, and two thousand miles west of New York by the ordinary course of travel." The Mississippi, the river being at the time full, was "here about a mile and a half in width." The landing-place, for a steamer, being found difficult at the Nauvoo side, he was put on shore on the opposite one at Montrose.

> It was nine o clock on Sunday morning; the sun was shining brightly, as usual in this region, and a strong breeze had raised a moderate swell on the face of the stream. No ferryman was to be found, and for a few minutes it was a problem how I should cross to Nauvoo. The problem was soon solved by the appearance of a long and narrow canoe, hewed from the trunk of a tree, and lying close to the bank. In this doubtful-looking craft, thirteen Mormons

on their way to the meeting in Nauvoo, proceeded to take their seats. At my request they accommodated me with a place, and shortly afterwards pushed from the shore, and put their paddles in motion. They worked their way with some difficulty, until they reached two islands near the middle of the river. Between these there was no swell, and little wind; but the current ran against us through a narrow passage with the rapidity of a mill-race. Here I thought we should be effectually baffled, and more than once the canoe seemed to yield to the stream. At length the stout sinews of the Mormons prevailed, and we were again in open water. After labouring hard for more than half an hour, we safely landed at Nauvoo.

The situation of the place is rather striking. Above the curve of the Des Moines rapids the Mississippi makes another curve almost semicircular towards the east. The ground included within the semicircle is level, and upon this site the city has been laid out. The streets extend across the semicircle east and west, being limited at each extremity by the river. These streets are intersected at right angles by others, which, running northward to the river, are bounded on the south by a rising ground, on the summit of which the temple is in the course of erection. It was to this last-mentioned spot that with my companions I directed my steps. Having ascended the hill, I found myself close to a large unfinished stone building, the walls of which had advanced eight or ten feet above the ground. This was the temple. The view of the winding Mississippi from this elevation was truly grand, and the whole of the lower part of the town was distinctly seen. I was informed by my companions that the population of Nauvoo was about ten thousand; but subsequent inquiry led me to place the estimate three or four thousand lower.

The temple being unfinished, about two thousand persons had assembled in a grove, their appearance being respectable, and among them many grey-headed men, as well as many well-dressed females. "I perceived numerous groups of the peasantry of England." "There, too, were the bright and innocent looks of little children." The officiating elders not having yet arrived, the congregation listened for some time to a choir of men and women, directed by a person who appeared to be a singing-master. We may here quote a portion of one of the Mormonite hymns, and which forms part of a contrast between the first and second advent of the Messiah. The deluded people believe these hymns to be divinely inspired, and count them fully equal to the Psalms of David. Yet more absurd trash can hardly be met with in the shape of verse. Mr. Caswall has not given us any samples.

The first was persecuted
  And into Egypt fled,—
A pilgrim and a stranger
  Not where to lay his head.

The second at his temple
  Will suddenly appear,
And all his saints come with him
  To reign a thousand year.

The first a man of sorrows,
Rejected by his own;
And Israel left in blindness
To wander forth forlorn.

The second brings deliverance,
They crown him as their king,
They own him as their Saviour
And join his praise to sing.

At length two elders came forward, and ascended a platform. One of them, who had on a blue coat, gave out a hymn, "which was sung with little spirit." He then made a few observations on the nature of prayer, and afterwards gave a specimen of his own powers and petitions in that way. Joseph Smith found marked notice in his petitions, as taken down according to the remembrance of Mr. Caswall.

After about half an hour had been spent in the way described, another elder in green baize, having thrown aside his jacket, commenced a discourse, which is too remarkable, as reported by our author, to admit of abridgment.

He began by stating the importance of forming correct views of the character of God. People were generally content with certain preconceived views on this subject derived from tradition. These views were for the most part incorrect. The common opinion respecting God made him an unjust God, a partial God, a cruel God, a God worthy only of hatred; in fact, "the greatest devil in the universe." Thus also people in general had been "traditioned" to suppose that divine revelation was confined to the old-fashioned book called the Bible, a book principally written in Asia, by Jews, and suited to particular circumstances and particular classes. On the other hand they supposed that this vast continent of America had been destitute of all revelation for five thousand years, until Columbus discovered it, and "the good, pious, precise Puritans brought over with them, some two hundred years since, that precious old book called the Bible." Now God had promised to judge all men without respect of persons. If, therefore, the American aborigines had never received a revelation, and were yet to be judged together with the Jews and the Christians, God was most horribly unjust; and he, for his part, would never love such a God; he could only hate him. He said there was a verse somewhere in the Bible, he could not tell where, as he was "a bad hand at quoting," but he thought it was in the Revelation. "If it's not there," he said, "read the whole book through, and you'll find it, I guess, somewhere. I hav'nt a Bible with me, I left mine at home, as it ain't necessary." Now this verse, he proceeded to observe, stated that Christ had redeemed men by his blood out of *every* kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and had made them unto God kings and priests. But in America there were the ruins of vast cities, and wonderful edifices, which proved that great and civilized nations had existed on this continent. If the Bible was true, therefore, God must have had priests and kings among those nations, and numbers of them must have been redeemed by the blood of Christ. Revelations from God must consequently have been granted

to them. The Old and New Testaments were therefore only portions of the revelations of God, and not a complete revelation, nor where they designed to be so. "Am I to believe," said he, "that God would cast me or anybody else into hell, without giving me a revelation?" God now revealed Himself in America just as truly as he had ever done in Asia. The present congregation lived in the midst of wonders and signs equal to those mentioned in the Bible, and they had the blessing of revelation mainly through the medium of that chosen servant of God, Joseph Smith. The Gentiles often came to Nauvoo to look at the prophet Joseph—old Joe, as they profanely termed him—and to see what he was doing; but many who came to laugh remained to pray, and soon the kings and nobles of the earth would count it a privilege to come to Nauvoo and behold the great work of the Lord in these latter days. "The word of God is prospering," he said, "in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales; in Australia, and at the Cape of Good Hope, in the East and West Indies, in Palestine, in Africa, and throughout America, thousands and tens of thousands are getting converted by our preachers, are baptised for the remission of sins, and are selling off all they have that they may come to Nauvoo. The great and glorious work has begun, and I defy all earth and hell to stop it."

After the singing of another hymn, a tall, thin, New-England Yankee proceeded to speak of business. He said—

That his office required him to speak of business. They were all aware that God had by special revelation appointed a committee of four persons, and had required them to build a house unto his name, such a one as his servant Joseph should show them. That the said house should be called the "Nauvoo House," and should be for a house of boarding: that the kings and nobles of the earth, and all weary travellers, might lodge therein, while they should contemplate the word of the Lord, and the corner-stone which he had appointed for Zion. That in this house the Lord had said that there should be reserved a suite of rooms for his servant Joseph, and his seed after him from generation to generation. And that the Lord had also commanded that stock should be subscribed by the saints, and received by the committee for the purpose of building the house. The speaker proceeded as follows:—"Now, brethren, the Lord has commanded this work, and the work *must* be done. Yes; it *shall* be done—it *will* be done. The Gentiles, the men of the world, tell us that such stock must pay twenty-five per cent. per annum, and the Lord hath required us to take stock; surely, then, when duty and interest go together, you will not be backward to contribute. But only a small amount of stock has hitherto been taken, and the committee appointed by the Lord have had to go on borrowing, and borrowing, until they can borrow no longer. In the meantime, the mechanics employed on the house want their pay, and the committee are not able to pay them. We have a boat ready to be towed up the river to the pine country, to get pinewood for the edifice. We have a crew engaged, and all ready to start; but we cannot send out the expedition without money. The committee have made great personal sacrifices to fulfil the commandment of the Lord: I myself came here with seven thousand dollars, and now I have only two thousand, having expended five thousand upon the work of the Lord. But we cannot go on in this way any longer. I call on you, brethren, to obey

od's command, and take stock, even though you may not dress so finely as
u do now, or build such fine houses. Let not the poor man say, I am too
or; but let the poor man contribute out of his poverty, and the rich man
t of his wealth, and God will give you a blessing."

During this address, I noticed some of the English emigrants whom I had
en a few days previously on board the steam-boat at St. Louis. They were
tening with fixed attention, and, doubtless, considering how many of their
rd-earned sovereigns should be devoted to the pious work of building a fine
otel for the prophet and his posterity. The thought arose in my mind, that
ese earnest appeals for money where designed mainly for the ears of the three
ndred green saints who had just arrived.

Two other elders followed in similar strain; but after having by heir fluency, warmth, and energy, as they must have thought, wrapt p the fervour and zeal of the congregation to a proper pitch, they ook a step further; for they called on the believers in the book of Mormon, who felt disposed to take stock, to come forward and give n their names with the amount of their subscriptions. This appeal ave rise to some whispering, but none at the time stepped forward vith the *needful.* The elder who had delivered the first discourse ow again rose, and broke new ground, saying that a certain brother ad lost a keg of white lead, and that if any of them had taken it by nistake, he ought to restore it, much more if it had been stolen, otherwise he might be *cotched.* Another person rose and said he had ost a ten-dollar bill, which he had always kept very safely. A hymn eing sung, the service ended, having continued from half-past ten o'clock till two.

Mr. Caswall then accompanied a Mormon to see the unfinished temple, the walls of which are a hundred and twenty feet in length, by eighty in breadth; "and is designed to be the finest edifice west of Philadelphia." It already contains a great baptismal font, which stands upon the backs of twelve oxen, as large as life, and tolerably well sculptured. The laver and oxen are of wood, painted white; "but are to be hereafter gilded, or covered with plates of gold." Baptisms for the dead, as well as for the healing of diseases, are here to be celebrated; but baptisms for the remission of sins are to be performed in the Mississippi. The walls of the Nauvoo House, the hotel founded by "revelation," are advanced about as much as those of the temple, and when completed, will form a capacious building. The prophet's present dwelling is one of the best in the town.

On the same Sunday Mr. Caswall dined at a tavern in the town, where he found an old woman, apparently the mistress of the establishment, devoutly reading the book of Mormon. Here he also met with a "decent Scotchman," who declared that Mormonism was making rapid progress in Scotland. When our author addressed *Sawney anent* the indecorous service of the day, already described, particularly referring to the keg of white lead and the ten-dollar bill

affairs, as well as the derogatory manner in which the preacher h alluded to "the old-fashioned book called the Bible," the co Scotchman waxed warm and vehement, and tiraded against t Establishments of his native isle.

Mr. Caswall recrossed the river and took up his residence wi Mr. K., to whom he had brought letters of introduction from S Louis,—a gentleman of respectability, who with his lady and broth has resided many years at Montrose. Mr. K. gave a very bad a count of the Mormonites, who had him in great enmity, and state that previously to their arrival, his only neighbours were Re Indians, whom he considered superior in morality and common sen to the "latter-day saints." The honesty of these heathens, as de scribed by Mr. K., ought to put the followers of the *prophet* to th blush. We are also told as follows:—

The Indians have the greatest possible contempt for Joseph Smith, and denom nate him a Tashe-wal-lis-ke, which signifies a rascal. Nor have other fal prophets risen more highly in their estimation. A few years since, that notorio deceiver Matthias made his appearence one evening at the door of Keokuk' "waikeop" or cabin. He wore a long beard, which was parted on each sid of his chin; a long gun was on his shoulder, and a red sash around his waist Keokuk demanded who he was, to which question Matthias replied, that h was Jesus Christ the only true God, and that he was come to gather the In dians, who were of the seed of Israel. "Well," said Keokuk who is a ver dignified man, "perhaps you are Jesus Christ and perhaps you are *not*. I you are Jesus Christ you cannot be killed. If you are not Jesus Christ, you are a rascal and deserve to be shot. Look at these two fine rifle pistols; they were made in New York; they never miss their aim. Now see me sound them with the ram-rod. They have a tremendously heavy charge. Now I point them at you. Now I am a going to fire." At this Matthias suddenly bolted, being unwilling that his claims should be tested by so novel and so striking a mode of theological argument.

Of the impostor Matthews, or as he called himself, Matthias, an account will be found in the Monthly Review several years back. He proclaimed himself to be the Supreme Being, and found a considerable number of believers, some of them in superior circumstances of life, especially of the female portion of the Americans. He was at length tried as a criminal, one of his dupes having died under extremely suspicious circumstances, which together with his manifest stupidity and cowardice, opened the eyes even of his fanatic votaries. Truly the Indian Chief's method of testing the brutish rascal's pretensions was direct and honest; and not the less meritorious in regard of originality that long before his time one of the most successful of the false Christs was similarly driven to shifts by a Sultan. Keobuk, of course, never had heard of the Eastern impostor's detection.

On the Monday Mr. Caswall again passed over to Nauvoo, taking now with him his venerable Greek Psalter.

Arriving at the city, I passed along a straggling street of considerable ngth bordering on the strand. Perceiving a respectable-looking store (or op), I entered it, and began to converse with the storekeeper. I men-ned that I had been informed that Mr. Smith possessed some remarkable gyptian curiosities, which I wished to see. I added that, if Mr. Smith could induced to show me his treasures, I would show him in return a very won-rful book which had lately come into my possession. The storekeeper in-rmed me that Mr. Smith was absent, having gone to Carthage that morning, at that he would return about nine o'clock in the evening. He promised to btain for me admission to the curiosities, and begged to be permitted to see e wonderful book. I accordingly unfolded it from the many wrappers in hich I had enveloped it, and, in the presence of the storekeeper and many stonished spectators, whom the rumour of the arrival of a strange book had llected, I produced to view its covers of worm-eaten oak, its discoloured archments, and its mysterious characters. Surprise was depicted on the coun-nances of all present, and, after a long silence, one person wiser than his llows, declared that he knew it to be a revelation from the Lord, and that robably it was one of the lost books of the Bible providentially recovered. Looking at me with a patronizing air, he assured me that I had brought it to he right place to get it interpreted, for that none on earth but the Lord's prophet ould explain it or unfold its real antiquity and value. "Oh," I replied, "I am going to England next week, and doubtless, I shall find some learned man in one f the universities who can expound it." To this he answered with a sneer, that the Lord had chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty; that he had made foolish the wisdom of this world: and that I ought to thank Providence for having brought me to Nauvoo, where the hidden things of darkness could be revealed by divine power. All expressed the utmost anxiety that I should remain in the city until the prophet's return. The storekeeper offered immediately to send an express eighteen miles to Carthage, to hasten the return of Joseph. This I declined, and told him that my stay in Nauvoo must be very limited. They promised to pay all my expenses, if I would remain; and assured me that they would ferry me over the river as often as I desired it, free of charge; besides furnishing me with a carriage and horses to visit the beautiful prairies in the vicinity. At length I yielded to their importunities, and promised, that if they would bring me over from Montrose on the following morning, I would exhibit the book to the prophet. They were very desirous that I should remain at Nauvoo during the night; but as I had my fears that some of the saints might have a revelation, requiring them to take my book while I slept, I very respectfully declined their pressing invitation. * *

The storekeeper now proceeded to redeem his promise of obtaining for me access to the curiosities. He led me to a room behind his store, on the door of which was an inscription to the following effect: "Office of Joseph Smith, President of the Church of Latter Day Saints." Having introduced me, together with several Mormons, to this *sanctum sanctorum*, he locked the door behind him, and proceeded to what appeared to be a small chest of drawers. From this he drew forth a number of glazed slides, like picture frames, containing sheets of papyrus, with Egyptian inscriptions and hieroglyphics. These had been unrolled from four mummies, which the prophet had purchased at a cost of twenty-four hundred dollars. By some inexplicable mode, as the store-

keeper informed me, Mr. Smith had discovered that these sheets contained the writings of Abraham, written with his own hand while in Egypt. Pointing to the figure of a man lying on a table, he said, 'That is the picture of Abraham on the point of being sacrificed. That man standing by him with a drawn knife is an idolatrous priest of the Egyptians. Abraham prayed to God, who immediately unloosed his bands, and delivered him." Turning to another of the drawers, and pointing to a hieroglyphic representation, one of the Mormons said, "Mr. Smith informs us that this picture is an emblem of redemption. Do you see those four little figures? Well, those are the four quarters of the earth. And do you see that big dog looking at the four figures? That is the old Devil desiring to devour the four quarters of the earth. Look at this person keeping back the big dog. That is Jesus Christ keeping the devil from devouring the four quarters of the earth. Look down this way. This figure near the side is Jacob, and those are his two wives. Now do you see those steps?" "What, I replied, "do you mean those stripes across the dress of one of Jacob's wives?" "Yes," he said, "that is Jacob's ladder." "That is indeed curious," I remarked; "Jacob's ladder standing on the ground, and only reaching up to his wife's waist."

After this a respectable looking Mormon asked Mr. Caswall to walk over to his domicile. He was one of the persons appointed by revelation to build the "Nauvoo House." He had migrated from Upper Canada. A number of Mormons at length collected, eager to see and to handle our author's wonderful book. "They all looked upon it as something supernatural, and considered that I undervalued it greatly, by reason of my ignorance of its contents." "They were unanimous in the opinion that none but their prophet could explain it." The crowd having cleared away, Mr. Caswall's host desired his opinion of Nauvoo; and was answered in a complimentary manner as to the beauty of the situation, but that as to the other points, he considered it the offspring of a most unaccountable delusion:—

He said that he admired my candour, and was not surprised at my unbelief, seeing that I was a stranger to the people and to the evidences of their faith. He then proceeded to inform me respecting those evidences. He assured me in the first place, that America had been mentioned by the prophet Isaiah. I begged for the chapter and verse. He pointed to the sentence,—"Woe to the land shadowing with wings." Now to what land could this refer, but to North and South America, which stretched across the world with two great wings like those of an eagle? "Stop," I said, "does not the prophet describe the situation of the land? Observe that he says, 'it is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia?'" "Well," said my host, "that may be true; but is not America beyond Ethiopia?" "Have you a map?" I said. "Yes," he replied, "here is my little girl's school atlas." "Now tell me," I said, "where Isaiah wrote his book." "In Palestine," he replied; "Now tell me in what direction Palestine is from Ethiopia?" "South, by the map," was the reply. "In what direction from Ethiopia is America?" "West," he answered. "Now do you think that Isaiah, as a man of common sense, to say nothing of his prophetical character, would have described a country in the west, as lying beyond another which is due south?" He was silent for a moment, and then confessed that he had never

hought of studying the Bible by the map; "but probably this map was rrong."

By the tenour of this discourse, we presume the Mormonites would egin to suspect the soundness of their conjectures with regard to Mr. Caswall's objects; those of the saints at least on the other side of the river, having previously come to the conclusion, that he was a convert to Mormonism recently arrived from England.

Our author again repaired to the store-keeper, and was conducted to the residence of the prophet's mother, who welcomed him to the holy city:—

"I am old," she said, "and I shall soon stand before the judgment-seat of Christ; but what I say to you now I would say on my death-bed. My son Joseph has had revelations from God since he was a boy, and he is indeed a true prophet of Jehovah. The angel of the Lord appeared to him fifteen years since, and showed him the cave where the original golden plates of the book of Mormon were deposited. He showed him also the Urim and Thummim, by which he might understand the meaning of the inscriptions on the plates, and he showed him the golden breast-plate of the high priesthood. My son received these precious gifts, he interpreted the holy record, and now the believers in that revelation are more than a hundred thousand in number. I have myself seen and handled the golden plates; they are about eight inches long, and six wide; some of them are sealed together and are not to be opened, and some of them are loose. They are all connected by a ring which passes through a hole at the end of each plate, and are covered with letters beautifully engraved. I have seen and felt also the Urim and Thummim. They resemble two large bright diamonds set in a bow like a pair of spectacles. My son puts these over his eyes when he reads unknown languages, and they enable him to interpret them in English. I have likewise carried in my hands the sacred breast-plate. It is composed of pure gold, and is made to fit the breast very exactly."

While the old woman was thus delivering herself, I fixed my eye steadily upon her. She faltered, and seemed unwilling to meet my glance; but gradually recovered her self-possession. The melancholy thought entered my mind, that this poor old creature was not simply a dupe of her son's knavery; but that she had taken an active part in the deception. Several English and American women were in the room, and seemed to treat her with profound veneration.

I produced my wonderful book. The old woman scrutinized its pages, and in an oracular manner assured me that the Lord was now bringing to light the hidden things of darkness according to his word; that my manuscript was doubtless a revelation which had long been hidden, and which was now to be made known to the world, by means of her son the prophet Joseph. She then directed me up a steep flight of stairs into a chamber, and slowly crept up after me. She showed me a wretched cabinet, in which were four naked mummies frightfully disfigured, and in fact, most disgusting relics of mortality. One she said was a king of Egypt whom she named, two were his wives, and the remaining one was the daughter of another king. I asked her by what means she became acquainted with the names and histories of these mummies. She replied, that her son had obtained this knowledge through the mighty power of God. She accounted for the disfigured condition of the mummies, by a cir-

cumstance rather illustrative of the back-woods. Some difficulty having been found in unrolling the papyrus which enveloped them, an axe was applied, by which the unfortunate mummies were literally chopped open. I requested her to furnish me with a "Book of Mormon." She accordingly permitted me to take one of the first edition belonging to her daughter Lavinia, for which I paid the young lady a dollar.

Mr. Caswall proceeded from Smith's residence to the Mormon printing office, where the official papers and "revelations" are published in a semi-monthly magazine, called the "Times and Seasons," which he purchased, together with other Mormonite documents. But we must hasten forward to Tuesday, the day in which the prophet himself was to be encountered. "A Mormon doctor accompanied me. He had obtained, I was told, a regular diploma from a medical school as a physician; but since the Mormons generally prefer miraculous aid to medicine, it is probable that his practice is somewhat limited."

I met Joseph Smith at a short distance from his dwelling, and was regularly introduced to him. I had the honour of an interview with him who is a prophet, a seer, a merchant, a "revelator," a president, an elder, an editor, and the general of the "Nauvoo legion." He is a coarse, plebeian person in aspect, and his countenance exhibits a curious mixture of the knave and the clown. His hands are large and fat, and on one of his fingers he wears a massive gold ring, upon which I saw an inscription. His dress was of a coarse country manufacture, and his white hat was enveloped by a piece of black crape as a sign of mourning for his deceased brother, Don Carlos Smith, the late editor of the "Times and Seasons." His age is about thirty-five. I had not an opportunity of observing his eyes, as he appears deficient in that open, straightforward look which characterizes an honest man. He led the way to his house, accompanied by a host of elders, bishops, preachers, and common Mormons. On entering the house, chairs were provided for the prophet and myself, while the curious and gaping crowd remained standing. I handed the book to the prophet, and begged him to explain its contents. He asked me if I had any idea of its meaning. I replied, that I believed it to be a Greek Psalter; but that I should like to hear his opinion. "No," he said, "it ain't Greek at all; except, perhaps, a few words. What ain't Greek, is Egyptian; and what ain't Egyptian, is Greek. This book is very valuable. *It is a dictionary of Egyptian Hieroglyphics.*" Pointing to the capital letters at the commencement of each verse, he said: "Them figures is Egyptian hieroglyphics; and them which follows, is the interpretation of the hieroglyphics, written in the reformed Egyptian. Them characters is like the letters that was engraved on the golden plates." Upon this, the Mormons around began to congratulate me on the information I was receiving. "There," they said, "we told you so—we told you that our prophet would give you satisfaction. None but our prophet can explain these mysteries." The prophet now turned to me and said, "this book ain't of no use to you, you don't understand it." "Oh yes," I replied," "it is of some use; for if I were in want of money, I could sell it, and obtain, perhaps, enough to live on for a whole year." "But what will you take for

it?" said the prophet and his elders. "My price," I replied, "is higher than you would be willing to give." "What price is that?" they eagerly demanded. I replied, "I will not tell you what price I would take; but if you were to offer me this moment nine hundred dollars in gold for it, you should not have it." They then repeated their request that I should lend it to them until the prophet should have time to translate it, and promised me the most ample security; but I declined all their proposals. I placed the book in several envelopes, and as I deliberately tied knot after knot, the countenances of many among them gradually sunk into an expression of great despondency. Having exhibited the book to the prophet, I requested him in return to show me his papyrus; and to give me his own explanation, which I had hitherto received only at second hand. [He proceeded with me to his office, accompanied by the multitude.

Joe was kind enough to produce the glass frames which our author had seen on the previous day, but did not appear very forward to explain the figures. Mr. C. having pointed to a particular hieroglyphic, requested the prophet to expound its meaning: but no answer having been returned, the interrogator looked up, and behold, the seer had bolted. Soon after the noise of wheels was heard; for the impostor was driving away as fast as two fine horses could draw him.

What we now cite merits attention, for the views which the professor's questions and answers in the passage unfold:—

The Mormons now surrounded me, and requested to know whether I had received satisfaction from the prophet's explanation. I replied that the prophet had given me no satisfaction, and that he had committed himself most effectually. They wished to know my own religious opinions. I informed them that I had been educated in the Church of England, to which I was conscientiously attached. One of the Mormons said that the Church of England had a form of godliness, but denied the power thereof, and that it was the duty of all men to turn away from her. I asked him what he understood by the *power* of godliness. He replied, "the power of working miracles and of speaking in unknown tongues." He maintained that the Church of England denied that the gifts of the Holy Ghost are communicated at the present day to the people of God. I told him that he was mistaken, and referred him to the passages in the "Service for the Ordering of Priests," "Receive the Holy Ghost for the office and work of a Priest in the Church of God." And again,

> "Thou the anointing Spirit art,
> Who dost thy *sevenfold gifts* impart."

And again,

> "Thou in thy gifts are manifold,
> By *them* Christ's Church doth stand."

Another said that the ministers of the Church of England were dumb dogs, that its bishops were regardless of the advancement of the gospel, that their belly was their God, and that money was their idol. I inquired whether he was particularly well acquainted with the English bishops and clergy. He replied, that he had never been out of America; but that he had received these

accounts from travellers. I told him that I had been personally acquainted with many of the bishops and clergy of the English Church, and that his assertion was not agreeable to the truth. A renegade now came forward, who stated himself to have been a member of the Established Church of Ireland. He said that the Thirty-nine Articles were a bundle of inconsistencies from beginning to end. I begged him to specify some of the inconsistencies. He said that the first Article asserts that God is without body, parts, or passions; that the second Article teaches that Christ is God; and that the fourth Article states that Christ ascended into heaven with his body, flesh, and bones. Thus, he maintained, the fourth Article was inconsistent with the first. I replied, that the same charge of inconsistency might be applied to the Scriptures with equal fairness, and quoted the texts by which the doctrines of the first, second, and fourth Articles are distinctly proved. He flew off at once to another subject, and maintained that baptism in the Church of England is not valid, inasmuch as it is not administered by persons having authority. I asked him what constituted a sufficient authority. He replied, "a commission from Christ, proved by the possession of miraculous gifts." I said that the English clergy possessed a commission from Christ, which could be proved most conclusively, even in the absence of miraculous gifts at the present time. He wished to know how their commission could be proved without miracles. I told him that the bishops of the English Church, by whom the inferior clergy are ordained, are apostles just as truly as St. Barnabas and St. Timothy were. This statement took him altogether by surprise; he looked at me incredulously, and wished for proof. I presented him with a brief outline of the clear and simple argument for the Apostolic Succession, and showed him historically that bishops have been always consecrated by bishops from the age of inspiration to the present time; that the commission of our Saviour to the eleven, extending as it did through all time and all the world, *implied* an apostolical succession till the day of judgment; that Scripture testifies to a succession of Apostles as long as Scripture can testify to it; and that afterwards the continuance of the succession is proved by a vast number of Christian writers down to the present time. He considered for a moment, and then said, that such a succession must have come through Rome; that Rome was the mother of harlots, and that the Church of England was the eldest of her numerous family of daughters. "The Church of England," said he, "reminds me of a story I heard about an old cow—" As he was becoming abusive I thought it best to check him, and seriously requested him to inform me whether it was an English cow or an Irish bull of which he was speaking. At this the younger Mormons began to laugh, and Paddy seemed rather disconcerted and was silent.

An old American in a blue home-spun suit, and with a disagreeable expression in his face, now entered the lists against me. He told me that I was in great darkness and unbelief, and that I ought to repent, obey the gospel, and be baptized. I replied, that as for repentance, I repented every day; as for obedience, without boasting, I might claim to be equal to the "Latter-day Saints;" and as for baptism, I had been lawfully baptized by one having authority. He said that Church of England baptism possessed only the authority derived from Acts of Parliament, and that the English Church was merely a Parliament Church. I replied, that the English Church had a double sanction: first, that of Christ—who founded the Catholic Church, of which the English Church

is a portion; and secondly, that of Parliament, by which, long after its foundation, it was acknowledged as the National Religion. "As for you Mormons," I said, "it is now my turn to say something about your religion, since you have spoken freely of mine. It is easy for you to argue as you do about the descent of the Indians from Israel, the probability of the restoration of miraculous powers to the Church, and the errors and inconsistencies of existing sects; but in regard to the real question at issue, on which your religion depends, namely, the inspiration of your prophet, you have given me no satisfaction whatever." They requested me to state what evidence I should consider satisfactory. I replied, "When the Jewish dispensation was to be introduced, God enabled Moses to work great wonders with his rod. God smote a mighty nation with miraculous plagues. He divided the Red Sea and the River Jordan. He came down on Mount Sinai amid clouds and lightnings and the terrific sound of the trumpet of heaven. He caused Moses to strike the rock and the waters gushed forth. He rained down manna for the space of forty years in the wilderness. Again, when the Christian dispensation was to be established, Christ walked upon the waters; He controlled the winds and the waves; He fed assembled thousands with a few loaves and fishes; He healed the sick: He opened the eyes of the blind; He brought the dead to life; and finally, He raised Himself from the grave.

"You maintain that your prophet is sent to establish a third dispensation. I demand, therefore, what signs are given to prove his commission?"

The old man replied, that the healing of the sick, the casting out of devils, and the speaking of unknown tongues, were very frequent in the "Latter-day Church." I said that signs of that kind were of a very doubtful description, since the imagination possessed great power over the nervous system. I inquired whether Smith had ever walked across the Mississippi, or brought a dead man to life. He replied in the negative; but said, that among them the blind received their sight, and the ears of the deaf were opened. I then observed, "You perceive that I am rather deaf, and you say that I have no faith. Now can you open my ears so that I may hear your arguments more distinctly?" Immediately the old man stepped forward, and before I was aware of his object, thrust his fore-fingers into my ears, and lifting up his eyes, uttered for about a minute in a loud voice some unintelligible gibberish. "There," he said finally, "the Holy Ghost prompted me to do that, and now you have heard the unknown tongue." "But my hearing is not improved," I said. "That," he replied, "is because you have no faith. If ever you believe the Book of Mormon, you will immediately recover perfect hearing, through the gift of the Holy Ghost." I looked at him somewhat severely and said, "Take care, old man, what you say. When you employ the names of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, you should speak with awe and reverence; but you and other Mormons here, as far as I have observed, employ the most sacred terms with the most disgusting levity. How miserable, how barren were your services on last Sunday; how cold your worship, how utterly unedifying and farcical your preaching. The Holy Ghost was manifestly absent from your assembly, which resembled a Jewish Synagogue more than a Christian congregation. There was no Bible, there was no Lord's Prayer, there were no motives presented to humiliation, self-examination, or any branch of devotion; nothing but senseless speculation on the character of God, idle assertions of special revelations and

miraculous gifts, and disgraceful advertisements of stolen goods." Here they interrupted me and said, that their preachers did not need the Bible, being inspired by the Holy Ghost. "No," I said, "it is not inspiration, it is a Satanic delusion. Your prophet has committed himself to-day, and I will make the fact known to the world. Would you believe a man calling himself a prophet, who should say that black is white?" "No," they replied. "Would you believe him if he should say that English is French?" "Certainly not." "But you heard your prophet declare, that this book of mine is a Dictionary of Egyptian hieroglyphics, written in characters like those of the original Book of Mormon. I know it most positively to be the Psalms of David, written in ancient Greek. Now what shall I think of your prophet?" They appeared confounded for a while; but at length the Mormon doctor said, "Sometimes Mr. Smith speaks as a prophet, and sometimes as a mere man. If he gave a wrong opinion respecting the book, he spoke as a mere man." I said, "Whether he spoke as a prophet or as a mere man, he has committed himself, for he has said what is not true. If he spoke as a prophet, therefore he is a false prophet; if he spoke as a mere man, he cannot be trusted, for he spoke positively and like an oracle respecting that of which he knew nothing. You have talked to me very freely respecting the Church to which I belong; but I hardly like to tell you what I think respecting your religion, lest I should hurt your feelings." "Speak out," said some. "Go on," said others. "If Smith be not a true prophet," I said, "you must admit that he is a gross impostor." "We must," they replied. "Then I will freely tell you my opinion, so that you may not think that I intend to say at a distance what I would not say at Nauvoo itself. I think it likely that most of you are credulous and ignorant, but well-meaning persons, and that the time at least *has* been when you desired to do the will of God. A knot of designing persons, of whom Smith is the centre, have imposed upon your credulity and ignorance, and you have been most thoroughly hoaxed by their artful devices. Mahomet himself was a gentleman, a Christian, and a scholar, when compared with your prophet. And oh! how mournful to look round, as I can at present, and to reflect, how many have been drawn away from their homes, dragged across earth and sea, and brought to this unwholesome spot, where, with the loss of substance and of health, they are too often left to perish in wretched poverty and bitter disappointment." One of the Mormons who had listened attentively to what I said, now remarked with some solemnity of manner, "If we are deceived, then are we of all men the most miserable." "Indeed I believe you are most miserable," I replied, "and I pity you from the very bottom of my heart."

Our author had a number of conversations with members of the saints of the *latter-day temple.* Surely he must have staggered some of them, unless they are bereft of common sense. The most forward of them, however, appear to have been pertinacious in spite of all argument and constant discomfiture. One of them declared if Mr. Caswall would but go down to the Mississippi, and allow himself to be put under the water and baptized, that when he came up he would see all mysteries clearly, and would believe in their great signs and wonders. This ceremony the Professor declined, and walked to the ferry, where the boat which had brought him over in the morning was

safe, for it had been carefully padlocked; but some one had made off with the oars. This circumstance serves to introduce another extract which relates to the conduct and character of the Mormons. Our author believes the representation to be correct, partly because it agrees with what he himself witnessed, and partly on account of the respectability of persons longer acquainted with the new saints:—

The reader must have already inferred from my description, that the false prophet himself is a coarse and gross personage, by no means punctilious in regard to truth. The following facts related by actual witnesses will not therefore appear incredible.

Before the Mormons settled in the vicinity, no shop for the sale of spirituous liquors had been established in Montrose. After their arrival, two of their preachers commenced a grog-shop in that place, which was principally supported by the "Latter-day Saints." In September 1841, the prophet being in Montrose, became intoxicated at this shop. While in this condition he told the by-standers "that he could drink them all drunk," and requested the shop-keeper to treat all his friends at his expense.

On another occasion, having been discharged from arrest, through informality in the writ requiring his apprehension for high treason against the State of Missouri, Smith gave a party at Monmouth, and, after a regular frolic with his lawyers and friends, became thoroughly intoxicated. On being asked how it was that he, a prophet of the Lord, could get drunk, he replied, that it was necessary that he should do so, in order to prevent his followers from worshipping him as a God.

While intoxicated at Montrose at another time, he was heard by several persons saying to himself, "I am a P. R. O. F. I. T; I am a P. R. O. F. I. T" —spelling (or rather mis-spelling) the word deliberately, and repeating the letters in solemn succession.

About two years since, at a political convention held in Nauvoo, the prophet became intoxicated, and was led home by his brother Hyrum. On the following Sunday, he acknowledged the fact in public. He said that he had been tempted, and had drunk too much; but that he had yielded to the temptation for the following reason:—Several of the elders had got drunk, and had never made confession; but he was desirous of getting drunk and confessing it, in order to set the elders a good example.

The language of the prophet is gross in the extreme. A Mormon, for example, having made some remarks derogatory to "the elect lady," Mrs. Smith, the prophet was dreadfully exasperated. He endeavoured to find out the name of the offender; but, being unable to do so, he alluded to the subject in a sermon preached in the open air, at Montrose, on the 9th of May, 1841. He said, "I hope I may never find out that person; for if I do, my appetite shall never be satisfied till I have his blood; and if he ever crosses my threshold I will send him to hell."

I have already stated some circumstances which may appear to reflect on the common honesty of some of the Mormons. Mr. K. mentioned that he had lived five years among heathen Indians, and had never been robbed by them of the most trifling article. During three years which have elapsed since the settlement of the Mormons at Montrose and Nauvoo, *fourteen robberies*, to

the amount of two thousand dollars, have been committed upon his property. 1st, His store was robbed of goods worth five hundred dollars; 2nd, his warehouse was plundered of one barrel of pork, two barrels of sugar, and five kegs of lard; 3rd, his smoke-house was despoiled of thirty-three hams and eleven shoulders; the 4th robbery deprived him of a barrel and a half of salt; the 5th, of another barrel of salt; the 6th, of a saddle, bridle, and martingale, which were taken from his stable; 7thly, four wheels were taken from his waggon; 8thly, three saddles, and bridles and a martingale from his stable; 9thly, sixty bushels of wheat from his granary; 10thly, six boxes of glass, a hundred and fifty pounds of bacon, and two boxes of axes, from his warehouse; 11th, six more barrels of salt; 12th, between three and four hundred bushels of Indian corn; 13th, one wheel was stolen from his chariot within an enclosure; and, 14th, his store was robbed of forty-two pieces of dark prints, five or six pieces of satinette, and other articles, worth about four hundred dollars.

Joseph Smith, alluding to these robberies in a sermon, said, that he "did not care how much was taken from Mr. K. and his brother." He cited the example of Christ and his apostles, who, he said, when hungry, scrupled not to steal corn while walking in the fields. He added the following words,—"The world owes me a good living; if I cannot get it otherwise, I will steal it, and catch me at it if you can."

He has, however, thought fit to disavow these principles. In the "Times and Seasons" of Dec. 1, 1841, we have the following official document:

"State of Illinois, } SS.
Hancock County. }

"Before me John C Bennett, Mayor of the city of Nauvoo, personally came Joseph Smith, President of the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (commonly called Mormons), who, being duly sworn according to law, deposeth and saith, that he has never, directly or indirectly, encouraged the purloining of property, or taught the doctrine of stealing or any other evil practice; and that all such vile and unlawful acts will ever receive his unqualified and unreserved disapproval, and the most vigorous opposition of the Church over which he presides; and further this deponent saith not.

"Joseph Smith,

"President of the Church of Latter-day Saints."

After this follows an account of two unlucky Mormons, who seemed to be selected as scape-goats. Being officers of the Nauvoo legion, they are tried by court martial, found guilty of theft, and sentenced to be cashiered. Joseph Smith solemnly approves of this sentence, and the proceedings are published in the "Times and Seasons." About the same time, five Mormons are gazetted as being expelled from the church for larceny.

The following circumstance was mentioned as a specimen of the manner in which these singular heretics endeavoured to rid themselves of the imputation of thievishness universally cast upon them. In the winter of 1841, a Mormon was committed to the penitentiary on the charge of horse-stealing. Upon this, the "Saints" denied that he was a Mormon. Two Mormon preachers, however, offered themselves as bail for the prisoner, and having effected his liberation, speedily decamped. When the spring session of the court of Lee

county for 1842 had arrived, it appeared that the accused had followed their example, for neither he nor his securities were to be found.

The sufferings experienced by many of the English emigrants at Nauvoo were described as truly appalling. Nauvoo is one of the most unhealthy spots on the Mississippi, between New Orleans and the Falls of St. Anthony. This insalubrity is produced by the low islands adjoining the city, which are frequently overflowed. Sufficient evidence of the unhealthiness of the place is furnished in the following extract from a "revelation given to Joseph Smith, January 19th, 1841," and published in the "Times and Seasons" for June 1st, 1841:

"Verily thus saith the Lord unto you, my servant, Joseph Smith,—I am well pleased with your offerings and acknowledgments which you have made; for unto this end have I raised you up, that I might show forth my wisdom through the weak things of the earth. * * * * Let no man go from this place who has come here assaying to keep my commandments. If they live here, let them live unto me, and if they die, let them die unto me; for they shall rest from all their labour here, and shall continue their works. Therefore, let my servant William put his trust in me, and cease to fear concerning his family, because of the sickness of the land. If ye love me, keep my commandments, and the sickness of the land shall redound to your glory."

I was informed again and again in Montrose, that nearly half the English who emigrated to Nauvoo in 1841 died soon after their arrival. Far from the graves of their fathers, remote from the ministers of the true faith, they ended their days in want and wretchedness, and were buried without that respectful solemnity which in England is not denied even to the pauper from the workhouse.

In his sermon of the 9th of May, 1841, the following words of *most Christian consolation* were delivered by the prophet to the poor deluded English.

"Many of the English who have lately come here have expressed great disappointment on their arrival. Such persons have every reason to be satisfied in this beautiful and fertile country. If they choose to complain, they may; but I don't want to be troubled with their complaints. If they are not satisfied here, I have only to say this to them,—Don't stay whining about me, but go back to England and be d—d."

One of Joseph's missionaries, having returned from a mission to England, preached a sermon at Nauvoo on Sunday, July 4th, 1840. Having given an account of his proceedings during his absence, and alluded to the converts whom he had persuaded to settle near Nauvoo, he proceeded to speak as follows:—"I have not had an opportunity to visit these English brethren since my return. I cannot spend my time in visiting them. If they are as much dissatisfied as they are said to be, I have only this to say to them,—You had better go back to England; but if you do go, go like men and be d—d, and don't whine about it.

We have thus copiously drawn from the Professor's little book, anxious that the greatest publicity be given to the contents of a narrative coming from such a respectable quarter; and exposing so effectually a most nefarious system of delusion, involving man's everlasting interests. Our author, with the exception of some per-

tinent reflections, as well as seasonable suggestions, has confined himself almost exclusively to a straight-forward account of what he saw and heard, asked and answered, during his brief visit at Nauvoo. We, therefore, shall supply some particulars, gathered from other sources, that will help to inform our readers a little more fully relative to the rise and progress of Mormonism.

Joseph Smith, it appears by his own account, was born in the town of Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont (U. S.,) on the 23rd of December, 1805. According to the Mormonites themselves, that is, his own story, he began to reflect deeply, when but a youth, upon the multitude of sects which divided the Christian world; and that while one day he went into a grove, near to his father's house, earnestly imploring of God to direct him to the true church, "he at length saw a very bright and glorious light in the heavens above, which at first seemed to be at a considerable distance. He continued praying, while the light appeared gradually descending towards him; and as it drew nearer, it increased in brightness and magnitude, so that by the time it reached the tops of the trees, the whole wilderness for some distance around, was illuminated in a most glorious and brilliant manner." Two heavenly personages were in this flood of glory, who told him that his sins were forgiven, that not one of the religious sects in being "was acknowledged of God as his church and kingdom," and "that the fulness of the Gospel should at some future time be made known to him."

In September, 1823, Joe had a second angelic visit. Only one personage, however, on this occasion came to him; but he exceeded the former ones in glory. This visitant stood by the young man's bedside; he was tall, his stature being a little above the common size of men; "his garment was perfectly white, and had the appearance of being without seam." This celestial being communicated to Joe that the Red Indians were a "remnant of Israel," who at one time had prophets amongst them; and, what has turned out to be of more service to the impostor, he was told that some of the records of these ancient inspired men had, "by commandment of God to one of the last of the prophets," been hidden, in order to keep them safe from the wicked until the time came that it was proper to have them published to the world; that is, until Joe arose.

It took a third revelation to complete Smith's knowledge with regard to these records. But this came promptly after the second, informing him of the place where they were preserved, viz., "in a large hill on the east side of the mail-road, from Palmyra, Mayne county, to Canandaigua, Ontario county, state of New York, about four miles from Palmyra, and within one of the little village of Manchester." And sure enough, if Joe speaks truth, here he found a stone chest containing plates of gold "about seven by eight inches in width and length, being not quite so thick as common tin."

The writing upon these plates being in the characters of the modern Egyptian," it, of course, required Joe a considerable time o acquire the language, seeing that the celestial visitant did not intantaneously make him master of unknown tongues, an omission we ather marvel at, just as we do at the roundabout, and after all inistinct directions which the angel vouchsafed with regard to the dentical spot where the golden plates were concealed. However, in September, 1837, the young man of Sharon having made due progress with the heavenly aid in his lingual and deciphering studies, was leemed fit to have the record handed over to him, which the angel lid; and during the following year his translation was completed, nd called the book of Mormon. This book contains five hundred aud eighty-eight duodecimo pages, consisting of fifteen different books, purporting to be written at different times, and by different authors, whose names they respectively bear, as we are informed in the appendix to Mr. Caswall's narrative. The period of time covered by these forgeries is about a thousand years, commencing with the time of Zedekiah, and terminating with the year of our Lord 420. It professes to trace the history of the American aborigines, from Zedekiah, under one Lehi, down to their final disaster near the hill Camorah, in the state of New York, in which contest, according to the "prophet Moroni," about 230,000 were slain in a single battle, and he alone escaped to tell the tale.

The Book was not published until the year 1830; and about the same time the Mormonites took to themselves the name of "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints." It by no means is made up of a series of skilfully constructed pieces, nor even of individual forgeries cunningly concocted. The workmanship must appear spurious to any person who brings a small share of scholarship or of critical knowledge to test it. In short, it is a clumsy affair altogether, which can only in its present shape impose upon the ignorant, the illiterate, and the most credulous. The ideas are always puerile, the invention ridiculous, and the expression feeble, unless when scriptural language is closely followed; and then it has no weight or solemnity, if the thought or fact be a novelty; all its significance arising from one's associations with the venerable style of our authorized version. But to the critical eye there are still stronger internal proofs of spuriousness than regard skill in compilation or closeness of imitation. The idiom of the Book of Mormon has no alliance with, or similitude to, the structure of the ancient times and languages to which the work professes to belong; or at least is but a jumbling of modern forms, altogether incongruous with the ancient and eastern thoughts and modes that are borrowed from Scripture. But a still more fatal proof of the gross fabrication is to be found in the anachronisms which occur both as regards historical events, and the employment of terms. The illiterate translator

was not aware that he frequently puts into the mouths of his ancient prophets terms that were not and could not be in existence,—that could not be used in the ages supposed; and that he antedates discoveries and perverts history outrageously. Numerous illustrations of his ignorance in this way might be adduced, such as when he talks of the use of the compass long prior to the discovery; and even when speaking of it, employing language which is absurd. "And it came to pass after they had loosed me, behold, I took the compass, and it did work whither I desired it." A pretty sort of compass indeed that worked just as it was desired. In that case it was clearly no compass at all, even had the great law in nature been discovered in correspondence to which the instrument is constructed, and had a specimen actually been on board of the storm-tossed vessel.

We shall quote a specimen or two of the Mormonite forgeries of blasphemous "revelations." The first purports to be a prophecy of Nephi, and a prediction of the discovery of the golden plates:—

"But behold, it shall come to pass that the Lord God shall say unto him to whom he shall deliver the book, take these words which are not sealed, and deliver them to another, that he may shew them unto the learned, saying, read this, I pray thee. And the learned shall say, bring hither the book, and I will read them: and now, because of the glory of the world, and to get gain, will they say this, and not for the glory of God. And the man shall say, I cannot bring the book, for it is sealed. Then shall the learned say, I cannot read it. Wherefore it shall come to pass, that the Lord God will deliver again the book and the words thereof to him that is not learned; and the man that is not learned, shall say, I am not learned; then shall the Lord God say unto him, the learned shall not read them, for they have rejected them, and I am able to do mine own work; wherefore, thou shalt read the words which I shall give unto thee. Touch not the things which are sealed, for I will bring them forth in mine own due time: for I will shew unto the children of men, that I am able to do mine own work."

Our next sample would inculcate that the *old* Bible is incomplete:—

"Thou fool, that shall say, a Bible, we have got a Bible, and we need no more Bible. Have ye obtained a Bible, save it were by the Jews? Know ye not that there are more nations than one? Know ye not that I, the Lord your God, have created all men, and that I remember those who are upon the isles of the sea; and that I rule in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath; and I bring forth my word unto the children of men, yea, even upon all the nations of the earth? Wherefore murmur thee, because that ye shall receive more of my word? Know ye not that the testimony of two nations is a witness unto you that I am God, that I remember one nation like unto another? Wherefore, I speak the same words unto one nation

e unto another. And when the two nations shall run together, testimony of the two nations shall run together also. And I do s that I may prove unto many, that I am the same yesterday, to-, and for ever; and that I speak forth my words according to ne own pleasure. And because that I have spoken one word, ye ld not suppose that I cannot speak another; for my work is not ; finished; neither shall it be, until the end of man; neither from nt time henceforth and for ever."

It would seem that the Mormonites have framed a "Book of octrines and Covenants," and which more directly and plainly de-nstrates the base purposes for which the disgraceful imposture s been cogitated and put into operation. Money and its equivalents nstitute the idol of the prophet, and his colleagues and coadjutors. er coadjutors he has had, and still unquestionably keeps together in ne work of profanation. The Almighty is represented to have mmanded as follows:—

"Let all the monies which can be spared, it mattereth not unto us hether it be little or much, be sent up into the land of Zion, unto hose whom I have appointed to receive. . . Let all those who ave not families, who receive money, send it up to the bishop of Zion, or unto the bishop of Ohio, that it may be consecrated for the ringing forth of the revelations, and the printing thereof, and esta-lishing Zion." "He that sendeth up treasures unto the land of Zion shall receive an inheritance in this world. And his work shall ollow him. And also a reward in the world to come. . . It is meet that my servant, Joseph Smith, Jun., should have a house built n which to live and translate. And again it is meet that my servant, Sidney Rigdon, should live as seemeth him good, inasmuch as he keepeth my commandments."

It is said that the Book of Doctrines and Covenants is allowed to be seen only by the initiated.

The passages which we have now quoted, and most of the particulars appended to what we find in Mr. Caswall's little book, have been gathered from an interesting paper in the Athenæum (No. 701), where a much fuller account of the origin of the imposture and delusion will be found than we have space for, after our numerous extracts from the Professor's narrative. It will also be learnt from the journal referred to, that of certain Mormonite leaders who had been incarcerated on a criminal charge, but contrived to make their escape, Parley P. Pratt, the editor of the *Millenial Star*, at Manchester, was one; for the Mormonites in this country are formidable enough to support a monthly periodical.

It may be thought that such a gross, absurd, audacious, and incongruously constructed system as Mormonism cannot possibly have a more enduring character than one "of those fanatical sects which, like new stars, have blazed for a little while, and then sunk into

obscurity." Mr. Caswall, however, seems rather to regard the imposture, to be "like a second Mahometanism," that may extend itself throughout Western America, at least. True, at present, its dupes are chiefly illiterate and credulous, although at the same time they are otherwise respectable. But this is also the fact, that the progress is manifest not only forward but upward, far beyond what was, or what could reasonably be, contemplated at the commencement of the delusion. A clergyman in the diocese of Chester writes in these terms to Mr. Caswall, of the date February, 1842: "Mormonism is a heresy of a very dangerous and disgraceful tendency; and I am sorry to add, it has produced effects already in some parishes in England which, in this enlightened age, one could scarcely imagine possible. They first of all laid their blasphemous scheme at Preston, in Lancashire, after taking out a license at the quarter sessions. This occurred about the year 1836 or 37: and they soon numbered in that locality nearly 500 converts. In 1838, they extended their iniquitous operations to various villages on each side of the Ribble. At Ribchester, the famous Roman station of Ribcunium, they seduced many; and the same results followed in other places near Clitheroe. Since that time, itinerant preachers among the Methodists and Calvinists have joined the unholy compact; and even farmers, labourers, mechanics, and others,—in short, whoever among them could supply the *needful*,—have been persuaded to sell their property, and emigrate to Nauvoo."

We have already mentioned that Joe Smith has not, single-handed, been the originator of all this mischief. He could not possibly have concocted the Book of Mormon as it stands. Those who consult the Athenæum will learn how he and his assistants worked with, and upon, certain romances which existed in manuscript, and had been composed by an American clergyman. This romancist took for his themes the antiquities which have been discovered in various parts of America, and are undoubtedly relics of an extinct civilization; combining them with the theory that the Red Indians are the descendants of the lost tribes of Israel; and his fiction, it has been proved by witnesses, contained passages identical with not a few to be found in the Book of Mormon. We are not, however, aware that the clergyman alluded to has been charged with any design to impose on romance readers a new religion. But the fact of the existence and use made of his fictions are important points in the history of Smith's fabrications.

Professor Turner, of Illinois College, has unquestionably good grounds for addressing the *prophet* in these words:—"There is abundant evidence that at first your aims rose no higher than those of ordinary vagrants and jugglers. You have not even the poor merit of either talent or originality. Your highest aim has ever been to crawl among the droves of reptile impostors who have preceded you,

and though your ignorance and utter incapacity have not suffered you to turn aside from their loathsome track, your fortunate union with others of greater ability, who have entered into your secrets, and the lamentable credulity of the times, have enabled you to attain a more signal and desolating success than most of your predecessors."

Nor will any right-minded person dissent from this reproving sentence by the same learned person:—"I have charitably sought to find some ground for believing that you and your comrades were only a new species of religious maniacs. I have sought in vain. A man, however kindly disposed to think well of you, after a thorough examination of your career, might as well attempt to believe your religion, as to regard you in any other light than that of a deliberate, cold-blooded, persevering deceiver. I do not pretend that in the outset you even anticipated the final result."

The rise and progress of a new religion, at any time, but especially in Christendom and in these latter days, afford a subject, as our author well observes at the commencement of his narrative, of the highest interest, in a philosophical sense, illustrating not only how the mind acts but how it may be acted upon in particular conditions. It unfolds a new leaf of human nature, at least throws additional light upon those pages which have often before been imperfectly construed. The subject is also important in a historical sense, and worthy of the closest investigation, in order that the cause of truth may be the more firmly rooted, and its branches watered and protected. Mahometanism took its rise when Christianity was levelled sadly, and had lost its sterling substance with its simple yet impressive forms. And may it not be said that Mormonism, which now numbers more than a hundred thousand adherents, a large portion of whom are natives of enlightened England, is gathering its profanations among the schisms, the formalities, and the deadness that are amongst us? The constant declaration of Smith and his dupes is, that they sought in vain for a sure and true system amid the religious chaos and conflicts of Christendom, until God revealed himself to the *prophet* of the Latter Days.

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## Art. VII.

1. *Massaniello; an Historical Romance.* 3 vols. Colburn.
2. *Percival Keene.* By Capt. Marryat. 3 vols. Colburn.

The title "Massaniello" will at once direct the mind to a historical event that will stand prominently out among the *reigns of terror* that have afflicted nations, and been the scourges which have chastised

mankind. The Neapolitan insurrection was one of the most extraordinary outbursts of the sort that the annals of the world present, —a perfect volcano of public fury, which historians and poets have felt themselves inadequate to describe or picture. The event, however, offers an episode that is admirably fitted for connecting romance with recorded facts, so that the one may reciprocate with the other, to the production of an adequate interest, and a representation sufficiently glowing and animated. By such a combination of means the feelings and the moral principles of the reader may be elevated, while his imagination is enlivened; so as that the incidents of the outburst may be brought within one's gaze, and made to touch the emotions of our nature, correspondingly to the aspect of each distinct passage during the whirlwind of insurrection, and the character of the masses as well as each of the principal actors. No doubt it requires artistic skill, together with accurate knowledge and a busily creative mind to accomplish the two-fold office and make both parts perfectly congenial; at the same time so as not to violate the essential truth of the history selected. The requisites referred to, however, are exhibited in the romance before us, to very considerable advantage; in a manner indeed that sometimes comes up to our conceptions of what is proper and needful. The author is particularly happy in his descriptions. This feature in the work is no doubt attributable in a great degree to his accurate acquaintance with the history of the events he has tasked himself to portray, and a personal and precise knowledge of the scenery and localities introduced. But correctness in regard to details is not sufficient. There must be imagination that soars and that boldly roams for adjuncts, and yet that weds itself cordially with stern and unyielding realities. Now, the present author is manifestly well endowed in respect of the imaginative faculty, and can create at will, while his literary taste and craftship chasten the gorgeous, and swell the tone without being too noisy or harsh for the ear.

It appears to us, however, that his descriptive and imaginative powers have hardly found equal yoke-fellows in the judgment of the author, and the constructive quality of mind, requisite for execution as well as for the conception of a thoroughly consistent and compact historical romance. The Editor, Mr. Horace Smith, author of "Brambletye House" intimates that he has found it necessary extensively to curtail the descriptions of scenery, and we think that the excisive process might with advantage have been pursued more rigorously in the earlier chapters. But it would have been impossible by any method of compression or re-distribution, had he made the attempt, to cause the imagined characters uniformly to agree with the real and the recorded, much less with themselves in different parts of the story, when it may have happened that the author was essentially at fault; for while he gives you a distinct enough idea of

his men and women, whenever he sets about a portrait, he does not always enable the reader to perceive that it is the same person who figures, or can consistently figure as he does, in some future juncture. Nay, even his clear and precise descriptions do not always appear to be in harmony with the actions thrown amongst them, and therefore should have been subdued to a right *keeping*, if not expunged altogether. In fact, the essential defect of the author seems to be that his knowledge and inventiveness abide by externals, and to the oversight of the internal which colours and controls all. His characters, therefore, want individuality; and they want also a due adaptation to the period when they acted.

But after all, the romance rises considerably above the average of works of this class. It is written with an earnestness and honesty that soon gain over the reader. Its movements and incidents, when once fairly into the story and made somewhat familiar with the characters, are numerous, rapid, and stirring. There are many passages of power, others of pathos, others of sweetness. Some of the characters have strong claims on the reader's goodwill, and finer affections. The wife of Massaniello is an exquisite woman, a model of domestic love; and Massaniello himself commands our sympathies, in spite of the frantic extremes to which he rushes or rather is hurried on by viler spirits. And what requires to be mentioned after certain of our preceding observations, their characters are upon the whole faithfully as well as forcibly drawn, the exception in the case of the hero being, that there is some degree of difficulty in seeing how the Massaniello of the *denouement* can have been the Massaniello of the earlier scenes. Some want of development, perhaps of philosophical conception, if not of knowledge of actual life, seems to have interfered with completeness here to the marring of consistency.

There is abundant variety both of fancied and of historical characters; and Spanish as well as Italian. We need not specify them, only we may notice that Salvator Rosa figures on the canvass, and according to the strange diversity and multitude of his extraordinary attributes.

We now present a specimen that will show how the author combines history and fiction. The scene and incident are the burning of the Prince of Bisignano's palace, where the prince's daughter is rescued by her cousin. Eleonora is on an upper terrace when the assault of the mob begins.

"The door quivers!" exclaimed a voice distinct above the tumult: "one more such charge and the panels must be dashed to pieces."

That voice spoke truly: the solid portals cracked, and split, and groaned upon their hinges. It was only astonishing that they had been able to resist so long; for the mode of attack was a ponderous beam, the spoil of some ruined palace, which was borne by a score of athletic assailants, who retreated some yards backwards after each charge, returned with a quick pace, and

brought the extremity of this tremendous weapon against the framework. After the last threat, and the insulting defiance that answered it, the rioters had fallen back to renew their attack, when suddenly the sharp report of musketry rang loudly above the tumult; the beam was thrown forward by the impulse it had received, but of those that bore it more than half the number dropped instantly to the earth.

The groans of their last moments were drowned in the general scream of rage and execration which followed: the beam was not again taken up, but a voice was heard to cry out, "Forward with the torches!" Passage was made through the crowd, and the lights came leaping to their glad office. But not for this did the haughty spirit of the Prince of Bisignano waver: volley followed volley of deadly musketry; and Eleonora heard his voice calmly and sternly filling up the pauses that ensued between shout and musket-shot.

A strong smell of burning, a volume of smoke, and then the reflection of flames that burst from the lower story of the building, too truly revealed to this unfortunate girl the fate that menaced her. No further attempt was made upon the gates of the palace; but the multitude drew back from the immediate vicinity of the now burning pile, and waited and watched with augmenting triumph the progress of the fire. The uninflammable material of which that vast structure was built, made it long before the flames could make any impression on the upper stories. Vast jets of crimson light were from time to time spouted up above the terrace, and darted over its parapets in forked tongues, as if yearning for the destruction of the pale and trembling being who had sought refuge there.

Eleonora had more than once turned into the house, and rushed through its empty chambers; she screamed, but her voice was lost in the universal uproar. The heat and the smoke within the house became stifling and insupportable; and, not venturing to seek the lower apartments of the building, she rushed again out upon the terrace; which she had scarcely reached when a noise like thunder, and a shock that was felt through the whole palace, gave tidings of the fall of the ponderous portals, which had till then withstood all assaults. Unconscious of the extent to which the fire had spread, she expected that a general rush of the populace would have followed; but instead of this the interior of the palace seemed to become more tranquil.

"In fact, the void left by the fall of the portals had produced a change too sudden and fearful in the appearance of the building to encourage any one to approach it. The air rushed through the opening, and the flames were forcibly driven inward into the very heart of the palace; the wings which joined each end of the terrace were already in flames; and every chance of escape for those who might have lingered within seemed now cut off.

The fire hissed greedily beneath, around, and above her: bewildered and helpless, Eleonora remained fixed in hopeless inaction. More than once it seemed to her that she heard her father's voice calling her by name; but with her the time for exertion was past: she sunk upon her knees, and all intelligence was rapidly leaving her, when suddenly, bounding through the very flames, every step planted upon bending and half-burned beams, there sprang on to the terrace and to her side the figure of a man masked, and habited in the black garb worn by the confraternity of the Misericordia, a common disguise among the leaders of the populace. The tones in which he uttered her

ame brought back a quick perception of her situation, while it enabled her o recognise the person who had ventured thus desperately to her rescue. She prang up, and in an agony of mingled joy and terror threw her arms about his neck.

"Dear Giulio," she exclaimed, "you have thrown away your life; may God eward you, for your escape hence is hopeless."

"Fly, Eleonora, fly!" he exclaimed hurriedly: "the stairs rocked as I ascended them; if they fall, our death is inevitable."

Scarcely had he uttered the words, when with a crash that seemed to bring down half the building with it, down thundered the vast stone staircase. The palace trembled from its roof to its foundation; the terrace upon which they stood was split from end to end; the parapet crumbled away in ruins, and fell in a shower of fragments into the street. Then, for the first time, did this poor girl behold the grim array of the populace, frantic with excitement. Giulio Caraffa, forgetful of the doom which his own lips only a moment before had pronounced inevitable, staggered back for an instant, and then recovering his presence of mind, rushed with a sudden impulse to the edge of the terrace, and waved his hand toward the crowd. The din was hushed for an instant, and every creature below gazed up with awe and wonder. He rent off the coarse linen garb that had served as his disguise, and with the rapidity of thought tore it into shreds, knotted the ends, and then sprang to the side of his trembling cousin.

"Eleonora," he said, "let life be dear to you for my sake: take courage; you may yet escape."

He fastened the end of his fragile cord to her dress, and even in that moment threw his arms about her and kissed her cheek: he then swung her over the edge of the wall. Passing through smoke and flame in her descent, she was within eight feet of the ground when the cord that sustained her had reached its extreme length, and he who held it paused for a moment doubtful what to do; for if he dropped it, his own hope of a descent by similar means was gone. A fresh gust of flame decided him: he let go the cord; Eleonora fell unharmed to the pavement; and before she recovered her footing, a heavy body dropped to the earth beside her. The fire completed its joyous ministry: crash after crash followed; the terrace, from which Giulio Caraffa had the instant before flung himself as the last chance of escape, fell inward; and the palace of the Prince of Bisignano was a heap of ruins.

Captain Marryat had been lying on his oars for a considerable time in the realms of nautical fiction, but has re-appeared in his wonted, in fact, in his best trim; for the spirit of the author of "Peter Simple" has been upon him, and he may be said to have been guided throughout these volumes, by what was set down in his own most popular production. In short, as the name must prepare the reader to expect,—Percival *Keene* is in many points, both as to fortune and character, the exact opposite of the *Simple;* and consequently the author has had but to change the position of the two heroes, and throw them amidst precisely the same class of adventures, actors, and scenes, to fill up three volumes.

These adventures, &c., are in the Captain's best style; but then,

from the very circumstances we have noticed, even although he had never written another naval story but that of "Peter Simple," "Percival Keene" must labour under the disadvantage of giving us much that looks like mere repetition, and that which is somewhat stale. Not that the gallant author is short of resources. Never was there a novelist who could be said to have been more fertile in coining adventures, in dashing off characters, in multiplying incidents, or in producing readable and amusing matter. He stops at no obstacle which the want of plot, of probability, or of fitness to the construction of a whole, may interpose; but rattles away with as much knowledge of mankind and of life as heedlessness whether one scene dovetails with another; so that for aught that we can foresee, he might give us pairs of nautical stories year after year, without exhausting his shrewd sense, his fun, and his fluency; by adopting some autobiographical scapegrace and next his exact antagonist, and splicing them with any stuff that may come uppermost upon sea or shore.

But while "Percival Keene" is an amusing and befitting companion to "Peter Simple," in as far as much of the execution goes, and also of invention, it not only necessarily yields in respect of freshness, but there are graver faults. The hero in the present novel fails to interest, because he is neither amiable without, nor good within. He often makes us laugh, but never to feel for him, or to like him. He is full of jokes, but they are too practical: he is sufficiently adventurous, but he is offensively selfish: and, worst of all, the tone of the author, or at least the general effect of the hero's conduct, would inculcate a low and coarse morality.

We attempt no outline of the story. Indeed it would be vain, unless one half or so of our *number* were to be allotted to this purpose, seeing that it consists of a series of wild or striking adventures, every one of which might exchange places with almost any other in "Peter Simple," &c., without injury to the main plot or conception. Any distinct passage will illustrate the author's happy and natural style of narrative, as well as his fecundity at contriving adventures. Take part of Percival's fortunes with the negro pirate. He has been taken prisoner, but saves lis life by his prompt and seasonable courage. He is next promoted to the functions of valet to his captor, whose favour he contrives to win by sundry offices and stratagems. One is to dye himself black, that his colour may not be offensive to the sable captain. The following extract will indicate how our tricksy, mischievous, constantly entangled, but always in turn lucky hero, escaped from the pirate ship:

> The Negroes now came into the cabin, for the after-magazine was under the fore part of it. The hatch was taken up, the screens let down, and all was dark. I had nothing to do but to catch now and then the commands given by the Negro captain, and draw my inference as to what was taking place.

Although for the first half hour I gained little information, after that time id elapsed I knew what was going on. I heard a voice hailing us from iother vessel, and the reply of the Stella was a broadside. There could be no istake in that. The Stella was then put about, and the other broadside iven without a return from her opponent. At last it came; and as the shot hizzed over or tore up the planking of the gunwales, I certainly did feel very rangely. I had never been in action before; and the sensation was, I con-ss, that of alarm; but it was so mingled with curiosity as to what was going n, that it was impossible to say what my feelings were. I longed to be on eck, and certainly would have been, if I had thought that I was safe with the irate crew; that alone prevented me: I remained, therefore, in a most un-leasant state of ignorance and suspense.

The broadsides were now exchanged rapidly, and the wounded brought own between decks every minute, told me that the action was severe. The rders of the Negro Captain were occasionally heard: they were cool and etermined. Every minute some fresh manœuvre was executed, and the guns till worked as if there was nothing else to attend to. At last the daylight ame down the hatchway, and I left the cabin and walked forward between ecks: I found the deck strewed with wounded and dying men, calling for water. I was glad to be able to do something which I could consistently do, nd I brought water from the cask and gave it to them, one after another, as ast as I could: I think there were at least thirty men lying about the lower deck, some in pools of their own blood, and sinking fast, for there was no sur-geon on board of the Stella.

Some more wounded men were brought down; and a conversation took place between one of the mates of the schooner, who was hurt, and the men who brought down the wounded; and listening to them, I found that at day-light they had discovered that an English frigate was under all sail beating up to them, and about five miles to leeward; that in consequence, the Stella was now carrying on a running fight with the schooner, (who was to windward of her) and trying to escape. This accounted for the signals which I had perceived that the English schooner was making the evening before. My anxiety at this inteligence was naturally much increased. The Stella was trying to escape, and her sailing powers were so remarkable that I was afraid she would succeed.

The action was still continued between the two schooners; but now the shot no longer hit the Stella, nor were there any more wounded men brought down: it was evident that the two vessels were now firing at each other's masts and rigging, the one to prevent and the other to effect her escape by dismantling her antagonist. I felt as if I could have given my left hand to have gone on deck. I waited half an hour more, and then, curiosity conquering my fear, I crept gradually up the fore-ladder. The men were working the guns to windward, the lee-side of the deck was clear, and I stepped forward and got into the head, where I could see both to windward and to leeward. To leeward I perceived the frigate about four miles distant, with every stretch of canvass that she could set on a wind: I knew her directly to be the Calliope, my own ship, and my heart beat quick at the chance of being once more on board of her.

To windward, as the smoke occasionally cleared away, I saw the Arrow

schooner close-hauled on the same tack as the Stella, and distant about a mile, every ten seconds the smoke from her guns booming along the water's surface and the shot whizzing through our rigging: she had not suffered much from our fire; her sails were full of shot-holes, it is true, but her spars were not injured. I then turned my eyes upon the mast and rigging of the Stella: apparently, the damage done was about equal to that received by the Arrow; our sails were torn, but our spars were unscathed.

The water was smooth although the breeze was fresh, and both schooners were running at the rate of six or seven miles an hour; but the Stella had evidently the advantage of sailing, and forereached upon her opponent. I perceived that every thing depended upon a lucky hit; and having satisfied myself with what I had seen, I hastened down below.

For more than half-an-hour the firing continued, without advantage on either side; when a yell was given by the Negro crew, and I heard them cry on deck that the Arrow's foretop-mast was shot away. I heard the voice of Vincent cheering his men, and telling them to be steady in their aim. My heart sunk at the intelligence, and I sat down on a chest.

The firing now slackened, for the Stella had shot ahead of the English schooner; and the Negroes on deck were laughing and in high good humour. For a few minutes the firing ceased altogether, and I took it for granted that the Stella had left her pursuers far behind; when, of a sudden, a whole broadside of guns were poured into us, and there was a terrible crashing and confusion on the deck.

I ran up the ladder to see what had happened. It appeared that as the Stella was crossing the bows of the Arrow, the latter had, as a last chance, thrown up in the wind, and discharged her whole broadside into us; two shots had struck our mainmast, which had fallen by the board. I perceived at once that the Stella's chance was over—nothing could save her, she might resist the schooner, but could not escape the frigate.

I ran down below, and went into the cabin: I was afraid that the Negroes might perceive the joy in my countenance. I heard the angry voice of the Negro captain; I heard him stamping with rage; and I thanked God that I was not by his side. The wreck of the mast was soon cleared away: I heard him address his Negroes, point out to them that it was better to die like men at the guns than swing at the yard-arm like dogs. Some of them came down and took on deck a quarter-cask of spirits, which was plentifully supplied to all.

The English schooner had borne down upon us, and the action now commenced at pistol-shot. Never shall I forget what took place for nearly three-quarters of an hour. The Negroes, most of them intoxicated, fought with rage and fury indescribable; their shouts, their screams, their cursing and blasphemy, mingled with the loud report of the guns, the crashing of the spars and bulwarks, the occasional cry of the wounded, and the powerful voice of Vincent. It was terrific between decks: the smoke was so thick that those who came down for the powder could not see, but felt their way to the screen. Every two seconds, I heard the men come aft, toss off the can of liquor, and throw it on the deck, when they went to resume their labour at their guns.

At the end of the time I have mentioned, the shot flew from to leeward as well as from to windward. The frigate had got within range, and was pouring

n her broadside. Still the firing and the shouting on the deck of the Stella ontinued; but the voices were fewer, and as the firing of the frigate became nore severe they became fainter and fainter; and at last but an occasional gun was fired from our decks.

I became so uneasy that I could remain where I was no longer: I went forward on the lower deck again, and tumbling over the wounded and the dead, I crept up the fore-ladder. I looked over the combings of the hatchway; the decks were clear of smoke, for not a gun was being fired. Merciful Heaven, what a scene of slaughter! Many of the guns were dismantled, and the decks were strewed with the splinters and plankings of the gunwale, broken spars, and Negroes lying dead or drunk in all directions, some cut and torn to pieces, others whole but mixed up with the fragments of other bodies;—such a scene of blood I have never since witnessed. Out of the whole crew I do not think there were twenty men left unhurt; and these were leaning or lying down exhausted with fatigue or overcome with liquor on various parts of the deck.

The fighting was over; there was not one man at his gun; and of those who remained still alive, one or two fell while I was looking up, from the shot which continued every minute to pierce the bulwarks. Where was Vincent? I dared not go aft to see. I dared not venture to meet his eye. I dived down below again, and returned aft to the cabin. There was no more demand for powder; not a soul was to be seen abaft. Suddenly the after-hatchway grating was thrown off. I heard some one descend; I knew it was the hurried tread of the Negro captain. It was so dark, and the cabin so full of smoke, that, coming from the light, he did not perceive me, although I could distinguish him. He was evidently badly wounded, and tottered in his walk. He came into the cabin, put his hand to his girdle, and felt for his pistol; then he commenced pulling down the screen which was between him and the magazine. His intentions were evident; which were to blow up the vessel.

I felt that I had not a moment to lose. I dashed past him, ran up the ladder, sprung aft to the taffrail, and dashed over the stern into the sea. I was still beneath the surface, having not yet risen from my plunge, when I heard and felt the explosion; felt it indeed so powerfully, that it almost took away my senses; so great was the shock, even when I was under the water, that I was almost insensible. I have a faint recollection of being drawn down by the vortex of the sinking vessel, and scrambling my way to the surface of the water amidst fragments of timbers and whirling bodies. When I recovered myself, I found that I was clinging to a portion of the wreck, in a sort of patch as it were, upon the deep blue water, dark as ink, and strewed with splintered fragments.

The heartlessness of Mr. Keene's practical jokes may be illustrated by the sample which we now quote:—

The second day after our return to Spithead, I was sent on shore in the cutter to bring off a youngster who was to join the ship; he had never been to sea before; his name was Green, and he was as green as a gooseberry. I took a dislike to him the moment that I saw him, because he had a hooked nose and very small ferrety eyes. As we were pulling on board he asked me a great many questions of all kinds, particularly about the captain and officers, and to amuse myself and the boat's crew, who were on the full titter, I ex-

ercised my peculiar genius for invention. At last, after I had given a character of the first lieutenant which made him appear a sort of marine ogre, he asked how it was I got on with him? "O, very well," I replied; "but I'm a free-mason, and so is he; and he's never severe with a brother mason." "But how did he know you were a mason?" "I made the sign to him the very first time that he began to scold me, and he left off almost immediately; that is, when I made the second sign; he did not when I made the first. "I should like to know these signs. Wont you tell them to me?" "Tell them to you! oh no, that wont do," replied I. "I don't know you. Here we are on board,—in bow—rowed of all men. Now, Mr. Green, I'll show you the way up." Mr. Green was presented and ushered into the service much in the same way that I was; but he had not forgotten what I said to him, relative to the first lieutenant; and it so happened that, on the third day, he witnessed a jobation, delivered by the first lieutenant to one of the midshipmen, who, venturing to reply, was ordered to the mast-head for the remainder of the day, added to which, a few minutes afterwards, the first lieutenant ordered two men to be put both legs in irons. Mr. Green trembled as he saw the men led away by the master-at-arms, and he came to me—"I do wish, Keene, you would tell me those signs," said he; "can't you be persuaded to part with them? I'll give you anything that I have which you may like." "Well," said I, "I should like to have that long spy-glass of yours; for it's a very good one, and as signal midshipman, will be useful to me." "I'll give it you with all my heart," replied he, "if you will tell me the signs." "Well, then, come down below, give me the glass, and I will tell them to you."

Mr. Green and I went down into the birth, and I received the spy-glass as a present, in due form. I then led him to my chest in the steerage, and in a low confidential tone, told him as follows:—"You see, Green, you must be very particular about making those signs, for if you make a mistake, you will be worse off than if you never made them at all; for the first lieutenant will suppose that you are trying to persuade him that you are a mason, when you are not. Now, observe, you must not attempt to make the first sign until he has scolded you well; and then, at any pause, you must make it; thus, you see, you must put your thumb to the tip of your nose, and extend your right hand from it, with all your fingers separated as wide as you can. Now, do it as I did it. Stop—wait a little till that marine passes. Yes, that is it. Well, that is considered the first proof of your being a mason, but it requires a second. The first lieutenant will, I tell you frankly, be, or rather pretend to be, in a terrible rage, and will continue to rail at you; you must, therefore, wait a little till he pauses, and then, you observe, put up your thumb to your nose, with the fingers of your hand spread out as before, and then add it to your other hand by joining your other thumb to the little finger of the hand already up, and stretch your other hand and fingers out like the first. Then you will see the effect of the second sign. Do you think you can recollect all this? for, as I said before, you must make no mistake." Green put up his hands as I told him, and after three or four essays declared himself perfect, and I left him. It was about three days afterwards that Mr. Green upset a kid of dirty water upon the lower deck, which had been dry holystoned, and the mate of the lower deck, when the first lieutenant went his round, reported the circumstance to exculpate himself. Mr. Green was consequently summoned on the quarter-deck, and the first lieutenant, who

was very angry, commenced as usual, a volley of abuse on the unfortunate youngster. Green, recollecting my instructions, waited till the first lieutenant had paused, and then made the first freemason sign, looking up very boldly at the first lieutenant, who actually drew back with astonishment at this contemptuous conduct, hitherto unwitnessed on board of a man-of-war. "What! Sir," cried the first lieutenant. "Why, Sir, are you mad?—you, just come into the service, treating me in this manner! I can tell you Sir, that you will not be three days longer in the service—no, Sir, not three days; for either you leave the service or I do. Of all the impudence, of all the insolence, of all the contempt, I have heard of, this beats all—and from such a little animal as you. Consider yourself as under an arrest, Sir, till the captain comes on board, and your conduct is reported: go down below, Sir, immediately." The lieutenant paused, and now Green gave him sign the second, as a reply, thinking that they would then come to a right understanding; but to his astonishment, the first lieutenant was more furious than ever, and calling the sergeant of marines, ordered him to take Mr. Green down, and put him in irons, under the half-deck.

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ART. VIII.—*Russia and the Russians in* 1842. By J. G. KOHL, Esq. Vol. I. Colburn.

THE volume before us is confined to "Petersburg," and is altogether a remarkable work. We are not acquainted with one book which it closely resembles in plan and style: it will not be easy to find any production that is analogous to it. We shall not, however, err greatly if we call it a sketch-book of what ever must meet the eye of every sojourner in the Russian capital, provided his vision be so keen and pervading as that of our author. But even more will be required; for the sojourner must have made a more than flying visit to Petersburg to enable him to catch the subjects with such accuracy; while he must have the talent of giving vitality and the most real effects to that which is detailed with extraordinary minuteness.

The author is a German, who, however, appears to have been fortunate in his English translator, the work in the form which it now bears, having the racy freshness of an original, preserving the German idiom as regards style, and the sort of metaphysical flavour which is emitted by a foreign mind. The volume contains some twenty chapters, in which are handled an equal number of subjects. Herr Kohl begins with a description of St. Petersburg, and of the impressions which the general aspect and character of the city produce upon the visitor. He then proceeds in his series of sketches, each under a definite and generally expressive head. He sometimes indulges in disquisition, avoiding, however, all comment, especially if the topics be of a political order, or ripe for remark and inference

with respect to the social manners and private character of the people. In fact, our author shuns, in a way that is very uncommon, speculation as well as description relative to the internal life of the Russians; the outward and what may be beheld by any one, constituting nearly the whole of his subjects. To be sure, the reflecting reader may draw pretty broad conclusions frequently from his most distinct pictures of the external, and of what is exhibited literally on the street, or in the most accessible places. For example, the statistics of the Foundling Hospital, although a word of comment is not uttered on the theme by the author, speak for themselves in emphatic and distinct terms. One also readily comprehends from these pages that drunkenness is a prevailing vice among the lower orders in Russia, and also that the whole population, no matter what the rank or class, has a taste for cheating. But one of the remarkable features of the book is, as already mentioned, its absence of the inward, especially when contrasted with the extraordinary vividness of the outward; the titles of two or three of the chapters will indicate the nature of the topics. Thus, we have "The Black People," that is, the *unwashed*, or in other words, the poorer sort. There is "Street Life," which is presented as seen at all hours, and among all grades. A more particular subject is indicated by "The Iswoschtschiks," or *cabmen* of Petersburg, the habits, equipages, and so forth of these worthies serving to guide the eye to the customs and fashions which characterize other classes who come in contact with them. In this way, to the very style of the beard, of the tailor's art, or ordinary salutations in the common thoroughfares, the reader is shown over the great city; no outward corner of it being left unpictured.

Now, the wonderful feature of the book is this, that in spite of the most minute and literal painting that is employed by M. Kohl, the figures are all alive. The scenes are all in active motion; without stiffness, and without a feeling of exaggeration. There are few incidents in the book, and very little that is personal; yet the reader's interest from the first is so engrossed by the sketches, that he reads and reads with a panting sentiment; and only regrets when the end of the volume is reached that there is not another ready to be opened. One cannot but suppose that the author has long pursued his observations, ere such accuracy could be realized. But we must presume also that he is endowed with the genius necessary to fix in the mind, and by the strokes of his pen, the very things themselves, and as clearly mirrored as if we saw them in broad daylight. One result of this most truthful picturing by means of minute and numberless happy touches, is that the author's excellence cannot be properly tested or exemplified unless by a perusal of longer passages than would be convenient in our pages, considering the number and character of the works which still call upon us for notice in the present number of the Review. But variety and selection will illustrate

he manner, and convey a good deal of the matter of the author. Begin with a morsel about the cabmen of Petersburg:

The poorest Iswoschtschiks in Petersburg are the Finlanders. Their droschka is frequently nothing but a board over the axle of the wheels; and their small long-haired horses, with dim eyes, botched head-gear, and bony haunches, are many of them perfect images of poverty and distress. Scantily covered with ragged kaftans, they frequent the outer rings of the city and suburbs, and, poor themselves, they carry the poor for a trifle to visit their equals. In the inner districts, on the other hand, you meet with very elegant equipages, as smart as hands can make them, black horses with coats that shine like satin, harness adorned with the precious metals, sledges of such light and elegant construction that they seem to be made for flying, covers tastefully lined with fur, and drivers with superb beards and long kaftans of fine cloth, like Turkish pashas, who do not stir but for "blue tickets." As it is not thought quite respectable in Petersburg to ride with an Iswoschtschik, and not be able to pay visits in your own carriage and four, (they are used by the female sex only as high as lady's maids and tradesmen's wives, but by men of all ranks, though by those of the highest only in case of necessity,) recourse is had to these spruce Iswoschtschiks when you wish it to be supposed that you are in your own carriage.

As in wealthy Russian houses only the footmen wear the family livery, and the coachmen one and the same old national uniform, though of different quality, you need but order the elegant Iswoschtschik to hide the mark which distinguishes him as such under his kaftan, and then everybody will imagine that horse, driver, and vehicle are your own property. Sometimes, in fact, these are the carriages of people of quality, who have turned their coachman into an Iswoschtschik for the time of their absence from Petersburg, and sent him into the streets to earn money for them. Petersburg swarms, moreover, with people, officers civil and military, who are sent sometimes this way, sometimes that, and who meanwhile authorize their speculative coachman to earn provender for their horses and something to boot.

Frost and its freezings:

The sledges with oxen, calves, and goats, have the most extraordinary appearance. These animals are brought to market perfectly frozen. Of course they are suffered to freeze in an extended posture, because in this state they are most manageable. There stand the tall figures of the oxen, like blood-stained ghosts, lifting up their long horns around the sides of the sledge; while the goats, looking exactly as if they were alive, only with faint, glazed, and frozen eyes, stand threatingly opposite to one another. Every part is hard as stone. The carcasses are cut up like trunks of trees, with axe and saw. The Russians are particularly fond of the sucking-pig, and whole trains of sledges laden with infant swine come to the market. The little starvelings, strung together like thrushes, are sold by the dozen; and the long-legged mothers keep watch over them around the sledge.

The anatomy of the Russian butcher is a very simple science. For as every part, flesh or bone, is alike hard, they have no occasion to pay regard to the

natural divisions of the joints. With the saw they cut up hogs into a number of steaks, an inch or two inches thick, as we do a rump of beef. The flesh splits and shivers during the operation like wood, and the little beggar-wenches are very busy picking up the animal sawdust out of the snow. You do not ask for a steak, a chop, a joint, but for a slice, a block, a lump, a splinter of meat.

The same is the case with fish: they too are as if cut out of marble and wood. Those of the diminutive species, like the *smitki*, are brought in sacks, and they are put into the scales with shovels. The large pike, salmon, and sturgeon, every inch of which was once so lithe and supple, are now stiffened as if by magic. To protect them from the warmth, in case of sudden thaw—for thawing would essentially deteriorate their flavour—they are covered with snow and lumps of ice, in which they lie cool enough. It is not uncommon for the whole cargo to be frozen into one mass, so that crowbar and pincers are required to get at individual fish.

## Models in Russia:—

It is worthy of remark, that this collection includes also a perfect copy of the castles of the Dardanelles, with all their different bastions and walls, and a precise representation of all the little creeks of the Hellespont, and of the neighbouring heights and rocks. By means of this model the whole plan of the attack of the Dardanelles may be directed from Petersburg. It is a question if the English have provided so carefully against future contingencies, and if they possess detailed models of this kind. A number of Turkish and Russian ships are sailing to and fro on the bright mirror of the Hellespont; and it is evident enough that Russian imagination is ever intent on impressing itself strongly with its own interest. The introduction of the castles of the Dardanelles among those already occupied by Russian troops denotes that they already consider them in some measure as their own, and serves to keep perpetually fresh in their memory that saying of Alexander, "Il nous faut avoir les clefs de notre maison dans la poche."

## English residents in Russia:—

Next to the Germans come decidedly the English, who form in various respects a more distinct colony than the Germans; many of the latter having become citizens of Petersburg and Russian subjects, or having always been such, while the former merely belong to the "foreign guests," as they are called, who in the time of peace enjoy the advantages of denizenship without its burdens. The English mercantile body call themselves the Petersburg factory. They have their own chapel; and, despising all other nations, but most especially their protectors the Russians, they live shut up by themselves, drive English horses and carriages, go bear-hunting on the Newa as they do tiger-hunting on the Ganges, disdain to lift the hat to the Emperor himself, and proud of their indispensableness and the invincibility of their fleets, defy everybody, find fault with everything they see, but are highly thought of by the Government and by all, because they think highly of themselves, and reside chiefly in the magnificent quay named after them; where, however, many wealthy Russians also have splendid mansions.

Now take him when speaking of Petersburg generally:—M. Kohl remarks that none of our modern cities can boast of being so entirely composed of gigantic edifices and palaces as Petersburg, where the very abodes of poverty have an air of grandeur. He says there are many houses in Petersburg which have several thousand inmates. For instance, in the Winter Palace there are 6,000; in the Military Hospital 4,000; in the Foundling Hospital 7,000 (children); in the great Corps of Cadets several thousand youths. There are houses, he continues to observe, which yield the owners a larger revenue than many a county. Some produce 50,000 rubles, others 100,000 per annum. Among the private houses there are many which, for the number and extent of the court-yards, and the magnitude of the different wings, are little inferior to the Imperial Palace in Vienna. Our author then goes on to mention that among many hundred others, he was acquainted with one, which had on one side a bazaar, where the thousand wants of this earthly life might be supplied, while on the other a row of German, English, and French artists and artizans had hung out their show-boards. "In the *bel étage* resided two senators and the families of several private individuals. In the second story there was a school, which had a high reputation throughout the whole house, and a tolerable number of academicians, teachers, and professors; and in several buildings in the rear dwelt, besides many nameless and obscure people, several majors and colonels, some retired generals, an Armenian priest, and a German minister. All Petersburg around it might have perished, and the inmates of this house could still have formed a complete political community, in which every rank, from the chief consul to the lowest lictor, would have been represented." M. Kohl observes, that, to have to seek a family in such a house,—suppose when a fire takes place in it,—must be a trial of patience. If you ask a policeman at one end of the street, about an address, he tells you that his knowledge extends no further than the corner of the house next to him. "In these buildings there are dwellings so remote, that all who live under one roof are not disposed to acknowledge one another as neighbours."

But the condition, anomalous features, and precarious fortunes of St. Petersburg are not comprehended and construed until we read a good deal more of the *created* city. Our author is alarming on the subject of the *foundations* of the palaces of that low and flat metropolis. He says, at their uninhabited ends, turned seaward, the islands of the Delta of the Newa, on which are seated the palaces of Petersburg, are extremely low and flat; declining to the level of the water, and below it. Nay, even the farthest and most elevated parts of the city, those indeed which are fullest of houses, are not more than twelve or fourteen feet above the level of the sea. A rise of fifteen feet is consequently sufficient to lay all Petersburg under water, and a rise of thirty or forty feet to drown the whole city." Our

German is quite nervous and startling on this subject. He says "the poor inhabitants are exposed to incessant danger of their lives and they cannot be sure that in the next twenty-four hours all 500,000 of them may not be engulphed in a watery grave." All that is needed to produce this catastrophe, according to Mr. Kohl, is that some time or other a violent west wind should arise in the spring simultaneously with the highest tides and the breaking up of the ice. He thinks that in the Titan conflict, when the huge masses of sea-ice would have to encounter the shoals sent forth against them by the river, that in this war of Nature, "all the palaces and fortresses of this extraordinary capital would be presently demolished, and the city, with all its beggars and its princes, would perish in the floods, like Pharaoh in the Red Sea."

Our author says this is not a subject to be treated with levity; although, we must say, that he indulges in a sort of light-heartedness, or forced *facetiæ*, which is grating to our ears. However, he declares that the danger of which he has been speaking is too imminent to be joked about, and that the thought of it wrings the heart of many an inhabitant of Petersburg. Whatever may be the chances or probabilities that the three requisites mentioned will not occur together, yet in spring there are often long-continued west winds, combining with the movements and condition of the ices, as to excite extreme apprehension. We quote a picture that may well keep alive these apprehensions.

The misery and distress occasioned in Petersburg by an inundation and its consequences are indescribable. Every month is still full of the sufferings and scenes of horror which attended the great flood of the 17th of November, 1824. It is the most awful that the city has yet experienced, and its height is marked in all the streets. The water rose quite gently and innocently, as it does in all inundations at Petersburg, since they cannot proceed from accidents; and many people in remote parts of the city, not hearing the alarm-guns, and suspecting no harm, wondered to see the bright water glistening in the streets. Thousands did not suspend their occupations on account of it, but drove and waded through; and hundreds forfeited their lives for their simplicity. Propelled by a most furious west wind, the water continued to rise, and at length rushed through the streets with such force as to carry away carts and equipages, pouring through doors and windows into the ground floor of houses, and rising in thick columns through the openings of drains. The distress was greatest in Basilius Island and the Petersburg Side, on which latter island many people of the lower class live in small and by no means solid houses. Many a wooden building was lifted gently and without injury from the ground by the water, and floated about in the streets with all its inhabitants. Carriages, whose passengers and drivers had climbed to elevations above the reach of the water, and the poor horses of which, unable to move freely on account of the harness, mostly perished miserably, collected by dozens in the courtyards. All the trees in the public places were as full of people as they are at other times with sparrows. Towards night the water had

sea so high and the wind become so violent, that there was reason to fear every moment that the men-of-war might be driven from their moorings and dash in among the houses. The evil was the more mischievous, because no one apprehended much harm, as the water had not assaulted the city with rage and fury, but stolen upon it with mild and friendly physiognomy. Worst of all were its at first invisible effects, and the bad consequences which followed. Great numbers of houses fell on the following day, after the waters had returned to their bed. Few could get rid of the damp. The inhabitants were thrown upon a sick bed, and for weeks afterwards fatal diseases raged in many parts of the city.

Contrast our last extract with this of the incomparable city:—

In the middle of the city, the Newa is a werst in breadth, and, reckoning the great windings, above three German miles in length. Hence it may easily be conceived what deserts its surface must present in winter, from the irregular freezing of the flakes of ice that commonly takes place. You may then make journeys at night here in the heart of the city, where you may fancy yourself as lonely as in the sea solitudes of Finland. The lights in the houses glimmer only in the distance; the moon and the aurora borealis light the traveller; and he regulates his course by the compass and the stars. Dangerous as these nocturnal excursions on the ice in winter are reputed—it is then that robbery and murder are most frequent—and fain as one would avoid them, the case is altered in summer; then water excursions are the most favourite and charming amusement. The glistening river then encompasses the finest parts of the city with a magnificent frame of silver. The nights are mild and amazingly clear; and the Petersburgers, who care less about pompous sledge parties than we Germans, because with them sledges are rather an article of necessity than of luxury, indulge more eagerly in the pleasure of boating, because it is allowed them for but a short time. In the fine warm months of June and July, the arms of the Newa are studded night and day with boats, large and small, sailing and rowing, which never cease to present a most enchanting picture to eye and ear; and all the magic scenes which the canals of Venice with their gondolas have to boast of, are insignificant in comparison with the picturesque life here developed in the then so soft climate of the North. Imagine an atmosphere fanned by the gentlest zephyrs, warm and mild, the sun's rays not oppressive, as though the warmth oozed from the distant stars, enchantingly clear and bright, though the source of light is not visible above the horizon—a night in which nothing secretes itself, nothing slumbers, neither the twittering birds nor wakeful man, nor the plants and flowers, whose colours are indistinguishable—in short, a night possessing all the charms of night, together with all the convenience of day, as though garish day had merely put on the more sober mantle of night. Here a river, sportively dividing into a number of branches and presently uniting again into large streams, flowing on, placid, clear, and majestic: there an archipelago of islands, the one half of them studded with magnificent palaces, the other adorned with delicious gardens, tasteful pavilions, and luxurious hermitages; yonder the wide sea, before the gates of the city, and close to each of the six mouths of the river—conceive, I say, all this, animated with thousands of boats and vessels. Englishmen of nautical experience, proud of their superi-

ority to all others in the management of their elegant little barks; German citizens, indulging at night with their families in forgetfulness of the cares of the day; Russians pouring forth over the waters the harmonious airs of their national songs; the great and the wealthy of the empire, attended by bands of their slaves, entertaining them with that enchanting horn-music; the seamen belonging to the shipping of all the maritime nations admiring the marvels of the splendid nights—form a lively conception of all this, or rather step into one of those elegant boats, make a tour of the islands, and in vain would you seek a city on the face of the globe that can afford anything to be compared with the charms of these summer-night water excursions in Petersburg.

We have already quoted something about the effects of frost and the frozen oxen brought to market: let us conclude with a description of the poultry market of St. Petersburg:—

The poultry-market is composed of two long rows of shops, stocked with birds, large and small, alive and dead, pigeons, fowls, geese, ducks, swans, larks, bulfinches, linnets, nightingales, and a hundred Russian birds, which form the most picturesque and party-coloured aviary that can be conceived. The shops are built of wood, but almost entirely open in front, so that one may conveniently see all that is in them from the street. In each of these shops there is a piquant medley of the real quintessence of rural sounds: the crowing of cocks, the cackling of hens, the chatter of ducks, the cooing of pigeons, enough to supply a hundred villages. From one row of shops to the other, the saints have built themselves flying bridges, such as we have already described. These bridges and the roofs are the resort of innumerable pigeons, each party of which is accustomed to its own roof, and which may be easily caught when a person sets about it. The Russians, as everybody knows, do not eat pigeons, which, as the dove is the representative of the Holy Ghost, they would consider it a heinous sin to do; and, therefore, they buy these birds merely to feed them, to play with them, and to amuse themselves with watching their flight. It is a truly interesting sight to see the Russian shopkeepers directing the flight of these birds at ever so great a height. For this purpose they merely fasten bits of rags to a long stick, and wave it about in various ways, which indicate to the well-schooled birds whether they are to fly higher, whether to the right or the left, or whether it is intended that they should come down, in which case they descend as instantaneously as if they were shot. The force of custom reconciles even the bitterest enemies: thus, among the pigeons, and familiarly associating with them on the roofs, are to be seen cats, one of which is kept in each shop, on account of the mice. It is a remarkable sight to see these blood-thirsty animals among the little birds, to which they never do any harm, because their masters have cured them of the disposition to murder birds, and taught them gentleness and forbearance. The fly-catcher, the nightingale, the linnet, the bulfinch, the lark, all of them favourite birds with the Russian tradesmen, who always have a great number of them hanging up in their dwelling-houses, their bazaars, and their national coffee-houses, twitter, in spite of the intense cold—it is probable that they too, like man, are less tender here in the north than their brethren in the south—whenever there is a bright gleam of sunshine. These poor animals have not, during the whole long winter, a drop of water given them to drink, because in the cold shop it

would be instantly converted into ice. Their little bottle is merely filled with snow, which they are obliged to turn into liquid in their bills for themselves. They are, therefore, seen, wherever the sun has melted the ice ever so little, fluttering eagerly about the precious fluid, of which they have so long been deprived, and drinking it greedily, and none of them more so than the ducks and the pigeons. The best fowls, which are here seen strutting both in and out of their cages, are of the Moscow breed. The best pigeons came, it is said, from Novogorod, and Finland furnished the most singing-birds, and China a small portion of the geese, which made a journey by land of five thousand miles, to be sold as a rarity here in the Tschukin Dwor. Gray-coated squirrels roll, like incarnate quicksilver, in their cages, and numbers of young hedgehogs and rabbits are playing in hutches provided for them in each shop. In front, amidst all this peaceful life, wrapped in a wolf-pelisse, stands the bearded master of the place, who gets rid of his little slaves at any price that he can accept; and in the centre of the back of the shop, surrounded by larks, hangs the image of the saint, whose lamp sheds a friendly light on all this flutter, and protects the house, that it may be secure from the entrance of evil spirits, which, in fact, it does effectually ban, with the exception of one evil spirit, man, who here rules despotically, and prisons, keeps alive, or puts to death, according to his interest and advantage. The booty of his murderous tube, the livers of the beautiful swans of the North, snow-white partridges (kurapatki), and wood-grouse (rebtschki) lie in fearful profusion on the floor of his shop, with the slavish pigeons and captive larks ranged in long rows above them. It is astonishing what quantities of these delicate birds are consumed in luxurious Petersburg. The permanence of the winter's cold, which preserves frozen flesh for months, and the rapidity and facility of conveyance, allow all these wild birds to be brought hither from the remotest parts of the empire. Saratow furnishes the partridges, Finland the swans, Livonia and Esthonia send the wood and black grouse, and the very steppes are obliged to contribute their bustards, which flutter all the year round over their boundless prairies, and which the Cossack kills with his whip. All these birds, as soon as the warm blood is drawn from them, are transformed by the cold into stone, and, packed in large chests, transmitted to the capital, where there are tables at which some dozen of them are daily consumed. The cold, which on one hand keeps this country so poor, promotes, on the other, its luxury and profusion; and late in the winter there is no deficiency of those animals which can be shot only in summer and autumn. Large sledges, drawn by horses, bring frozen hares, which used to be swift enough in escaping danger, and now give a hard job to the horses, which cannot proceed with them but at a slow rate. They are all frozen, with ears pricked, legs stretched out before and behind, as though they were living and running. The master unloads them, and ranges the marble hares around his shop.

We long to see volumes more of Kohl's *Russia and the Russians.*

ART. IX. — *Notes and Observations on the Ionian Islands and Malta, &c.* By JOHN DAVY, M. D. 2 vols. Smith and Elder.

DR. DAVY, Inspector-General of Army Hospitals, &c. &c., was employed on the Medical Staff of the Mediterranean from 1824 to 1837, and in the year 1840 was sent to Constantinople by the British Government to organise a medical department for our Turkish ally. Besides his Notes and Observations on the Ionian Islands and Malta, we naturally have from our author "some Remarks on Constantinople and Turkey, and on the System of Quarantine as at present conducted." The opportunities, so prolonged and extensive, which the Doctor enjoyed for making observations in the Mediterranean, find in the present volumes a fitting record, together, of course, with the results of that study and research in regard to various topics and points which would have a special claim upon his attention, while stationed in the quarter mentioned.

As was to be expected, the feature of the book is medical, at least if one looks for original or fresh matter, and for ability and knowledge in the manner of handling. A most important subject in this department is that which relates to the influence of the Mediterranean climate in pulmonary consumption; our author combating the statistical report and the inferences of Major Tulloch, who greatly helped to shake the older opinion that this southern climate was to be preferred to most others in cases where the lungs were diseased or threatened with disease. The results of that officer's tables and investigations led him to the conclusion that the invalid's situation at home was preferable to most of the stations in the Mediterranean. Dr. Davy, however, thinks and reasons differently, going at large into the subject; not only advocating strenuously his particular views, but endeavouring to account for the Major's facts, and to reconcile them with his own.

Another topic in a great measure professional, is that of quarantine; our author taking the side with those who maintain the doctrine of non-contagion; although recent facts appear to have staggered the Doctor, as stated in a note.

There is, however, a great deal of scientific matter, and belonging to many branches, as well as variety of general information in these volumes. Numerous were the tours which our author performed among the Islands, and frequently to the less known portions of the group, and less visited districts of the main ones. Mineralogy, geology, earthquakes, &c., engage the Doctor; together with the statistics of sundry departments in social and economical life, even to some minuteness in regard to agriculture. A good deal of the in-

rmation on each of the branches referred to, is the fruit of the uthor's own examination, and not a little of his reading. His his- orical sketches of particular islands and places, necessarily have the haracter of compilation.

The whole is executed in a respectable manner. The author is videntlv a person of enlarged information, and even of accurate nowledge on a number of subjects; and while what he delivers is enerally substantial, the mode of delivery is manly. A more expert *itterateur* would have given greater point to many of his descriptions, nd been more graphic in the use of illustrations. Still, the work is ne of weight and valuable texture, with also a due admixture of the ight and the entertaining. In short, it was impossible that a gentleman of Dr. Davy's judgment, learning, experience, and anxious research, should produce as the fruits of so many years' studies, in regions so rife with interest, anything short of a work that will be a valuable addition whether to the professional, the scientific, or the popular library.

In connexion with his medical disquisitions and illustrations, Dr. Davy frequently, in an incidental manner, lays before the reader curious views and facts. An instance may be found where he is adducing grounds for attributing sickness and mortality among the troops to other causes than the insalubrity of climate, or such influences as Tulloch's statistics recognise. It appears that the infantry afford a more disheartening return than the cavalry, and for sundry reasons.

> The cavalry may be considered as the least disposed of any description of troops to contract pulmonary diseases. Their recruits are generally a better description of young men than those of the infantry; they are better clad; they have more regular and less fatiguing exercise; they have less night duty; their average age is greater; and they have a greater facility of invaliding than troops on foreign stations. It may not be amiss to dilate a little on some of these particulars.
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> That the recruiting of the cavalry is carried on in a more severe manner, and a superior description of men obtained, are notorious. They are selected chiefly from the country, from the agricultural class; whilst the majority of the recruits for the infantry are from towns. The superiority of the one over the other is perhaps tolerably well indicated by the ratio of rejection of those who enlist. It appears that, of the country recruits, the rejected are to the approved, on medical examination, in about the ratio of twenty-five to one hundred; and of town-recruits, in the ratio of seventy-seven to a hundred. In some cavalry regiments it is understood that there is even a fastidiousness of selection. I have heard of one into which none but farmers' sons were admitted, and each was required to have a certificate of good character from the clergyman of his parish.
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> Their being better clad, too, is equally notorious, especially in the Dragoon Guards and the Household Cavalry. Indeed, from their kind of clothing, they are more likely to experience inconvenience from the excess of heat than from

chills and coldness; and in this respect are strongly contrasted with the troops of the Line, who, a good part of the year, wear white trousers without drawers, better fitted to carry off warmth than confine it.

As regards exercise and fatigue on duty, the difference between the cavalry and infantry is strongly marked, and that both when in quarters and in the field. The one, having the care of his horse, has much to do requiring only moderate bodily exertion, in such a degree as is conducive to health; and when on active service, being carried, he is spared excessive exhausting fatigue. The other, when in quarters, has more idle time, more time for drinking and dissipation. Even on march the exertion required of him is great; having to carry when in heavy marching order, not less than fifty pounds weight. The pressure the soldier of the Line is exposed to is well marked in the frame of the veteran. If stripped, there is no difficulty in distinguishing between the chest of the old cavalry and the old infantry soldier: the former is well expanded, and convex in front; the latter has a crushed, contracted, peculiar appearance, especially its upper portion, which is more or less bent in. This remark is offered as the result of pretty extensive experience; after having examined, in the course of five years uninterruptedly, about ten thousand invalids in the manner just mentioned.

But there are other circumstances which show the care and caution that should be observed in drawing conclusions from what are held to be *statistical facts*, unless all the adjuncts and modifications be taken into account. For example, Dr. Davy lays great stress on the circumstance that there is greater facility for invaliding at home than abroad. "The troops of the Line on home service part with their inefficient men twice yearly, namely, at the time of the half-yearly inspections; and the Guards at shorter intervals, commonly monthly. On foreign service, although the inspections are half-yearly, the men then brought forward, considered unfit, are commonly detained many months; hitherto invalids from the Mediterranean stations have been sent home more commonly once than twice annually. An unavoidable difference in relation to the mortality as returned is consequent on this; a larger proportion of the cases of phthisis occurring in the troops serving in the United Kingdom, die among their friends, after having been discharged the service, than in the corps serving abroad; thereby augmenting the proportional mortality from this disease in the returns of the latter."

Then with regard, in particular, to the prevalence of consumption, among the troops in Malta, this speculation and these facts are offered:—

It is a question of high interest, how are our troops in Malta so subject to tubercles and tubercular phthisis? This is matter for speculation. The natives, it would appear, are comparatively, in a great measure, exempt; and the English residents are, I believe, equally so. During the whole time I was in the island, I recollect only a single individual a victim to phthisis; and his habits of life were careless and unfavourable to health. This marked difference is somewhat analogous to what is witnessed at home in the Foot Guards, com-

pared with the Household Cavalry, the station of both of which is commonly London. It may be asked, are the circumstances and habits of life of the troops in Malta at all similar to those of the Foot Guards in London? I am of opinion that they are. In Malta, the troops are collected in Valetta and its suburbs; and, excepting a small party detached to Gozo, they never quit the city—the regiments merely exchange barracks yearly. The opportunities and facilities for dissipation in Valetta are probably as great as in our own metropolis. Wine and spirits are extremely cheap—tempting to excess; and the large number of loose women, belonging to a proportionally excessive population, needy in the extreme, and abject, lead to excesses of another kind, and consequent disease. That dissipation, by injuring the general health and debilitating the constitution, conduces to tubercular disease, can hardly be doubted; at the same time, the degree of its influence is not easily appreciated. In another respect the condition of the troops in Malta and the Foot Guards in London is very similar—that of severe sentinel-duty, and much exposure on this duty to the night-air—to the wind, and to currents of air; and at the same time to vicissitudes of temperature much greater than might be expected, considering the character of the climate: the guard-rooms during the summer and autumnal months being commonly oppressively hot, inducing perspiration, which is suddenly suppressed in passing into the open air.

It also appears from Dr. Davy's account that the deaths among the native Maltese are not arranged under the same heads that Major Tulloch adopts; the practitioners in that island returning as *consumptive*, diseases which do not affect the lungs, and which receive quite a different name and classification among English doctors. We now extract a description of the climate of Malta:

Now that facility of communication with Malta is greatly increased in consequence of steam-navigation, we are becoming more and more interested in the nature of its climate in relation to invalids. There is no question respecting its summer climate: even were it wholesome, its great heat would render it disagreeable. Of its spring and winter climate I think favourably, especially for those who are in delicate health, who are likely to be benefited by a mild atmosphere, and are in easy circumstances, so as to be able to command good accommodations, and to use horse or carriage exercise, as may be thought most advisable. During the last few years, and especially since the visit of the Queen Dowager, the influx of strangers has been great; and this has given rise to the improvement of the hotels and lodging-houses and their increase, insuring comfort to the invalid immediately on his arrival. The best time to proceed there is in the latter end of October or beginning of November: it is good for the voyage; the climate of the Mediterranean then is generally delicious. The chief objections to Malta as a winter-residence, are the strong winds to which it is subject, and the common description of dwelling-houses, better fitted for its summer than for its winter climate: but these are comparatively of little importance to that class to whom alone I consider it suitable, who, as before observed, have the means of engaging warm comfortable apartments, and of using carriages. Many invalids, happily so situated, I have known benefited by passing the winter there.

Whether the climate of Malta is fit for those who are decidedly labouring

under pulmonary consumption, is a distinct question, and not easily answered. When the disease *is decided, it is advanced*, and is incurable. On this point the best judges are agreed; and the removal then of a patient from home, especially to a distant country, is of very doubtful propriety, and can hardly be recommended merely with a view of affording temporary relief and palliating symptoms: all that appears to be practicable in that stage, and which may commonly be effected with less risk by the use of medicine and the regulation of diet and of temperature. If the disease *be not advanced*, its nature is almost always *doubtful:* it may not be tubercular phthisis, but chronic bronchitis, or some obscure affection of the lungs, coming under the vague designation of asthma. If either of these, I am of opinion that the winter climate of Malta may be very serviceable to the invalid. But if tubercles do exist and are even in their early stage, I am not warranted to say that the same might be expected. What description of climate is best for those who have tubercles in this stage, with a view to their removal, (if that be possible), is a very important problem, which I fear must be confessed is yet unsolved. Whatever conduces to the general health and vigour of constitution, seems to be the best check to the tubercular diathesis. This seems to be proved by the comparative exemption from phthisis of those who follow occupations which are carried on entirely or principally in the open air, requiring a good deal of muscular exertion, and who are not confined to one spot,—as fishermen, watermen, and butchers. The analogy of what is witnessed in animals, in sheep, and rabbits, is very strong on this point. When we consider the invigorating effect of a very cold dry atmosphere, the excellent health enjoyed by the Arctic voyagers and travellers when breathing air many degrees below zero, and the robust health and fine forms commonly witnessed in the peasantry of the higher Alps, it seems probable that a very cold and dry atmosphere is most likely to have the effect desired, and that more good may be expected from wintering in Canada than in Malta or Madeira, and that the Grand St. Bernard is better fitted, as a summer station, for the consumptive patient in the earliest stage of the disease than Albano or the baths of Lucca. And certain physiological and pathological considerations are rather in favour of this view: the more an organ is exercised commonly, provided the exertion made is not excessive, the stronger and more vigorous that organ is rendered. The most common situation of tubercles is in accordance with this: it is towards the summit of the lungs, where the motion to which the lungs are subjected is trifling indeed in comparison with their inferior margin contiguous to the diaphragm, where the extent of movement is obviously great. These remarks, however, are entirely conjectural, and deserving of no attention excepting in connexion with inquiry; by which alone, conducted in a philosophical spirit, this and many other problems connected with this fatal, most important, and mysterious malady, can be resolved.

Dr. Davy gives us a variety of sketches immediately connected with Constantinople and the Turks, although much novelty of information cannot be expected, after the many publications by tourists and residents relative to the City of Mosques, which have of late years appeared. True, a great deal has been written upon the Turks, that has been anything but to the purpose. The fact is,

that very little can readily be known of a people with such exclusive habits—and yet no people in Europe are on all sides more easy of access. European intelligence and ceaseless activity have long been working around them, but their portion looks to have been settled ignorance, unqualified prejudice, and even unredeemed barbarity; as if heaven had been wrathful at their perverted faith, and they were destined to be a population as accursed as that other unhappy race, whose doom has been "to become a by-word and scorn among nations:" or wherefore the gloom of ignorance in which the Turkish mind sits enshrouded, while life, animation, and vigour, and intellect are hovering round the regions of their own Tartarian darkness. A European may reside for years in the great Eastern capital without knowing aught of the Turkish domestic economy, or understanding a jot of the origin of their customs, the true state of their manners, or the right tendency of their institutions. How, indeed, could he acquire information, when Pera and Galata have been the limited quarters for his habitation; and rendered, besides, odious in the chaste eyes of a true believer as the abode of polluting Christians and unclean infidels? No doubt there has been some relaxation, and Christian powers have been teaching the faithful sundry wholesome lessons. There have even occurred some introductions to the mysteries of the Mosques and also to the secresies of the Seraglio; and perhaps overthrow, dismemberment, and civilization will ere long lay the axe to the root of Turkish fanaticism and exclusion, in a manner no less signal than sudden. In the meanwhile we must hail with welcome any contribution to our acquaintance with Constantinople and its Mahomedan race; and therefore Dr. Davy's volumes have an additional claim to popularity beyond any that we preliminarily pointed to. In fact, his medical habits, his official mission, directed him to subjects which few tourists have the taste, the skill, or the opportunity to study; and accordingly we have from him some precise notices of the habits and condition of the Turks, as well as of the climate of the Imperial city. Take the Doctor upon Turkish dress:—

> The Oriental dress may well be advocated against the Western, as founded on principle and reason, and approved by experience—not the production of caprice or fashion. The intent of it appears to be to defend the head, for which the turban is so well adapted; to keep the feet dry and moderately warm; the loins well girded and warm; the chest free and cool; and the neck free, without any pressure on its blood-vessels, depending for warmth on the beard. All who have made trial of the Turkish costume have, I believe, expressed approval of it; regarding merely their comfort, its suitableness to the climate, the ease with which it is worn, independent of its beauty and picturesqueness of effect. As regards the feet, it secures from corns and bunions; which, until the introduction of the tight boot, were unknown among the Turks. As regards the loins, the folds of the shalwar and the

pressure there applied by the waistband are a good protection from lumbago and dysentery. The turban is equally a defence from the sabre, the sun's rays, and the cold blast.

The dress of the Turkish women continues unaltered: indeed, whilst I was in Constantinople, a suspected disposition to expose more of the charms of the face was opposed by an edict expressly on the subject, requiring a strict observance of the ancient rule of propriety. In principle, the female costume is similar to the male; avoiding ligature, excepting about the loins; allowing the limbs to be free in their movements; and affording a graceful drapery, not designed to display the form of the individual limbs, and well suited to decorum and a modest nature. The yashmac, the veil of the women, holds the place of the manly turban; it covers the head, the neck, and the whole of the face, excepting the eyes and nose; and the feridjee, or loose cloak or mantle, performs the same service for the rest of the body, excepting the hands and feet. The under-clothing of both sexes is very similar; and, whether shirt or waistcoat, boddice or drawers, is on the same plan of easy looseness.

The form of Turkish drawers is well fitted for the dressing-room: having no opening in front, and of ample dimensions, it is easily slipped on on rising: and confining a large quantity of air, it is well fitted to prevent the lower part of the body from being chilled; on which account it is not undeserving of the attention of persons of delicate constitution and of invalids, especially when travelling. It answers very well even when made of muslin, so as to occupy very little space in a carpet-bag or portmanteau. The Turkish shirt may be mentioned with commendation as an excellent night-shirt, without collar, nicely fitted to the shoulders, with ample sleeves.

## Even the Turkish houses, though of wood and therefore liable to be suddenly destroyed, have their advantages.

The Turkish houses in Constantinople, as it is well known, are commonly of wood. The best of them, of ample dimensions, gaily painted, are pleasing to the eye; and all of them, however poor, are, from their form, invariably picturesque. Even the most splendid of the palaces of the Sultan are of the same destructible material. The preference is given to wood by the Turks, not chiefly on account of economy, but from the persuasion that it is more wholesome than stone, and also, it is said, from a feeling of humility; it being considered by them presumptuous to dwell in buildings like their mosques, made, as it were, for eternity, and keeping no measure with the frailty of the occupants. The idea of the unwholesomeness of stone buildings is not, perhaps, without foundation in such a climate. The stone houses in Galata, built by the Genoese, with walls of extraordinary thickness, are of bad repute. Unless the rooms are kept warm in winter, they must be damp in the spring and early summer: so long as the walls are cold on the occurrence of a southerly wind, they will act as refrigeratories, and occasion a precipitation of moisture from the humid warm air. The thin walls of wood, on the contrary, conform more to the temperature of the atmosphere. None of the sitting-rooms of the houses have fixed fire-places or chimnies; they are heated in winter chiefly by a charcoal-fire, contained in the open mangal, or covered tandour. The mode of warming their rooms is also suitable to the manner in which they are constructed. The crevices in the wooden work allow of a certain admixture of

ommon air and escape of carbonic acid gas, sufficient to prevent any danger-us accumulation of the gas, so that the rooms are easily warmed, and kept arm and dry, without risk of life.

Were the doors and windows of Turkish rooms suddenly made air-tight and ne fissures in the wood-work closed, there being no chimney to give vent to he fixed air, half the population of Constantinople might be suffocated any inter night between sunset and sunrise.

And certainly the Turkish method of making coffee drinks is to e followed, if, according to our author, not only a good cup of trong coffee may be had for a farthing, but be made in the most imple, easy, and expeditious manner. "It is an excellent and safe ubstitute for a dram." To conclude, take a suggestion about ath-gloves:—

"The effects of the bath are twofold; one connected with the perspiration xcited, the other with the perfect cleansing of the skin. The former is not ithout danger to persons of a full habit, disposed to apoplexy. The latter ay be considered always salutary. It is effected by friction, by means of a love made of the silky hair or wool of the Angora goat. The form of the love is that of a bag just large enough to hold the hand. It is an article hich might be introduced into this country with advantage, as a substitute or the coarse harsh horse-hair glove at present in use for the purpose of fric-ion, better fitted (as was remarked to me by a distinguished physician) for the hide of the rhinoceros than for the human skin. So cheap is the bath-glove in Constantinople, that it is within the reach of the poorest people; one costs half a piastre, little more than a penny. If imported, it might be sold with a large profit at fourpence or sixpence a pair. It is equally fitted for the purpose of ablution with soap and water, supplying the place of a sponge, and for dry-rubbing, in place of the flesh-brush.

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ART. X.—*Exercises, Political, and Others.* By LIEUT.-COLONEL T. P. THOMPSON. 6 vols. Eff. Wilson.

THESE volumes, each of them containing somewhere about 500 pages, and the whole to be got for fifteen shillings, present to the public in a uniform and neat shape, the principal papers and writings of the gallant author, which have appeared from time to time in the course of an active and most industrious life. The contents are of a very miscellaneous and diversified nature, and have also been for the most part published, in the first instance, in different forms: sometimes as pamphlets and sometimes as articles in the *Westminster Review.* With regard to their diversified character, we may remark, that of the number, those which relate to politics and to political economy are the most prominent, especially if we include in the same class

such as treat of public morals. But there are also many others; for the Colonel ranges over almost every department of science, art, and literature.

Thus, we have disquisitions on music as well as on the art of war, on mathematics as well as letters; there being constantly brought to each discussion large philosophical views, as well as extensive practical knowledge and pertinent illustrations. A considerable portion of the collection consists of letters addressed to different journals on contemporary events, the principles of Free Trade forming a prominent subject and feature in the Colonel's writings. We ought to mention that a treaty negotiated by the author with the Arabs in 1820 is amongst the papers before us. A few appear for the first time.

We cannot well in other than very general terms speak of Colonel Thompson's characteristics as a thinker and writer; much less undertake to give an account of the merits of particular papers. Were we to grapple with him on any one subject, or make the attempt to lay before our readers his doctrines in any one department, a greater space would be required than we can afford for any one book; whilst we should altogether fail to convey any thing like an adequate idea of the entire collection. In general terms, however, it may safely be stated,—nor will any person dissent from the judgment, whatever variance of opinion there may be with regard to the soundness of our author's views,—that he displays a remarkable, in fact, quite an extraordinary combination of talent and acquirement. Colonel Thompson's writings never fail of exhibiting learning and enlarged scientific training, comprehensive observation and actual experience, while the earnestness of his purpose, and the sympathy he cherishes in behalf of his fellow-men, and of the masses, present a rare union of philosophy and philanthropy.

As a reasoner, the Colonel ranks among the first of our living writers; for he wields his arguments not only with great expertness, but originates views; and then the facts of which he is master are so abundant, no matter what be the topic, and his method of adducing them, for the sake of illustrating his meaning and enforcing his doctrine, so happy, that his papers *tell* strongly, and command attention also, even where the theme may happen not to be popular, or in its nature other than dry. Perhaps the very surest proof of the Colonel's excellence as a periodical writer, and one also who has been ever ready on the spur of the moment to take up the pen and address himself to the question of the day, is that these papers bear to be republished and to be re-read. They have a permanent and not merely an ephemeral character; a distinction which shows that the lights which they contain and emit, are essential and broad, not superficial and transitory.

But while the Colonel's mind has been trained with great scientific

e, and his philosophy is firmly based, it is in the art of illustrating
t he is most remarkable and felicitous; and this both by means of
apt expressions and his striking examples. So happy, indeed, is
in these respects, that his writings generally appear to be more
ginal than they are in reality. His reasoning consequently has a
culiarity about it, at least in its aspect, which is frequently more
rtling than it would be, were it clothed in tamer or less lively
lours. It appears to us that this clear and perspicuous quality has
tained among the million more of their favour than would attach to
r author's science were it seen in its naked soundness; while among
litticians and the public men of the day, there is felt to be an un-
nding and not very congenial sternness in his doctrines, to the
enial of combination and adaptation.

We have repeated our opinion of Colonel Thompson's illustrative
lent; and in adducing some examples, need not shun citing a few
f those which we find have attracted the notice of some of our con-
emporaries. We begin with a suggestion to voters relative to
*ledging:*

There is a much better way for constituencies to obtain their end, than
ither "pledging" or "not pledging:" and that is, to take men whose past
ives and conversations are some kind of pledges for them. Do not take a wolf
ecause he pledges himself to vote against mutton; nor even a doubtful, of
whom what is known is, that he was bred and born among wolves, and con-
tinued with them till something prompted him to see better quarters and pro-
vender on the other side. This last, however, is a very favourite animal in
England; he suits a number, whose fear is of getting something that would do
too much. He helps to keep things as they are, and put down any dangerous
violence of innovation. Besides, it encourages good breeding among wolves;
no man can say but they may end by turning shepherds' dogs.

Next, take something about *protection* and *machinery:*—

I cannot help thinking you take a too unfavourable view of the danger arising from machinery: and that this proceeds from not giving sufficient importance to what may be called the *compensatory* part of the process, as established by nature or the actual constitution of things. Take, for instance, the case of yourself, who receive a pair of stockings woven by machinery for two shillings where three would have been given to a knitter. Here, you say, is manifestly three shillings-worth of ruin and starvation to knitters. Granted, there is three shillings loss to the individual who would have knit and did not. But see what are the compensations. In the first place, two shillings go manifestly to a weaver of stockings, instead of a knitter; which is only a transfer, and as far as two shillings go, makes a balance in the aggregate. Next, with respect to the one shilling which is the difference of price: do you who are the wearer of stockings, or do you not, expend that shilling on somebody or other to his satisfaction and benefit, where you could not have expended it if you had been obliged perforce to give it to the knitter; and does not this gain to the tradesman so employed, in the aggregate, balance the loss of the third shilling to the knitter? and does not this, added to the other, make a complete balance

to trade, in the aggregate, with respect to the whole three shillings! And besides all this, have not you, the wearer of stockings, the comfort, satisfaction and gain, of having had something for your third shilling instead of nothing? For example, if you laid it out in an additional pound of beef-steaks, have not you and your family, who helped to eat them, gained the beef-steaks? *

It appears to me, therefore, that the vast increase of the products of industry which have made the difference between civilized men and savages, has been mainly effected through a process in which there was a continual succession of losses to certain individuals, overbalanced at each separate act by great gains to certain other individuals; the individuals originally losing being themselves in the end involved, if not to a perfect extent, yet to a very great and considerable extent, in the ultimate gains. The knitter finds his trade a losing one, and he or his posterity is obliged to take to something else. But he and his posterity cannot help finding in the end that they have a share with others in that increased facility of obtaining useful things. * *

How happy does the following distinction appear to us:—"When Mr. Brook maintains that the use of machinery may be *carried too far*, I should be disposed to change the phrase into *carried too fast*."

Other examples of illustration:—

Port wine can be had for 40*s.* a dozen from Oporto, through the intervention it may be of a trade in Sheffield cutlery to Portugal. Up stands a man and says he will be bound to make a good wine that shall pass for port, in hothouses at home, for the small charge of 80*s.* a dozen; and he shall conceive himself an ill-used gentleman if the Legislature will not encourage domestic industry, and the Members for Sheffield vote for the same. And the instrument he will propose shall be a duty to be laid on Oporto port, to raise the price to 80*s.*, or it may be to 85*s.* Suppose, then, he is in full enjoyment of his scheme. Wine-drinkers are drinking the home-made port at 80*s.* and all this, it is boastingly affirmed, is laid out on British industry. But was not 80*s.* laid out on British industry before; to wit, 40*s.* on the industry of Sheffield, and 40*s.* more on that other place, wherever it was, where the consumer chose to indulge himself with something for his money? If so, what is the national gain, but a clear loss of 40*s.* to the consumers of vinous comforts!

There is a quaint wit about many of the Colonel's instances. Take a good sample:—

The rural population of the Northern Counties have a prejudice against admitting pigeons' feathers into the family collection, and they are invariably burnt or thrown away. The reason given is an odd one—that nobody can *die* upon them. One might have thought this should have procured their entrance into the *materia medica;* but the conclusion come to is different. There is a state of *not dying*, which it seems is held worse than death. Surely the Ministerial benches would be found stuffed with some such deleterious substitute for wool. Their tenants suffer all the pains and agonies of the Yorkshireman that cannot die. The fatal conclusion is before them' and they cannot avert their eyes. Yet one shift after another postpones it, as their unhappy couch presents the materials of woe.—(*5th March*, 1841.)

The siege of Bolton is described in a manner that will obtain arked attention at the present moment :—

I have been at the *siege* of Bolton; for nothing but some such cause sug-sts itself as adequate to the phænomena. And is it not a siege? not carried , perhaps, by an enemy within gun-shot, but by one working on a wider dius, and making his blockade by sea upon the means of life.

Many sights it has been my chance to see; and I think I know what is the inimum of help with which horse, ass, dog, hog, or monkey can sustain ex-tence, and where it must go out for want of the appliances and means of ring. But any thing like the squalid misery, the slow, mouldy, putrefying ath by which the weak and the feeble of the working classes are perishing re, it never befel my eyes to behold, nor my imagination to conceive.

Did you ever set eyes on a pennyworth of mutton? Come here, and you all see how rations are served out under the landlords' state of siege. It ight bait a rat-trap; though a well-fed rat would hardly risk his personalities r such a pittance. Pennyworths of mutton, and halfpenny-worths of bread t off the loaf, are what the shopkeepers in Bolton deal out to the inhabitants f their Jerusalem. I saw a woman come for one halfpennyworth of bread, hich was to be the dinner for herself and children twain; and when I re-lected that of this transparent slice the other half was gone to buy the land-rds' claret, astonishment possessed me at the endurance of that bearing ass, he public, and the extent to which ignorance and divisions will prop the rich an's robbery.

I saw another mother of a family, who said she had not tasted meat for many months; and on one of the children being sent off to the butcher's for ome of that strange luxury, she was discovered making efforts to intercept the messenger. Her anxiety was to instruct the boy to bring back nothing but one pennyworth of bacon: there was a to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, for which she had conceived the idea of spinning out existence by means of the remainder of the fund.

If you are curious in human misery, if you are anxious to know what a shabby tyranny can bring the rank and file to suffer, come at your leisure to the "leaguer" of Bolton, and see what the people sleep on, if they do sleep. Chopped dirt, the sweepings of a hen-house, mingled with a proportion of sparrows'-nests, to show that men had heard of straw, would be the best repre-sentatives of what they huddle upon in corners, and call it resting.

The military system of Napoleon is a subject upon which our author must be presumed to be competent to speak; and he has treated it with manifest knowledge and wisdom. We must allow him to be heard for a moment on a professional topic, viz., with regard to modern cavalry:—

Look at the cavalry force of almost any European country, and there will be seen immense expense and luxury both in men and horses, huge attention to everything that is splendid in the eyes of children, but very little to the real purposes of war. In every obstinate campaign, there is a struggle between the opposing cavalries, *which* shall keep itself in condition for action longest. Is this an object aimed at or sought for in modern cavalries? What are the sub-

stantial operations of cavalry, but those of a great hunting-match; and w
but a madman would go a hunting in the guise and cumber of a mod
dragoon? Long and quick marches are of the essence of cavalry operatio
and there is hardly a brigade of cavalry in Europe that would move thi
miles in four hours, and least of all by night, without being virtually incom
tent to further operations, and this through having never practised or medita
the principles required for causing extensive bodies to move rapidly in col
without floating and concussion of the component parts. European cavalry
taught to move in line upon picked ground and in rolled barrack-yards; h
set a line of five or six thousand horse to move at the gallop for two mi
together over an ordinarily open country, (which Saxe truly said was the t
of a *line* cavalry's being good for anything,) and everybody will be fou
abroad as to the theory and practice by which such an operation is to
accomplished. They have been accustomed to move for a hundred yards in
gimcrack line, and halt all together by a signal, which is precisely the thing n
wanted in war; but the rapid doublings and undoublings by which the pa
which meet with obstacles must preserve their average position, the moderat
medium pace at which alone it is possible for the movement to be conduct
the preservation of the general line on principles totally independent of th
absolute uniformity of motion of all its parts,—all these are things very litt
understood or reduced to practice. On a field-day, in all *probability*,—and
a real movement against an enemy where the fear of misconstruction wou
operate against the execution of the *festina lentè*, with all certainty—th
attempt at such an operation would speedily degenerate into a race, where ea
man would go as fast as legs could be laid to ground when the thing was pra
ticable, and go slower only when it was not; and the whole would arrive a
the end in a state of complete dispersion, presenting a perfect *bonne bouch*
for an organized enemy who should be lucky enough to be waiting there for th
chance of what might follow. At this moment it is not written down in th
regulations of any power in Europe, at what aggregate rate such a movement,
in an average cavalry country, should be conducted—what should be the rate a
which the parts delayed shall proceed to recover their relative positions—wha
measures are to be provided to maintain the aggregate uniformity of advance,
if the divisions which in ordinary circumstances direct, are temporarily retarded
by obstacles peculiar to themselves. They have regulated the moustaches
and the sabretaches; but how all these other effects are to be produced, and, as
Jeremy Bentham would have said if he had been metamorphosed into a cavalry
general, "maximized," they have left to chance and each man's unpractised
discretion when the time comes.

Our gallant author stands up manfully in behalf of the weaker sex. Lady Morgan, Mrs. Jameson, and others who have so earnestly expressed themselves concerning "Woman and her Master," must be proud of such a champion:—

This argument on the *convenience* of cutting off half the claimants to votes at a blow, is really the only one of reasonable appearance the opponents have. For on every other ground the admission of women to vote would be a great addition of security for the general welfare. Among other reasons why it

uld do good, are these two special ones—Women in general are not such *ls* as men are; and secondly, they are not such *knaves*. Your man is inarily an ass, ready to follow any claptrap which rogues may put before a; and this from some shabby expectation of being the successful thief, or victorious oppressor. If all the detestable and disgraceful public acts which ve darkened the last quarter of a century could have been submitted to a y of women, three out of four would have been stopped by the superior sense id virtue of the referees. Women, in fact, are vastly further advanced in ilization than men are; vastly more removed from the instincts and passions savage life; more accustomed to calculate consequences, because it is on em they have always fallen in their bitterness, and above all things less teriorated by that wear and tear with the meanness and villainy of the world, hich is the inlet to half the miseries of mankind, by enfeebling the belief in e possibility of resistance.

Numberless passages equally forcible and transparent in style ight be quoted, and on almost all the great questions that have ccupied the public mind during the long and active career of the olonel. Besides one or two papers to which reference has already een made very generally, or by name more particularly, we may nention among the more important and striking, those on Catholic mancipation, the Corn Laws, the New Poor Law, and Letters of a Representative to his Constituents. It must be quite manifest then o every person who is in the slightest degree acquainted with the Colonel's intellectual efforts, or even with the history of our country during the last quarter of a century, that these "Exercises," are in themselves a valuable library, full of variety, and dashed off with ability. Certainly a cheaper collection is nowhere to be met with, and we hope it will obtain a remunerating sale.

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ART. XI.—*The Modern Pulpit, Viewed in its Relation to the State of Society.* By ROBERT VAUGHAN, D.D. Jackson and Walford.

A GENTLEMAN of Derby, Mr. George S. Mansfield, having, through the instrumentality of his sisters, been brought to a deep sense of the importance of religion, bequeathed at his death a considerable amount of property to found an Independent College for divinity-students; which, together with other bequests by those ladies, will eventually realize about £1,700 annually. Such was the origin of Spring Hill College, near Birmingham. At a meeting of the Trustees and other Congregationalists interested in the subject, Dr. Vaughan, it appears, delivered a discourse on the character and requisites of Preaching or Pulpit Oratory, as adapted to the present state of society. A request having been made to have the sermon printed, "the preacher soon discovered that the theme which he had selected embraced too wide a compass, and too great a variety of

topics, to admit of its being treated, with any approach towards justice, within the space allotted to him in the pulpit. He has accordingly recast and greatly expanded the whole matter of the discourse in the hope of rendering it in some degree less unworthy of the subject to which it relates."

The volume opens with a consideration of the paramount importance of preaching, and the way in which it is regarded in the New Testament. Here he takes occasion to notice in a marked manner how Protestant Dissenters prize the institution, as compared with the Romish, and also the Anglian Churches. From this he proceeds to dissertate upon, and to view the features of modern society in masses, or as seen in the higher, the lower, and the middle grades; corresponding or rather adapting modes of preaching being required. A sketch and critical review of the old style of pulpit addresses is given, as it existed not only in this country, but in various foreign parts, as well as in modern times. There are distinct chapters to a variety of subjects, all of them falling naturally within the compass of the title of the volume, some of which we shall more particularly refer to before concluding. In the meantime, we cite several passages, which will at once command a favourable hearing for Dr. Vaughan, and also enable our readers in some measure to test the opinions we may offer with respect to the merits of our author, the grasp of his mind, the solidity and wisdom of his examinations, the character of his eloquence, and of his literary qualifications. Begin with a comprehensive and liberal estimate of the present and past age in regard to intelligence:

No age has been so characterised by a diffused intelligence as the age in which we live. Its remaining ignorance and folly may be sufficiently humiliating, but its amount of knowledge and culture is unprecedented in the history of the human family. If we look to past times, even to the spaces which have been rendered most conspicuous by the works of genius and the progress of civilization, we see in general, the civilization of a class rather than of a people, and the intelligence and dominance of a few, contrasted with the ignorance and subjection of the many. Such has ever been the state of things in the East; and such, in a degree little apprehended in modern times, was the condition of society even in Greece and Rome. Throughout the ancient world, authors were a class, and the readers were a class—the people at large possessing little sympathy with either. Even the arts were aristocratic rather than popular, affording a better indication in respect to the wealth and power of men in authority, than in regard to the social state of the people subject to that authority. The majority were slaves, and a small minority only could read—need we say more?

Our next specimen relates to the educated classes, and the nature of their intellectual culture:

If we look to the scientific world, we see every department occupied in a manner of which the history of science affords no precedent. The multitude of

persons devoted to such studies has supplied an augmented stimulus to exertion. Every branch of knowledge has been divided and subdivided in a manner peculiar to our times, in order that the whole might be the better understood, as the result of a better attention to the parts. Acquirement and skill which would once have been accounted extraordinary, now have their place as so much moderate attainment. The men possessed of such attainments are found everywhere. Disciplined mind, accordingly, is everywhere; and the ever-increasing number of such minds is the constant diffusion of a power which cannot fail to distinguish between the instructed and the uninstructed, the skilful and the unskilful, in preaching as in other things. Such men may not have been students of divinity, nor have given much attention to the teaching contained in books on the subject of pulpit oratory; but the mental training which has given them the power of close and vigorous conception on one matter, is inseparable from considerable power of judgment in relation to many other matters, and especially in regard to such qualities as are of the greatest importance in a sermon, viz., a real knowledge of the subject, together with order, precision, adaptation, and force in the manner of treating it.

In all these respects it is with the world of letters as it is with the world of sciences. Everywhere we find men capable of sympathising with the spirit of our general literature, and men who can themselves use our language in a manner fitted to meet the public eye. Even the men occupied in the regular craft of authorship would seem to be almost as numerous as the members of the most crowded professions; that easy, accurate, and effective style of writing, which secured so much fame to our Drydens and Popes, our Addisons and Johnsons, would now appear to be within the power of almost any man choosing to attempt it. Not only does the periodical press abound with compositions of that high order, but even the cheapest productions of that description, meant for the humblest class of readers, frequently exhibit a literary power scarcely inferior to that displayed in the most costly publications. In this ready mastery of our mother-tongue, in this power over the material of thought, and in this aptness in all matters of arrangement, description, argument, and eloquence, we see the standard with which the intellect of our times is familiarized as regards the manner in which topics of discourse or appeal should be treated, and in which such topics must be treated in the pulpit if the pulpit is to be to the age what the age demands. In this aspect of the public press, very much is implied both as to the widely-diffused power of a highly-cultivated authorship, and as to the still more widely-diffused capacity to appreciate such authorship. Ignorance, dulness, feebleness, are nowhere—success is bound up with the reverse of such things.

This of modern scepticism:

Since the year 1660, the educated classes in England have exhibited a considerable bias towards scepticism; and no one can need be reminded, that the more expanded and the much higher mental cultivation of our own time is by no means without an alloy of this nature. The excesses of the Infidel faction during the heat of the French Revolution gave some check to such tendencies in this country; but there is room to fear that the change thus produced, while real in some cases, has been often much more apparent than real. At present, this bias in such quarters rarely betrays itself by any direct attempt to disturb

the credence of the popular mind with regard to religious matters; but it has its occasions on which it can hint as to what it might do in that way if so disposed; and many connexions in which the little that is written or said is meant to suggest that informed and thinking men, if believers at all, have very good reasons for not being such in the sense of the multitude.

In general, both the information and the thinking of these persons on the subject of Christian evidence are of no great amount; but it happens commonly, that in the case of each man, some real or supposed difficulty of this sort has arisen within his own department of study; and though the power which has realised that difficulty might have sufficed to realise an abundant solution of it, the will so to employ that power has been wanting, and the general effect from this cause, and some others, has been to leave the mind without any thing deserving the name of religious belief, and possibly to occupy it with much secret or avowed hostility to all persons seeming to be in earnest in the profession of such belief. Such are the gentlemen whose after-dinner or evening conferences often assume the tone of a profound philosophizing about religions and religionists.

## How is the modern preacher to deal with sceptics and unbelief?

Little reputable as the frequent scepticism of the higher classes may be *to* them, considered in what it indicates with regard to their general knowledge, capacity, and ingenuousness, the fact that such scepticism exists, and that it is nourished by much in the science, literature, and taste constituting the fashion of the age among those classes, is still before us; and a great social fact it is, of which the preacher must not be unmindful. In such quarters *it* is hardly to be expected that revealed truth will obtain even a hearing, except as it is presented with the kind of ability which it would not be expedient to seem to despise. Knowledge must be opposed by knowledge, intellect by intellect, and religion be presented as the grand and the beautiful, in such forms as may leave little of grandeur or beauty to anything beside. Religion is all this; the intellect of man is capable of so presenting it; and there are occasions when to give up his whole nature to such effort becomes the duty of the preacher.

## And concerning the dependence of all human effort upon a Divine influence for its success, we have the following important observation, besides others upon the same point in another part of the volume:—

Concerning the dependence of all human effort upon a Divine influence for its success, we shall speak in another place. But in the mean time, we scruple not to say, that if the intellect of the scientific world is to be brought to the obedience of faith, we must be prepared to compete with it in the use of its own weapons, and after its own manner. And if the high-minded pretension which so often obtrudes itself upon us in the world of letters is to be effectually repressed, and to give place to the reverence with which the religion of Holy Writ should be regarded, this will only be in proportion as we shall know how to make such men sensible that the matters of which they judge so highly have not been excluded from our knowledge and scrutiny any more than from their own. It will be folly to hope that such men will be found assigning to re-

vealed truth its proper place, if they are obliged to tolerate imbecilities in its favour which they do not tolerate elsewhere.

A finished style of elocution recommended to the modern preacher:

In this view it (education) should not be more favourable to habits of reading and thinking than to habits of public speaking. The well-disciplined and the well-furnished mind should not be deemed more indispensable than the well-trained utterance.

In the experience of the Dissenting minister, the value of everything within the range of mental discipline and acquirement must depend almost entirely on his ability to express himself in the presence of large assemblies with freedom, appropriateness, and force. In the absence of a considerable measure of such ability, his career must be a failure. Whatever may have been the cost incurred in his education, it must have been, in this case, incurred in vain. In proportion, also, as a man shall be at fault in this particular, and be in other respects a man of talent and attainment, two causes must operate strongly against his continuing to retain any place in the ministry among Dissenters; on the one hand, his superior and cultivated mind will not allow of his being satisfied while falling manifestly below mediocrity in his proper vocation; and on the other hand, a consciousness that he might employ himself with much more effect in other ways, can hardly fail of disposing him to become so employed. Let the system in our colleges, therefore, be such as to make our students scholars without making them preachers, and before long you may expect to see them dwindle rapidly from divines into private tutors or schoolmasters; or, perhaps, you will see numbers of them relinquish the ministry altogether, and give themselves wholly to literary or secular pursuits. * * *

We speak thus strongly on this point, because there would seem to have been great deficiency in this respect in most of our collegiate institutions, and because there is special danger that this deficiency will become more observable, rather than otherwise, as we raise the standard of scholarship. Readiness in speaking is so much a natural gift, and consists so often with the superficial in almost everything else, that men of real power and solid acquirement are oftentimes disposed to hold such talent in little estimation, and not unfrequently cease to be themselves men of ability in speaking, in the degree in which they become men of thought and learning.

These passages, which are not superior to what may be copied from almost every page of the volume, if breadth of views and luminous statement be sought for, we found ready transcribed to our hand, and therefore made use of them. The work is altogether of a very high order, as indeed is everything which we have read from the pen of Dr. Vaughan. It is difficult to say whether the popular or the philosophical tone of the "Modern Pulpit" be most conspicuous. Certainly there is a calm in our author's disquisitions, a repose in his most eloquent passages, that would lead one to conclude that his mind had been reared among sages. But then he has at command so many treasures, gathered from the world's history, from experience,

from the extended study of human nature under every phase and in every past state, that his matter constantly overflows with genuine sentiment, sterling information, and pertinent illustration, so as to captivate, as well as to enlighten the general reader. We should suppose that few preachers come near to him in that difficult, but what he insists upon in his book as a possible achievement,—the commanding the attention of the educated and the non-educated at the same time.

But by far the most remarkable and rare features in the present volume, belong to the author's character in a theological and ecclesiastical sense, even to the technicalities of his profession. Never before have we met with, from a clergyman, a work more free of cant and of all sectarian spirit: neither have we ever noticed a more judicious balancing of the worldly with the sacred, of the temporal with the spiritual, of the relation between means and ends, than the "Modern Pulpit" holds up for imitation. The Doctor keeps a steady eye, and with the sagacity of true wisdom, upon the unavoidable earthliness of our natures, the constant intermixture of secularities with our most solemn services; in short, he speaks as he finds man, not as an enthusiast or a projector would make him. And yet he is the farthest possible from being a latitudinarian either in form of expression or force of opinion. There is no mistaking his theological creed; no dubiety can remain in the reader's mind with regard to his ecclesiastical preferences. He is one of the staunchest Congregationalists; nor does he fear to speak out boldly, ay, and to hit smartly, when occasion requires. Still, his habits, his cherished sentiments, the very constitution of his mind, appear to be formed according to the completest model of Catholicity that one can reasonably expect in our present condition, especially if the speaker and expounder be of the priesthood.

Of the *twelve* chapters, into which the volume is divided, the earlier ones perhaps will command the greatest amount of admiration in the eyes of secular readers. Several of the remaining branches of the division speak more pointedly of what is theological. The first, which treats of the office of preaching, and the place assigned to it in the New Testament, forcibly argues that oral teaching is indispensable at all times, and that it never can be superseded by the press. It also points out the important and permanent place which preaching has in the Christian dispensation; Dr. Vaughan having little favour for those church forms that give greater room to ceremonies and liturgical services than living exposition or pious exhortation. The second chapter, on the general characteristics of modern society, opens with the passage we first cited, and proceeds for a few pages in a strain equally perspicuous, enlightened, and convincing. We are next conducted to a consideration of the condition of the manual labour class, and the pulpit in its relation to them. We must find

room for two sentences from this part of the volume, and which, like the whole of the work, are rife in respect of suggestion as well as statement and argument. "It would seem," says Dr. Vaughan, "to be a cardinal error among the great majority of preachers in our time, that they think much too meanly of the popular understanding." Again,—"It is a great mistake to suppose, that in order to interest the popular mind, it will be necessary to descend to it in a manner inconsistent with good taste."

The chapter allotted to the middle classes is in a strain not less keen and seasonable. Our author has a knack of gauging large subjects by means of few sentences, because he seizes upon main points, from which one is enabled to direct his eye discursively. The higher classes, by which the Doctor does not mean to include persons of rank merely, nor persons of great wealth, so much as the intellect and refinement of the age generally, obtain a splendid notice; splendid, we mean, on account of its broad and forcible truth, its practical, as well as philosophical wisdom. Our extracts from this chapter will have conveyed some idea of the scope, the sagacity, and the manly eloquence of our author.

The Pulpit in its Relation to the Past, occupies a long chapter, and gives us sketches of a number of celebrated divines, as well as a summary of the history of our ecclesiastical revolutions and theological parties. We are also conducted to Germany and France for a brief space, and to a review of their pulpits.

On a self-educated ministry, Dr. Vaughan again signalises himself. He strikes certain balances here with the firmness and certitude of a master. Nor is he less skilled and happy in the eighth chapter, viz., on the value of a good education; and on the means of attaining it. We have already heard what is his view of elocution to a preacher.

> "Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
> More learned than their ears,"

is a sentiment which our author re-echoes, and he thinks that elocution should obtain a very considerable share of study in our theological seminaries.

The remaining chapters are thus headed: On the Doctrine of Divine Influence in its relation to the success of the Gospel,—on the Connexion between Piety and Usefulness in the Christian Ministry,—on the Duty of Churches in relation to the Christian Ministry,—and on Some Points of Caution necessary to Preachers and Hearers. We now proceed to cite at considerable length from two of the chapters, and must then dismiss this seasonable and excellent book. The first of these contains a summary of much that the Doctor has advanced. He thus delivers himself:

It is plain that the manner of preaching, which has proved effectual at one time, must not be relied upon as promising to be no less effectual at all times. The causes which affect the character of the people, must always affect the manner of the preacher. Human nature, viewed in its great elements, is changeless as the heavens, but viewed as it may be affected by external influences, it is ever-varying like the clouds. We are observant of these varieties, as they serve to characterize the several races of men in the different regions of the earth. The map of the geologist, with its many colours, indicating the distinct layers on the surface of the globe, is not more diversified than is the mental, moral, and social complexion of the families and nations of mankind, though all made of one blood, and sent off from one stock. But strong as are these lines of separation between different races and nations, they do not exhibit a greater variety than may often be seen in the history of the same people upon the same soil, if we take in a large space of their story, and compare the men of one age with their remote progenitors in another. The whole transition belonging to social life, reaching from the lowest barbarism to the highest experiment, may thus pass before us. Within the space occupied by this great change, many lesser changes are included. Men become more known by class and gradation. These classes become distinguished by different habits of thought, feeling, and usage. Culture, prejudices, passions—all pass under new influences. Hence modes of producing impression which possessed eminent fitness as applied to the men of one century, may be wholly wanting in suitableness as applied to the men of the next.

But obvious as all this may seem, it is to be marked as one of the besetting infirmities of our nature, that men frequently adhere pertinaciously to one means, when the difficulties to be overcome have assumed a new form. No doubt it is much less costly to move on in the old track than to venture upon striking out a new path. It not only requires less thought and a less sacrifice of ease—it incurs less censure. We flatter ourselves, moreover, that our conduct in this case carries with it the test of experience, and the sanction of reputable precedent. But it ought to be very plain to us, that the true lesson to be learned from such precedents, is the importance of endeavouring wisely to adapt the means to the end. It is that we should study the men of our time, as our fathers studied the men of their time,—and that we should mould our instructions accordingly. Its teaching is, not that we should continue the apparatus unchanged, but rather that we should subject it to new construction, and new modes of operation, from time to time, so as to meet the ever-changing forms which may be given to our common depravity, by the constantly-shifting influence of the different elements of society. In the history of the pulpit, next to its dependence on its themes and on the Divine blessing, is its dependence on this kind of adaptation; and it is one of the most instructive and interesting facts observable in the history of Divine dispensations, that the social world should have been made subject to those ceaseless changes, in order that the church, in place of moving on in one mechanical routine, might be aroused, from point to point in her history, to put forth her skill and power in new forms, in order to meet these new exigencies.

Our doctrine therefore is, that the past has had a preaching of its own, and that so it must be with the present. The preaching of the reformers was a preaching of its own order; the same may be said of the preaching of the

maritans; and the same, again, of methodism. But our preaching must not consist in a ceaseless iteration of the elementary principles of protestantism, as in the first of these instances; nor in the skilful wielding of a cumbrous theological learning, as in the second instance; nor in an announcement of little more than the doctrine of salvation by repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, as in the third instance. Romanism is no longer the great antagonist, our people are no longer a nation familiar with the forms and phrases of a technical theology; and the great object of our vocation as preachers, is no longer to arouse the dormant faith of the worldly and thoughtless, but to convince the gainsayer, and to build up the church of God in the intelligent, the holy, and the moral,—and to do this in the face of a generation more wakeful and scrutinizing than any that has arisen in the history of nature. Need it be said on this subject, that if we hope to be strong we must dare to be original! Is it not plain, that the past can have no model to furnish, inasmuch as the past has had no times like ours? And with regard to the present, is it not manifest that the states of Europe can scarcely be said to have any preaching in them that we should be concerned to imitate! Our idea with regard to what preaching ought to be, must not be derived from what has been successful elsewhere, but from what is before us in the example of inspired men, and from what is demanded by the age in which we live.

Our other extract is from the concluding chapter, which contains a variety of cautions.

We have written to little effect if it has not appeared, that the preaching we regard as demanded from the masters of religion in our time, is far from being the kind of preaching which is characterised by an unnatural straining after the novel, the startling, or the great, either in thought or language. Neither the discourses of our Lord, nor those of the apostles, were of this order. In their preaching, we see the effect of teachers whose object was a lucid and impressive exhibition of truth; that truth being so exhibited, simply with a view to bring men habitually under the influence of truth, and so to enable them to realize the holy and the happy. Their preaching was not of a kind to make men wonder, so much as to make them thoughtful. In general, there was a comparative repose in their utterances, the excitement of the moment being little valued by them, except as it might arise from the rational conviction likely to continue beyond the moment. The instructed and disciplined mind, and the natural manner, in the Christian minister, may be of great value, but it must never be forgotten that it is the truth—"the truth as it is in Jesus," and that truth apprehended by men in its own solemn reality, which must accomplish everything really Christian that is accomplished by our ministry.

While we are thus cautious to assign its due place as revealed truth, apart from which all human agency is as nothing; it is important, also, that ministers and congregations should guard against the unreasonable in aim or expectation, with regard to preaching of that more intellectual kind, which in some connexions is so much needed. Great sermons can be preached only by great men. Preachers who forget this, and aim at an object beyond their reach, only make their likeness appear less. Congregations, also, which contract the habit of regulating their experience of the useful, according to the frequency

with which their attention is roused by the brilliant, betray in that habit a great feebleness of judgment, and great poverty as regards the tone of spiritual feeling which pervades the New Testament.

Even great men, if they must preach often, can preach great sermons only rarely. * * * On the whole, we may be assured on this subject, that what is not found to be practicable, was not meant to be obligatory. The kind of service to which ministers are unequal, is the kind of service which is not needed. Had it been necessary that the church should be largely supplied with preaching of the high order adverted to, the head of the church would have provided for his own to that effect. It is not necessary that all preachers should account themselves called to be great preachers: nor is it necessary that great preachers should be such at all times. In this matter, the demand generally made, has respect to a comparatively humble range of instruction, and the supply furnished by Providence has always been conformable to the nature of this demand. The obligation devolving on the Christian ministry, and that which the church has a right to expect from its ministry, is, that preachers should be *teachers of the truth to the extent of their power*—the possible in this case, being the expedient, and that on which the Divine Influence may be expected to descend, so as to accomplish, in the best manner, all the purposes intended by the institution of the Christian ministry.

We now do not hesitate to declare that Dr. Vaughan appears to us to have grasped, as well as grappled with, the science of pulpit ministrations; which is little short of saying that he comprehends that of clerical functions; nay, that he has firmly planted his foot upon the corner-stone of civilization, whence he steadily takes his excursive surveys over space and the phenomena of human history, and the destinies of our race, as guided by the New Testament light.

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ART. XII.—*Eight Weeks in Germany; comprising Narratives, Descriptions, and Directions for Economical Tourists.* By the Pedestrian. Edin.: White and Co.

IF ever we pay a visit to Germany, with a view of traversing a number of its different states, and whether strictly on foot or otherwise, (our Pedestrian adopted all sorts of means, as circumstances suggested, for the furtherance of his Eight Weeks' tour,) this shall be our guide-book. It appears to us to be by far the best practical directory, especially for economical travellers, that we have met with, to the parts described. More than this, it lays down rules, recognizes principles, and offers suggestions that are worthy of universal adoption, no matter what the country be that is visited, and no matter what the mode of removing from one place to another.

But the Pedestrian has not only produced an excellent guide-

ook, but his Narratives and Descriptions, after all the volumes that ave been published concerning the route he traced, and the spots t which he alighted, present a good deal that has never been told or ictured before, or at least never told and pictured with more shrewd ense, independence of mind, natural vigour, and quaint taste. In hort, no reader, whether a tourist or a home-abiding person, will be atisfied, the moment he has perused any two pages of the unpre-ending and unaffected compact volume, until he has gone through it rom beginning to end; such is the entertainment and useful infor-mation that everywhere meet the sense. The very hardihood of his undertaking of making a Grand Tour of Germany in the time specified on the title-page of his book, and the fearlessness with which he gives you his impressions of spots and scenes which have times without number been made the themes of preceding writers, prepare one for something better than puling sentimentality, pretty writing, or feeble repetition. Nay, if a random reader should happen to open the volume and cast his eyes over a few sentences anywhere, he will hardly fail of saying to himself, "I should like to know something of this Pedestrian chap, whence he comes, and what his calling," and so forth. Nor to such questions does he leave the gentle reader long in doubt. In fact, the best parts of the volume are those in which one is made to see, and find him talking to himself.

Begin with the Preface:—There he tells us, he has always had an insatiable desire to visit any thing strange that was to be seen, and for travel. "When he was a school-boy he devoted his holidays to making a grand tour on foot to all his relations; and when a student at college he saved something every winter from his limited allow-ances, that he might in summer visit some of the celebrated localities of his own country. During that period of mirth and activity, be-tween the finishing of his studies and his professional establishment, which is exactly adapted for a jaunt to the Continent, the Pedes-trian was unfortunately shut out from Germany, inasmuch as mirth without money would not carry him through a foreign land, unless like Goldsmith he could play his way on the German flute. Once fixed in life, his means became plenty enough, but then time began to be scarce; and these, namely, time and money, were thus like the two mathematical lines which always approach but never meet; or rather, they were, in the Pedestrian's circumstances, like the two electrical balls charged with opposing fluids, which some-times seem to come near one another but only to start farther back than ever. In this way the Pedestrian was fixed between the horns of a dilemma, till at last the astonishing march of intellect brought into play the elements of air, water, and fire, along our levels, both by sea and land, and at once removed almost entirely these and other hindrances." According to this statement, should the gentle reader conjecture that the Pedestrian is a professional man of a somewhat

liberal education, of the middling ranks of life, and of a limited income; and withal, not only from necessity, but from choice, one that aims at economy,—our tourist says the guess will hit the mark. A *canny* Scotchman he is, as every now and then appears; and, perhaps, if we dub him an Edinburgh lawyer, we come still nearer to an identification.

But the Preface communicates a good deal more that has sense and amusement for the reader. He is "tall and somewhat gaunt with stout limbs, and strong bones rather loosely jointed, but clothed with sinews, tough, and bellied like a carrier's whip." The colour of his hair "is after his own fancy, for he bought it." In his walk he "does not spring as if upon wires, but his motion is diligent and docile." As a Pedestrian, he "is a man of so many resources that he sticks at nothing in the way of difficulties;" and "active alike in body and in mind, once started in a trip he follows his object with fire, force, and fortitude, till the sentiment be satisfied for the time." These, with a number of other points of information, with regard to his appearance, his constitution, and furnishings outwardly and inwardly, are laid before the reader in the Preface.

And next comes an Introduction of *sixty-one* closely-printed pages, to this moderately-sized volume of travels! This is at least a novelty. What can it be about, or made up of, since it does not even put the tourist on board the steamer at the Tower stairs? Let us see; perhaps the thing may be capital, and fit of itself to make a little book, that thousands would purchase. Such, indeed, we pronounce it, and so will the readers of our gleanings from it, we confidently predict.

The Pedestrian sets out with recommending that which he says he practised, viz., that every traveller should fix his course before he starts, as clearly and precisely as possible; and one feels almost inclined to sneer at him when he states that in the short space of time he had at command, he proposed to see a portion of the externals of the following places and things:—

Of the States, I considered that I might see a portion of Holland, Belgium, Rhenish Prussia, Hesse, Darmstadt, Nassau, Wurtemburg, Suabia, the Tyrol, Austria, Bohemia, Saxony, Prussia, Hanover, and those portions of the Danish territories which stretch alongside of it, with the islands of Walcheren, Beveland and Heligoland, and others in the North Sea. Of its rivers, I considered that I might see something of the Scheldt, the Rhine, the Neckar, the Isar, the Inn, the Salza, the Danube, the Molda, and the Elbe. Of its capitals, Brussels, Darmstadt, Stillgard, Munich, Innsbruck, Salzburgh, Vienna, Prague, Dresden, and Berlin, with the Hanseatic towns of Frankfort and Hamburg. Of its battle-fields and fortifications, Flushen, Antwerp, Waterloo, Mayence, Ehrenbreitstein, Ulm, Blenheim, Innsbruck, Salzburg, Linz, Wagram, Prague, Calne, Dresden, Leipsic, Magdeburg. Of its mountains, I judged that the Bavarian, the Tyrolese, the Salzburg, and the Austrian Alps, with the Riesenge-

pe, the Giant Mountains, and the Snowhead, as the chief of the chain the sources separating Silesia from Bohemia, were few enough samples, with Kreml waterfall as the best in Germany. Of the watering-places, Aix la apelle, Spa, Weisbaden, Baden, Toplitz. Of its universities, Bonn, Heidelg, Augsburg, Salzburg, and most of the capitals already mentioned.

Now, here is a traced plan for you, to be executed and fulfilled in ght weeks! Yet, declares the Pedestrian, "I kept to it, and rried it through; and I say, advisedly, that the course was well aced and travelled."

A natural and important query next occurs:—"How much oney may a round of this sort require?" In answer, the writer ates,—

Not only that he travelled every inch of the ground he has mentioned, and ounted well the whole cost; but more than this, he avers that he denied imself none of the comforts and conveniences which any reasonable tourist ould desire. He took the best places in all the different coaches, and the irst berths in the steam-boats. He occupied the second, and sometimes the irst waggons in the railway trains. He always dined at the table d'hôte, and, uietly be it spoken, he drank as much wine as his fellow-travellers. He njoyed the best of the travelling society in the most respectable hotels, and nad a share of conversation with the aristocracy everywhere. He saw all the respectable sights, right and left, within the compass of his journey. He even stepped into several of the theatres, to see the company, hear the music, and guess at the manners, for he had not German enough to be corrupted by what he heard. He bought a very few trifling trinkets. And certainly, with all that, he was careful of his means. In a word, he is proud to make it his boast that he brought home some little out of forty pounds, and in two days out of eight weeks, after remaining a few days at a time in such cities as might be worth the while.

It could not be, however, that the Pedestrian should have many glimpses behind the curtain, that is to say, beyond the outside of things. Neither, considering his deficiency in the language of the country, could his intercourse be very extensive with the people. Still, he appears to have formed, at least during portions of his tour, one of a party in which there was an old traveller. Besides, the English language is pretty fluently spoken by numbers in Germany, and especially where persons are in the route of travellers, of whom the John Bulls constitute such a large and money-paying portion.

But the directions and hints which the Pedestrian crams into the introduction are in his best style.

After pointing out the general advantages of starting on such a tour as he made, choosing for it either May or August, the only two seasons of the year when this jaunt should take place; and supposing you have *health*, *strength*, and a *happy disposition*,—that you are resolved to *make* and *keep* yourself *happy*,—that you are not suspicious or too saucy,—that you can avoid *making yourself appear too*

*knowing*, there are still a variety of circumstances and cautions that are worthy of being preliminarily understood and accepted.

For example, although it be true that the Germans, with very few exceptions, are remarkable for their honesty, their sobriety, and their kind-heartedness, still "even in the general it is asserted that they have their rates of charges on their roads, one for a German, another, the double of it, for a Frenchman,—and a third, the double of both, for an Englishman." It is therefore wisdom to conceal that you are from the land of Bulls. But easier said than done; for, when a large cargo of passengers arrives at the entrance to a foreign hotel, an Englishman can, "independently of his dress and language, be distinguished from the representatives of all the other nations in Europe. He looks stiff and solitary, and instead of asking anything, he demands it;" and therefore every method is adopted to make him pay for his discourtesy and haughtiness. However, sundry attempts have been made to complete the disguise. Mr. Gleig on one occasion struck up for being a Russian. An excellent general rule is said to be the assuming the character of a mercantile traveller, and to go to commercial hotels. Some English tourists hang out for being Yankees, and not only talk of New York, but carry all their luggage under their arm. The Pedestrian also narrates as follows:—

> There often seemed to be an intense anxiety on the part of landlords to ascertain, before they presented the bill, whether I was from England, and finding also, in one instance, at a station on the railroad between Augsburg and Munich, that my rate of charge for breakfast was actually increased after it was once stated, and before I counted out the money, I stopped short, and demanded an explanation. I got for answer, that London was a rich town, that Englishmen had plenty of money, and that Germans were charged *dreadfully* in Great Britain. From that moment I adopted the silent and simple device of allowing my beard on the upper lip to remain undisturbed with anything in the shape of a soap-brush, and I talked German as sparingly and as correctly as I could, till all scores were cleared. I can scarcely say that I was a profiter by my ingenuity, which was only meant for the provinces; but it was amusing sometimes to be told that I spoke German like an Englishman, and looked like a German.

The Pedestrian remarks, that unless you are ambitious of being overcharged, have always plenty of small coin on hand. This leads to a variety of useful practical notices about coins, exchanges, and the difficulties as well as losses to which a stranger is exposed who may be often passing out of one state into another. However, "the best mode of carrying money abroad, to defray the expense of the journey, is simply a sufficient quantity of solid English sovereigns." They will always bring their value in change, if you know what and how many coins to demand for them.

On the subject of distance, another source of confusion in Germany, e Pedestrian is suggestive. Do as they do in the remote islands of otland, measure the space which you walk by the length of time cupied, and according to the rate of your usual pace when steady. Again, on the subject of luggage, our author is minute and in- rming, at the same time that his practical lessons prove amusing. e lays it down that there ought to be little profusion or variety of ch impediments. A pedestrian does not repair to watering-places to seek a wife or to make a fortune." "Be civil and pay your way, nd there will appear something about you better than a yard or two f fine broad-cloth from the shop of a London tailor to testify of our rank and station at home. Nay, this will hold even after your ress has become somewhat the worse of the wear." If you meet ith nobility, tell them "they must either take you as you are, as a raveller, or invite you to dine with them when both parties have re- urned." If any "make remarks about your dress, so can you make emarks about theirs, and here the matter will probably take and end omewhat as it began; and if it never begins at all, then of course it will never need come to an end."

But the Pedestrian gives us more than these general common-sense directions, for he describes minutely his own travelling wardrobe. He started

> On an eight-weeks' trip, with only one suit of clothes, and with no great-coat, cloak, mackintosh, blouse, or without any other covering whatever from cold or wet. The frock-coat and trousers were of a cheap and warmish texture, purchased for the purpose. The only luxury in the way of dress which I treated myself to, was the taking with me a pair of coarse old shoes of the strongest make, with iron on the heels and toes, and a double row of hobnails driven into the soles. These, with thick worsted stockings, carried me neatly through the Tyrol, where I generally walked thirty miles a-day for more than a fortnight, without getting either bruises or blisters on my feet. The only time I felt myself crippled was in the cities, where the streets are generally roughly causewayed instead of being paved, and where I so far, and very foolishly, personified the dandy by wearing a pair of calf-leather shoes and cotton stockings. But the grand remedy in this case is to bathe the feet very frequently in cold water, (taking care of course to cool the head in the first place,) and also to put on a pair of clean stockings almost every day. On many occasions I felt too warm in the heat of the day, but this was balanced by its being just cold enough when travelling by night. In gliding down from Linz to Vienna, an English gentleman gave me an idea of an additional comfort in an easy way. Like myself, his whole wardrobe hung from his shoulders, but in the dawn of the cold damp morning he wrapt himself very snugly up in a Scotch pirny plaid, like a shepherd from the Grampians. It, he said, served almost any purpose, whether to roll round his feet, or his body, or his luggage, or over his corpus in the night-time, when the coverings happened to be scarce.

Something after the manner, both in shape and mode of carryi
of a soldier's knapsack, appears to have contained our Pedestri
travelling gear.

Searches by the custom-house officers, and passports, are to
which are handled in the same plain and judicious manner that str
the reader in other departments of our author's directions.
know not of any publication in which these matters are so fully a
distinctly treated as in these pages of the introduction to the "Ei
Weeks." Not unconnected with the topics just mentioned, is t
caution not to open your mouth about religion or politics where t
governments are despotic, be they ever so paternal. Do not on a
account, if you wish to avoid a serious scrape, preach the doctri
of Tom Paine in a German coffee-house. It appears that snar
are even laid to entrap unwary foreigners, at least in the dominio
of the watchful and jealous Austrian. The authorities not onl
very strictly eyed the Pedestrian, and closely questioned him, but o
his entering the Tyrol, an aged official from the passport depart
ment politely offered to show the stranger the lions of the place an
neighbourhood. "He showed me everything and told me every
thing." The Pedestrian wondered at all this, but took care not t
make the most distant inquiries. At length the official "struck th
flint to get the darkness lighted up."

He mentioned the tomb of Andreas Hofer, he talked of his patriotism, an
well he might, for the name of Tell or Wallace is not now more immortal i
the history of the world than that of Hofer; and also with indignation of th
Austrians having given him over to be murdered by Napoleon. I shifted th
subject once or twice, but still he brought it round again. I pretended utte
ignorance of Hofer and his patriotism; but he explained the circumstance, an
drove forward the conversation, till in a kind of anxiety altogether new to m
I told him that I had laid down a rule when I left England, to talk of neithe
religion nor politics till I returned—that rule I had hitherto kept, and that
rule I would continue to keep, everywhere, and to every individual; because I
wanted to get peaceably home again. I saw by that time the drift of the
whole affair, and I learned from it a salutary lesson, which is here recorded to
guide and to guard others.

But to return to the Introduction:—The Pedestrian has a good deal to say of the best and cheapest modes of making speed on routes where there is no rail-road or rivers for steam vessels. After all, however, the best way, we are informed, to overcome every difficulty about coins, currency, passports, posting, and so forth, is to acquire some sort of competent knowledge of the German language before you start. Our author being deficient in this respect, generally, when he found his vocabulary wanting, had recourse to the person with the most intellectual countenance he could pick out, making use of what of the foreign tongue he possessed, and the telegraphic signals which his two hands and ten fingers could supply. Some

rous little incidents, in the way of dialogue and conversation e in this way, the Pedestrian at the same time uniformly finding the moment a foreigner understands you, he takes care to put right, and is ever ready to become your guide to desired spots. Brussels he accosted a person who was remarkable in this courus respect, and who could speak some English. "I had made up mind," says our tourist, "that he was a Belgian, and probably a ive of Brussels. He had asked how long I had been from Engl, where I had been, and what course I intended to take in my r. I simply replied, that I go to Waterloo in the afternoon, and —'Vaterloo,' he exclaimed, making a leap back from me like a cing master; while his eye beaming rage and mortification, meaed me from top to toe. 'Vaterloo! I am a Frenchman, sir; vat you mean? am I not your friend?' I saw that I had got into a ape, and I suspected that my guide had been wounded in the ull. I instantly made a leap in my conversation from Waterloo Jena, and Austerlitz, and Friedland;" and thus calmed the geneman whose national pride had been wounded.

We must now pass from the Introduction to the narrative itself, efore shutting the volume, in order to glean a few specimens. Take rst then a sample of the Pedestrian's sentimentalism and descriptive icturing.

Tourists to the continent have always a paragraph at sea, and it is generally omewhat foaming and tossing, and tumbling with bombast,—bombast in very sentence—and why not? Now for it, then. The new-born moon had gone to sleep in the bosom of its parent the sun, and both had been curtained with a rich drapery of cold scarlet clouds. The twilight, brief at the best by the month of August, had given way to the dusky white darkness of a harvest night. The breeze was fresh and favourable upon the whole, but a stubborn tide and a heavy swell contended against us. But the furnace-driven vessel steamed and struggled in its course onward from the mouth of the Thames towards that of the Scheldt, with a speed and strength mightier far than the mightiest leviathan of the deep. The paddles, crushing every wave after another into foam, and striking fire out of water on both sides at every blow, afforded an interesting exemplification of Lord Bacon's well-known observation, that knowledge is power. Around the sides of the steamer, millions of floating phosphoric sparklings continued to dance for a moment and disappear for ever, and pale shining sheets of light ran rapidly behind us and ranged themselves in long lines by the rope and box which had been flung from the stern to tell the log-book the ship's rate. But, to be serious, the ship gave a lurch at times, and occasionally there was a stop in the ship's motion, as if her machinery had begun to hesitate, and then there was a large and sudden dash of salt spray, to remind a landsman of danger; but still he had confidence in the brawny arm, in the granite frame, calm and steady eye, and rough red countenance of the Aberdeen man, feebly illumined by the light in the binnacle. But, above all, he had confidence in the presence, and power, and protection of Him who holds the ocean itself in the hollow of his hands. And

to adopt, not the "hackneyed" but hallowed feelings of a pious and powerful orator, it may well be said that "the ideas which rush into the mind on contemplating by night, out of sight of land, the sea, are as dark, as mysterious, as unfathomable, and as indescribable, as the vast ocean itself. One sees but little, yet that little caught here and there, so much resembles some of the attributes of the Great Power which created us, that the mind, trembling under the immensity it engenders, is lost in feelings which human beings cannot impart to each other. In the hurricane which one meets with in southern latitudes, most of us have probably looked in vain for the waves which have been described to be mountains high; but though the outline has been exaggerated, is there not a terror in the filling-in of the picture, which no human artist can delineate! and in the raging of the tempest, in the darkness which the light makes visible, who is there among us that has not fancied he has caught a shadow of the wrath and a momentary glimmering of the mercy of the Almighty?

From the moment that the Pedestrian sets foot upon continental land, or catches a glimpse of its shores, till that in which he turns his back upon it in his homebound course, we have a rapid succession of animated sketches, of sagacious remarks, and of prompt pronouncings. His eyes kept time and speed with his feet, and his pen, apparently without effort, with both. But we can hardly afford to stop with him at any stage, after the space already allowed to the "Eight Weeks." One or two halts must, however, be made, were it merely to have a minute for breathing and allowing meditation the use of its wings.

Pause for a second on the coast of Holland:—

The inhabitants bordering on the sea are said not to be more secure from the dangers of inundations than they who dwell on the sides of Etna are from the volcano heaving beneath them. A stranger passing along the coast of Holland in a steam-boat forms a very inadequate conception of the magnitude and value of these dykes. He can only have a full impression of this when he walks at the foot of one of them, when he hears the roaring of the raging sea thirty or forty feet above him, while the wind and tide are ever and anon lashing the waves over upon him, and when the fears of all are as great as if it were an approaching earthquake or a tornado. This country is also exposed even to greater dangers still, from internal inundations arising from the stopping up of the rivers by ice, and the melting of the snow when the thaw sets in.

These dangers and threatenings beat those to which St. Petersburg is exposed, as pictured by M. Kohl.

It provokes a smile to hear the Pedestrian asseverating that an active man may, under good guidance, see enough of Antwerp in six hours. Our readers who purpose paying a visit to the commercial city may consult the book, in order to learn how he occupied himself during these few hours, so as to exhaust the lions. It may,

owever, help the imagination with respect to his system of examiation, if the following note is borne in mind. "One of the best ıethods," says he, "of acquiring a quick and accurate notion of a ity and the surrounding country, is to ascend any one of the emiıences or steeples, with somebody to point out the most interesting ›bjects. In this way a comprehensive view of the whole gives imıressions more accurate and also more enduring."

As our tourist approached Ulm, and travelling by *diligence*, a 'small sluggish-like ditch of dirty water, with muddy mossy banks," was pointed out to him. It was the source of the Danube, "the first link of that immense body of water, which, like a chain, bound in one, two of the most important quarters of the globe;" a stream which at a later period of the journey is thus noticed: "By break of day I was in a steamer on the heavy, haughty, aristocratic Danube, with its broad, deep, full majesty of flood, moving onward in aged-like sobriety to its watery grave in the Black Sea, yet more than a thousand miles distant from its termination."

A German funeral, as witnessed at Munich, must detain us a moment.

I remained till the coffin was brought out. It was a rich massive piece of workmanship of a port-wine colour, having on the lid of it the sign of the cross. No mortcloth was put over it, or any kind of covering whatever. A band of mourners took the advance in the procession, holding each in his hand a wax-candle lighted, and larger and longer than a scroll of paper. These were followed by about a dozen personages, apparently of some order of the priesthood. Each bore in his hand an open book, the Bible probably, and from it they read, or rather sang, portions with loud and plaintive tones. Now and then, as they went along, they chaunted a prayer, or a hymn, or an Ave Maria, or a grand "misere," not only with most earnest solemnity, but with great simplicity and beauty. * * * Wreaths rested on the coffin, and were carried in the hands of priests and followers.

The Pedestrian learnt that the cemetery was near at hand. A large bell now tolled; the procession stepped up broad stairs, and entered a gate; and here was the silent city of the departed.

The foliage of a few trees is seen around the outskirts, to relieve the eye, like a selvedge to a garment. There are walks dry as bone and neatly formed, crossing one another at right angles, and laying off the field in such a way, that the graves of others need not be trampled upon by the stranger seeking the narrow bed of the remains of his own affectionate recollections. . . . There were a vast number of crosses and grave-stones of various shapes, and other monuments of modest pretensions crowded together, yet not one of them was out of order. . . . There were groups of visitors, old and young, at various places, and here and there a solitary individual, bending in silence and sadness, each over the grave of his or her own friend.

The Pedestrian more particularly describes one group of mourners, the weeding the flower-beds on the graves, the replacings for faded

chaplets, and the basin with the brush placed beside every grave, for the purpose of watering the buds and the leaves of the planted flowers which have become sickly in the dry soil.

The procession had gone far past the open grave, and seemed to be proceeding as if out of the burial-ground altogether. I quickened my pace, and came up to it just as the mourners, with their wax candles and open books, were filing off to the right and left, to allow the coffin to advance between. . . . There was right in front of us a splendid building, with piazzas, porticoes, and pillars under which and within there was a glass front, through which were seen ladies and gentlemen, dressed in the gayest colours, apparently of all ages, as if reclining at their ease, while a brilliant flood of light blazed from hundreds of large wax candles. The doors were instantly thrown open to receive the body, and the large procession returned down the same broad walk very much like people in our own country retiring from a funeral. The doors were then shut, and I mounted the flight of steps to the platform, which was partly crowded by silent spectators and some officials; but what was my surprise on pressing forward, and looking into the interior through its glass front, to see that all who at a little distance looked so like a gay assemblage in a ball or supper-room, were neither more nor less than dead bodies, dressed for the graves, seated in their coffins, and surrounded with six or eight wax candles. . . . Already had they bolstered up my friend, who exhibited a full face, aged about sixty, with hair combed, linens pure as drifting snow, clothes new and fine, and silk stockings such as he would have put on had he risen from his medicine and mortar, and dressed for dinner. (The deceased had been an apothecary.) . . . I afterwards learned that within twelve hours after a death happens in a family, the public authorities step forward thus to remove the body of the deceased to this kind of intermediate state even upon earth. Should the connexions be poor, the dead-cart calls at the door at an appointed time, and the body is thus conveyed to an inferior sort of dead-room, lighted only by a dismal lamp, and there the fingers of the corpse are placed in the loops of a bell-rope attached to an alarum clock, which is fixed in the apartment of an attendant appointed to be on the watch; the least pulsation or quiver of the body would give the alarm, and medical aid would be on the spot in one minute. In the cases of those who can afford the expense of decorations, a funeral such as I saw takes place as soon after the death as the necessary arrangements can be completed; and instead of the mechanical apparatus already mentioned, matrons and medical men sit night and day for the time appointed by law.

In concluding our review of "Eight Weeks in Germany," we have merely to pronounce it as our opinion, that the author has fulfilled that which he appears to have proposed to himself; viz., to give all the information gathered in the course of his tour that he could, in a plain and practical manner, and from his own experience, —to render the work something more than a mere abstract road-book of dry details, by interspersing it with some personal narratives, "as living illustrations" of the general rules laid down, in order to make it more interesting,—and to afford all the instruction which a

traveller along the same track may require; thus furnishing the only book one needs to purchase for this purpose, being at the same time not half the bulk, nor a fourth part of the usual price, of such productions.

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XIII.—*Local Reports on the Sanitary Condition of the Labouring Population of England; also of Scotland.* Her Majesty's Stationery Office.

THESE Local Reports form two volumes, the one separate and distinct in a variety of respects from the other; but each being produced "in consequence of an Inquiry directed to be made by the Poor Law Commissioners," and "presented to both houses of Parliament by Command of her Majesty, July, 1842." Our readers will at once perceive that the present volumes belong to the same subject which engaged Mr. Chadwick in a Report which he recently produced, as Secretary to the Poor Law Commissioners, and to which we directed the attention of our readers. But it will also be at the same time naturally concluded, that a number of local and individual reports must differ very considerably from any one which has been compiled and drawn up from the whole of these local documents in the aggregate. Not only in respect of arrangement and unity of plan must there be a difference; but the probability is that in the process of selection and condensation, no person when dealing with such a mass of disjointed matter, will be able to give the essence of the whole exactly; while the chances are still greater that when he proceeds to reason, to philosophize, and to build theories upon what he has collected and classified, he will utter opinions, urge views, and deduce conclusions which no one else would think are justified by his facts, or are in themselves sound.

Of course we have neither space nor occasion to institute a thorough comparison of Mr. Chadwick's more general and official production with the conclusions which we ourselves would draw from the volumes now more immediately before us; neither do we attempt an examination into the fairness of his abridgement of facts and opinions. Still, we must notice one branch of doctrine and views put forth by Mr. Chadwick, and of course entertained by the Commissioners; nay, that constitutes the burden of a Report that may become the foundation of legislative enactments; and yet it is not authorized by the Local Reports, but is even to a considerable extent in direct opposition to the information which he professed to embody and to follow. We allude to the doctrine set forth and urged by the Secretary, that cleansing and ventilation, by means of draining, &c., are the grand remedies and preventions for the diseases generated among the poor and the labouring classes,—the security

and the cure in respect of contagion. Now, although there can be no doubt about the baneful influence which impure air has upon the constitution and health of any person who is exposed to it, yet the facts, arguments, and opinions put forth by a number of the most competent authorities in the Local Reports, teach us that *poverty* with the evils and wants necessarily in its train, is the great source and real cause of infectious diseases. Hear what Dr. James Sym, of Ayr, says,—a gentleman eminent for his scholarship, for his natural talent, and professional skill,—when speaking of the disease which he calls the most formidable scourge of the poor, viz., continued fever; and of which, he declares, the town of Ayr is never free, though the malady prevails to a much greater extent at one time than another:

At this moment it is raging chiefly in Newington Green, in which very few cases occurred during the previous years. It thus appears, that notwithstanding the great diversity in the nature of the abodes of the poor in regard to pure air, at least around the exterior of their houses, still fever does not give a preference to one locality over another, but searches out the destitute wherever they are to be found. The year 1836 was the commencement of severe depression in the muslin manufactures, so that hand-loom weavers and female sewers were reduced to extreme difficulties. Cross Street is the principal residence of these people; and accordingly, Cross Street was the great focus of fever in 1836. In the parish of Ayr, a subscription was raised, and the weavers were all kept at their looms till they received work again from Glasgow and Paisley. In that year they were better off than the weavers of Wallacetown; and fever prevailed less in Townhead than in Cross Street. The low wages at which the weavers have been working to the manufacturers since 1836, have not proved sufficient to arrest the disease, and it has now visited each quarter of the town in its turn. We have seen that the portion of the High Street between the old bridge and Wallacetown is not only the most crowded part of Ayr, but it contains all the nuisances: yet fever has prevailed more at Townhead than in this part of High Street, and there have been very few cases of it in the neighbourhood of the slaughter-house, the churchyard, swinefield, and the stables and cowhouses in the narrow back alleys; the inhabitants of these places are in general not so poor as those of Townhead and Cross Street. Again, Cross Street is inhabited by colliers as well as weavers; the houses of two classes are intermingled; the stench around the doors and the filth of the interior are as great among the colliers as among the weavers: but the colliers and their families live on a more nutritious diet than the weavers; and my talented friend Mr. Gibson, who is surgeon to the coal-works, informs me that while fever rages among the weavers it is not by any means a prevalent disease with the colliers, although small-pox and other epidemics are equally severe with both trades. This is not owing to the colliers being men of sounder constitutions than the weavers; for they are unhealthy-looking, broken-down by accidents and whisky, generally affected with chronic bronchitis, and on the whole short-lived. Their blood, however, is of a better crasis than that of the half-famished weavers, in consequence of their superior

liet. In short, I cannot, from the investigations I have made into the localities and progression of fever, connect its ravages with the nuisances which are exterior to the houses of the poor. It seems to me to be the offspring of their poverty itself, which renders their constitution susceptible of attacks, especially when exposed to contagion.

And in the following passage Dr. Sym gives his conclusion in the most distinct terms:

I have thus arrived at the conclusion, that fever among the poor is not so much to be attributed to the nuisances by which they are surrounded and the filth of their houses, as to the innutritious diet and other hardships which result immediately from poverty itself. I am far, however, from maintaining that the former are not injurious to the health of the poor, or that they are unworthy of the consideration of a wise legislature. On the contrary, I know that they have a powerful influence in producing that cachectic state of the constitution which renders it prone to many fatal diseases; and I have no doubt, to fever among the rest. I have prevailed upon delicate families to leave the vicinity of these nuisances, and the result has been a happy change in the state of their health. The blood requires the respiration of an uncontaminated atmosphere to maintain the body in a state of perfect health, and the less pure the inspired air, the less perfectly will the blood perform its office. But we do not live upon air alone, and the most offensive air we ever breathe differs less from pure air than innutritious and scanty food differs from a wholesome and sufficient diet. Whilst, therefore, the malaria of animal and vegetable matters in a state of corruption is unquestionably detrimental to the general health, I consider that its influence in predisposing the system to fever is utterly insignificant in comparison with the effects of protracted semi-starvation and the other evils which have poverty for their immediate source; nor do I conceive that it contains at all the specific morbid poison by which continued fever is excited, in the way that marsh-miasmata contain the specific poison of intermittents. As, however, it is highly injurious to the general health, I most earnestly recommend that every practicable measure should be adopted for relieving the town from its influence.

Amongst the Scotch practitioners and reporters we find similar statements and inferences, whenever their attention is directed to the real causes of infectious disease. And if we cross over to England, there also do corroborations abound. One gentleman, after noticing the remarkable fact, that not one home-patient affected with fever was admitted at the Salford Dispensary from that insalubrious place from June 1838 to June 1839, which he holds to be strong presumptive evidence that something in addition to an unhealthy site is necessary for the generation of typhoid fevers, goes on in the terms we now quote:

Notwithstanding the generally admitted fact that fever is most prevalent in localities where refuse is allowed to accumulate and decay, and notwithstanding all the evidence which has been adduced here in support of that opinion, the existence of some other cause seems necessary for the generation of the disease. It would not be difficult to point out places in a most abominably filthy state,

which have remained free from fever for a long period; yet no sooner has one case occurred, than the disease has spread with the greatest rapidity. In the course of my necessary inquiries for the preparation of this report, I have met with many more filthy situations, in which the occurrence of fever is extremely rare; a fact of which I have satisfied myself, both from the records of the medical institutions and from the evidence of the residents.

My own impression is, that the overcrowding and neglect of ventilation, the dissipated habits, and above all the poverty and destitution which prevail among the inhabitants of the low and filthy quarters of large towns, are more powerful causes of fever than the malaria to which those people are exposed; for we find that persons who are well fed and abundantly supplied with the necessaries of life, bear with impunity exposure to the most offensive effluvia arising from putrefying animal matters, or at least that in them it does not produce fever.

This same reporter gives his conclusions most pointedly, and declares that his observation and experience, as well as the facts which he adduces, "prove the frequent dependence of fever on the distressed and destitute condition of the poor."

Now, Mr. Chadwick certainly should not have concealed the facts and opinions to which we have just been calling attention. But to pass from this topic, and over many branches and incidental points of importance in these reports, we have to state in general terms, that the present documents are of great value, particularly the one which relates to Scotland. The Report for England has been principally furnished by Assistant Poor-law Commissioners, and resembles very much the matter that has been repeatedly laid before the public by the same parties; keeping close to the queries framed for them at Somerset House. But the volume which contains the Scotch matter is more remarkable and somewhat different in style, substance, and compass.

First of all, the Scotch reporters have been chiefly medical gentlemen, whose contributions are striking on account of the intellectual acuteness as well as professional knowledge which they display. But secondly, there being no functionaries in Scotland whose regular business it is to report on the condition of the poor, or even closely to inquire into it, we have here something like a first extensive contribution on the subject, and by persons, who not being amenable to the Commissioners, have not confined themselves to formal queries, nor regulated their judgments by any dictated theories. Accordingly, the results of their sanitary experience are not only worthy of earnest regard, but they have extended their investigations in many cases far beyond the immediate objects and points of reference contemplated at head-quarters in England. In fact we obtain important glimpses of the condition of classes in Scotland entirely beyond the sphere of the poor. Particular districts are even distinctly pictured by the papers given in by some of the reporters.

And what is the aspect presented of the country on the north side

f the Tweed? Why, in as far as the poor is concerned, their desitution and their exposure to the ills of life surpass what is generally witnessed in England. Dreadful indeed must be the position of nultitudes of the Scotch when they become unfit for labour, or are vithout work. How much suffering must there be of which no one akes heed, or is apprised! Even that which is known is fearfully appalling; and so long as no public provision is made for the evils, some of which will be clearly indicated by the passages now to be quoted, the misery and suffering depicted must actually continue, and perhaps increase. It is not want of food alone that is to be complained of, as the facts which Tranent, situated in the Lothians, amply demonstrate. Here are some particulars:—

In and around Tranent there are many insane persons. There are about twenty idiots in the parish of Tranent. The relatives of many of these are very unable to provide for their subsistence. I do not think that any assistance is given by the parish towards their maintenance.

Deranged persons, who are dangerous to themselves and others, should be provided for, and put under restraint. Two individuals are thus provided for by the parish of Tranent. But I know of one person who is not thus provided for: she is a young woman; she lives with her mother, an old widow. She is very furious, is confined in a dark closet; I believe she is completely naked; has no bed save a little straw, and has no bed-clothes. She roars like a wild beast; I have heard her; she tears everything that comes in her way; she tore with her teeth a straight-waistcoat in which she was once restrained. She lives like a hog; and her dark closet is cleaned out during the night, that the neighbours may not be horrified by the sight. The parish authorities have failed to send this person to an asylum, although solicited by the mother, a poor, but most respectable person. The heritors, I believe, allow 2*s*. 6*d*. per week for the maintenance of this object.

Then with regard to medical assistance, read the following statement:—

There are very few parishes in Scotland where a fixed sum is given for medical attendance on the poor. The poor in general seek assistance where they can get it; and on many occasions go without it altogether. When a case of urgent distress occurs, the minister of the parish sometimes requests a medical gentleman to see it; and payment is made from the parish funds. This is a very inefficient way of providing medical assistance. People who are very ill sometimes die without assistance. Some clergymen treat cases themselves; and the consequences may be readily conceived. Moreover, when assistance is procured, it frequently happens that it comes too late to be of any use. The minister may be from home, or engaged, and may not at the time consider the matter of such importance as to require immediate attention. Some clergymen are very attentive to the poor. A great deal of this evil would be prevented were parish-surgeons appointed throughout Scotland. I would strongly recommend the immediate adoption of this step; it would save the lives of many persons, and relieve the sufferings of thousands.

If this be the state of things in the heart and wealthiest parts of the country, what must be the condition of the poor in the High-

lands, and the distant parts of the north, where there is no institution whatever towards affording medical aid to the sick poor? One medical reporter thus describes matters:

When any epidemic or contagious disease prevails among them, it commonly diffuses itself with a fearful rapidity and malignity. The state of such families on these occasions is truly pitiable. Out of many similar cases that have come under my own observation, I mention the following. Some months ago, while passing through the western part of the parish of Edderton, I was waited on by a female, who besought me to visit her sick husband. I complied; and was led to a miserable hut, consisting of two small apartments, one of which was used both for kitchen and byre, wherein I found two half-naked children and a starveling heifer. In the second lay the husband, in the last stage of continued fever. He had now been ill for three weeks; and during the last week he could get no assistance towards turning him in bed; his wife, who happened to be in the last stage of pregnancy, being utterly unable to do so. On his back I found a large bed-sore. All the cash in the house consisted of 1*s.* 6*d.*, and the eatables of a peck of meal and a few potatoes. The whole furniture was not worth 20*s.* A day or two thereafter, I again visited this wretched family. I found that, during my absence, the mother was delivered, her only attendant being a feeble old woman; and I found a child of five years of age nursing the infant, whilst the mother was obliged, in this situation, to attend to the household duties. A few hours after I left, the husband was a corpse. This helpless family could not afford medical attendance.

But in the parts of which this last-quoted reporter speaks, viz., Tain, there are shocking scenes, even when you rise above the lowest class of the poor, or the absolutely destitute. Read:—

The houses of crofters and day-labourers are generally inferior to those of farm-servants. They are also less cleanly in their habits: in many cases they and their cattle live under the same roof. In not a few cases their houses are constructed wholly of turf, the smoke being allowed to find its way out wherever it can find an aperture. In many cases the cattle enter through the same door with the inmates, and the "domestic" fowls, strictly so called, perch themselves on the rafters or couples above the heads of their lords. This description, however, is happily applicable only to the minority and the more ancient of these dwellings.

It must be remarked, that the number of *real* paupers is known to be *double* that of those who actually apply for relief. Delicacy, or a species of pride, or commisseration for those who are more depressed and wretched than themselves, prevents the former from becoming candidates for the miserable pittance doled out to them by the Kirk Sessions. Indeed, from the scantiness of the funds, it often happens that the importunate applicants are sent away unrelieved. In some parishes it is the custom to attach the furniture of the pauper after his death, at the instance of the Kirk Session, in order to swell the pauper funds. The average value of the furniture is from 5*s.* to 15*s.*

The only other resource of the poor is mendicancy. The houses of almost all the respectable inhabitants of the district are open to vagrant beggars. Considerable sums are often collected in this manner by the poor. Some respectable families in the country contribute largely to the vagrant poor—much more so than they would have to do were a legal assessment in force. The

expense of supplying wandering mendicants falls most heavily and disproportionately on the benevolent and kind-hearted.

It must not be supposed that poverty is confined to the enrolled paupers. It may too often be found in the turf cabin of the lower sort of crofters; whose few acres of sterile ground are not sufficient, after the most patient cultivation, to yield even a supply of potatoes, the only or principal article of their aliment. How are these, when infirm or old, enabled to pay their rent—except, perhaps, by *begging in a quarter where they are not known?*

We might greatly extend our extracts without exhausting the variety of painful pictures, the pith of argument and opinions, and the value of the suggestions which both of these volumes of Local Reports contain. We might even continue occupied at considerable length with the different glimpses of national manners, and of society in various grades, which are here to be obtained; but what we have said and shown may serve to direct notice to the documents into which we have been dipping, and consequently to the proper practical remedies for the depicted evils.

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# NOTICES.

ART. XIV.—*England in the Nineteenth Century.*

CORNWALL and Lancashire are now completed; the design of the proprietor being to publish at the same time separate series, "one belonging to a county chiefly noted for its natural beauties and romantic or picturesque features, and the other distinguished for some great branch of national manufactory." But having on the appearance of the first numbers of this topographical work,—which is beautiful in a pictorial sense, and novel as well as rich in respect of letter-press information,—given an account of its plan and purpose, it is unnecessary at present to say more than that the two counties named, which are the most remarkable in the empire for their several characteristics, and therefore the most happily contrasted, are now finished in a style every way satisfactory, and faithful to promise. Instead of occupying more time with any remarks of our own, let a passage from each of the series be introduced, although it is impossible to do full justice to the publication unless the illustrative engravings of scenes, sites, machinery, &c., be examined along with the descriptions. From Lancashire we take an account of the early days of the father of the Premier, who was born, we are told, in Fish-lane, Blackburn.

"At the time of the elder Sir Robert's birth, the house itself, and the position in which it stands, were superior to what they are now. The family were small but substantial farmers. Their credit is the greater for having raised themselves from a humble origin. The merit was due to the late baronet, who was eminently distinguished for those qualities by which money is commonly made, and large fortunes accumulated, aided by favourable circumstances. He was one, and we incline to think a very favourable specimen, of a class of men who, availing themselves in Lancashire of the discoveries of other heads or of their own, and profiting by the peculiar local facilities for making and printing cotton goods, as well as the wants and demand which, half a century

ago, manifested themselves for the articles manufactured, succeeded in realizing great opulence without possessing either refinement of manners, culture of intellect, or more than common-place knowledge. They were industrious, frugal, generally sober, honest in the payment of every legal claim;—and thus they prospered. When the first Sir Robert Peel lived in Fish-lane with his brothers and parents, which was then a very respectable farm-house, it was customary for respectable yeomen to use pewter plates at dinner. Sir Robert, or his brother, sketched a figure or pattern of some kind or other upon one of their plates; and a thought struck him he would try whether an impression would be made on calico with colour. At one end of the farm building a young woman of the name of Elizabeth Mitton kept a calendering machine, and he went into her house, and put the plate with colour in the figured part, and some calico through the machine, when it left an impression; such we believe is the origin of roller-printing on calico. This information is derived from the daughter of the said Elizabeth Mitton, a Mrs. White, of Burnley."

Pass to Cornwall, and here we shall find that the pilchard fishery is a department of industry of vast importance even in the province of tin mines. The account of the fishery just mentioned is strikingly vivid; while the subject will be new to many of our readers.

"Whence this fish comes, or whither it goes, is an impenetrable mystery of Nature's keeping. The pilchard is never found so far north as the southernmost part of Ireland: nor, indeed, except a stray fish, have any been found north of Cornwall; they sometimes approach the shore in greater numbers, and much nearer, than at others; most probably coming northwards from the deeps of the Atlantic. Their arrival is about the third week in July, and they remain to the end of September. . . . The seine, or net, measures from 220 to 260 fathoms long, or more than a quarter of a mile, and is sixteen fathoms broad in the middle. . . . The net is carried in a boat of about eight tons burthen, and is folded so as to be thrown overboard by two strong experienced men, without the least entanglement; one at the headrope or corked side, the other at the foot-rope or leaded border. In the seine boat there are five rowers besides the bow oarsman, who watches the huer, and directs the steering from his signals. The *huer*, from the French word huer, 'to call,' or 'cry out,' is always a man of great experience; since on his judgment depends the success of the fishery. Before dawn he is upon some lofty cliff, ready to observe the sea, just at that part of the summer when a warm July or August haze comes over its surface, which the people say, brings 'heat and pilchards,' from their occurrence at the same season. From the cliffs a shoal of fish is readily perceived by an experienced eye, as it is accompained by a change in the hue of the water over them, which is shaded on the surface by their uncountable multitudinousness; the shadow or peculiar tint they cause moving along with them. . . The grey of morning heralds the sun's appearance,—now his disc is upon the horizon that is streaming with the new-born light,—and the huer may be descried with his gaze directed over the ocean. In each hand he carries a green bough, with which to telegraph his orders. Morn advances yet more, and the sun's orb bathes the eastern horizon in gold,—but to the sun the huer's back is turned, his regard is where, below him in another direction, the waveless ocean sleeps like 'an unweaned child.' All is silent, or the silence is only broken by the gentle soothing music of the ripple upon the yellow sand, borne upon air 'fresh as a

ridegrooms.' Still the huer makes no signal; the streets being yet voiceless, nd the beach deserted. On a sudden he looks more attentively to seaward,—ooks again,—shifts his position, and looks still more intently,—now he sees he approaching shoal. He makes the signals to the boats; one of their rews, left in charge, rushes up the beach into the streets, crying out "Havar! havar! from the old Cornish word 'havas,' 'Found! found!' The word is caught p, and rings from house to house along the shore. The boats are fully manned, three in number, and push off; while many smaller craft along-shore are getting ready to follow at the proper time, to land the fish. 'One and all,' the Cornish watchword, unites the spectators and the actors in the busy scene; and 'Havar, havar!' echoes among the rocks. The fine athletic form of the huer is descried urging forward the boats, the crews of which are tugging at the oar with all their might. . . For a time all is uncertainty; at length the huer sees a moment which he deems opportune; he makes the signal to weigh anchor and remove the tarpaulin from over the seine. All is now silent, and every eye is fixed upon the chief, who, calm and collected, is too absorbed in his business to employ his thoughts upon results in place of existing action. He is anxious that the shoal should not give him the slip, which too frequently happens. He makes the signal to throw over the seine. . . The seine being flung out, the ends are brought round so as to meet; the fish being enclosed in the circumference, the leads and lower side resting upon the sand at the bottom of the sea. The fish are now safe, and might remain for days or even weeks, in security, unless a gale of wind were to arise. The seiners' crews, and those of the numerous boats that have joined them from the shore, give three huzzas, by way of salute to the huer, who stands afar and alone as before. These are answered by the people on shore, till the cliffs ring again. Nothing can be more animated than the scene, combined as it is with the glories of land, ocean, and sky. The next thing done is to drop the tuck seine within the larger net, in order to bring the fish to the surface, and load the boats which throng to the spot to carry them on shore. This generally takes place at low water, which is often prolonged into the night—the soft moonlight night of summer. No sight can be more enchantingly beautiful. The tranquil sea broken by the numerous oars, that seem sporting with brilliants, brightened by contrast with the black boats continually in motion over its bosom, shines like one measureless and glorious mirror, to where the sky melts into its lustre. . . . The fish lifted out of their native element are literally poured into the boats as the tuck seine is emptied, and their whitened sides look like streams of liquid silver. . . . Five hundred hogsheads at once is thought a fair capture. In one season, 60,000 hogsheads have been taken throughout the county, averaging each 3,000 fish and making in all 180,000,000. What an infinity of production must thus exist in the ocean! The number of fish in a hogshead will depend on their relative size from fatness, which differs much in different years, running from 2,500 to 3,000."

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ART. XV.—*Battles of the British Navy.* By JOSEPH ALLEN, Esq. 2 vols.

MR. ALLEN, author of "England's Wooden Walls," &c., has in these handsome volumes given us a popular history of the naval exploits and battles of his countrymen, beginning with the expedition of Richard the First to the Holy Land, at the opening of the third crusade, and coming down inclusively

to our most recent triumphs on the coast of Syria. It is remarkable that our naval history happens to find well-defined limits at periods so distant from one another, yet so identical in respect of region, and even of foe, if regard be had to religious faith.

The work is necessarily of the nature of a compilation; and as a whole is creditably done, being particularly calculated to interest the general reader, and therefore must find a place in every popular library, as well as be acceptable in private collections, where compactness and cheapness are objects of consideration. No doubt it might be easy to point out parts of the book where there have been oversights, and others again where the error of disproportion requires but to be mentioned, we should think, to set the compiler upon a process of correction and improved distribution in a second edition. Portraits of naval heroes, and plans or diagrams of the more memorable battles, enhance the value and the elegance of the work, which in as far as mechanical and typographical taste is concerned is an honour to the publishers, Baily and Co. Take a passage from the beginning, belonging to Richard the First's expedition.

"The first action which appears to come within the scope of this work occurs in the reign of Richard the First. The adventurous disposition of this prince is well known to have led him to undertake the expedition against the Saracens, dignified in history as the 'Holy War.' 1191.—The large fleet fitted out to convey the troops to Syria sailed from England (but from what port is not recorded) on the 9th or 10th day of April, 1191. This formidable fleet consisted of 150 sails of ships—fifty-two galleys, ten large ships laden with provisions and ammunition, and a great number of smaller vessels, commanded by King Richard in person. In the course of his voyage his fleet was overtaken by a gale, in which three ships, containing several of Richard's household, and many other persons of distinction, were driven on shore near Limisso, or Limesol in the island of Cyprus, and totally lost. Notwithstanding their distress, however, the tyrant or governor of the island refused to allow them to land; and those who were thrown on shore by shipwreck, were plundered of all they possessed, and made prisoners. Admittance to the harbour was also refused to the ships of Richard; and, enraged at such inhospitality, he determined on attacking the place. His troops speedily effected a landing, and, in the course of a few days, entirely subdued the country, sending the tyrant prisoner to Tripoli, seized much treasure, and received oaths of allegiance from a vast number of the chiefs of that island. On his passage from thence to Palestine, Richard, in the month of June, fell in with and took a large carrack belonging to the Saracens, carrying troops and ammunition to Acre. In the eventful seige of Acre by the combined troops of England and France, the fleet of Richard was anchored off the port, and effectually prevented supplies from being thrown in; and in the performance of this duty, defeated a large fleet of the enemy. In this action the Saracens were provided with fire ships containing *ignis Græcus*—a composition of sulphur, pitch, and other combustible matter, which water could not extinguish; but they wanted time or firmness to make use of them. Acre surrendered on the 12th of July, 1191. History has not handed down the exact description of ships engaged in the above battle; but it is generally conjectured that a sort of vessel mostly resembling the galleys of the Eastern nations was that used by both parties."

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# MONTHLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*The Anatomy of Sleep; or the Art of Procuring Sound and Refreshing Slumber at Will.* By ED. BINNS, M.D., &c. Churchill.

THE first thing we shall notice about this beautifully-*got-up* volume is that it has been typographically composed by machinery,—by means of an apparatus somewhat after the construction of a piano-forte, which touched, it may be by female fingers, drops the letters into their proper places; dispensing with the usual number, and certain of the usual operations, of regular compositors. This, however, is not the only wonder, nor the greatest mystery connected with the book; for it deals in wonders and treats on subjects that have hitherto baffled the investigations of man, and which there are grounds for believing will for ever transcend the physiological discoveries of mortals. What is sleep? In what condition is the mind of every person during a considerable portion of every four-and-twenty hours of his ordinary existence? What are the laws which regulate dreams, and what their nature? These are questions to which there have never yet been returned satisfactory answers: philosophy in vain seeks to reduce such subjects to any system that is intelligible and complete. Yet what a multitude of facts and of strange coincidences can be marshalled by the side of, or under these questions! The records of dreams, of somnambulism, of the visions of entrancement, of the alleged mesmerian miracles, and a thousand other shapes of animal being and of life, array themselves naturally within an inquiry into the anatomy or theory of sleep.

Sleep, wonderful and mysterious although it be, is what Dr. Binns not only attempts to define, but he professes to have obtained such a mastery and conquest over that slumbrous deity as to be able at any time to command his services, and even to teach any other person how to make him attend "at will" and to prove at all times "sound and refreshing."

In the earlier chapters, the doctor gives us, after a general announcement of his subject and of the aim of his volume, in a popular

form, the most recent opinions on the physiology of life, with the anatomy and functions of the brain. Now, in order to show how mysterious is the physiological nature of the subjects which he undertakes to handle, and before directing attention to any of the more curious contents of the entertaining volume, let us for a few seconds invite notice to what we find has been put forward relative to the cause of vital phenonema, in any condition and in any animal, especially man.

According to the opinions to which we first of all refer, there is in the living human body, independently of the mind, an agent, called Life, quite independent of, and distinct from, the mind, and which is the immediate cause of every movement or action, whether voluntary or involuntary, made by the physical organs.

It is asserted that a thousand things are done in the body that cannot be done by the mind, and that there must therefore be some other cause to produce these effects; such as respiration in sleep, and also coma when consciousness is absent. In short, it is laid down that the thinking principle is not endowed with any innate knowledge of the organised structure, and that although it may will a movement to be made, it does not and cannot directly regulate the action of the muscular fibres. If so with regard to the voluntary movements, how much more certainly in the case of the involuntary? But there cannot be two principles of action in the animal frame.

The agent which performs the functions in question does not reside either in the brain or the spinal marrow; for there may be life when neither of these exist, as in fœtuses that are born without either. Again, the muscular fibres are endowed with exquisite sensibility, which property, however, enables them to *feel*, but not to *act* of their own accord; the solar ganglion, which is placed in the very centre and most secure part of the body, and where it has a direct connection with every part of the animal frame, being the vital agent endowed with innate power to make impressions upon, and lend impulses to, the sensitive muscular fibres.

In every animated being, organization begins in the centre and works outwards. The cerebrum and the cerebellum, the seat of the mind, do not constitute this centre or agent; for every particle of these may be removed and yet the animal may not die; whereas moderate pressure on the central ganglion is instantly fatal. In fact, mind, it is said, is but one of the many faculties of the internal vital agent; while life, or the vital entity, is the whole. Mind enables this vital agent to keep up an intercourse with what is external to us, teaching that agent all its *acquired* knowledge and ability. Still, all the mental powers are merely superadded to life, the latter having capacities and scope infinitely superior to the former,—that is, the vital includes the mental, making the mind of man to be *the mind of*

*the soul.* This vital agent, the soul, as we understand the theory, requires an organ for its residence, and is not the *effect* but the *cause* of structure,—the ganglionic nerves belonging to this nobler organ being delicate and small; whereas the mind is dependent on structure, requiring a large organ to do all that is done in it, which is alleged to be a sufficient proof of its inferiority to the seat of the vital agent, viz., life. Now, as the mind is only a faculty dependent on structure, it cannot after death exist as a distinct entity; whereas life, being "the ray of Divinity that stirs within us," and not the effect but the cause of structure, is an agent which never sleeps even for a moment, during its residence in this world; so that we may also reasonably hope the soul of man will never perish. Among other phenonema resulting from the innate power and intelligence of this vital agent, are those observed in the somnambulist, who not only walks and in safety, but can carry on conversations, and even make the most difficult calculations, when the mind slumbers.

Such are some of the conclusions of a theory that has been put forward, and by which many phenomena which are commonly understood to be mysterious have been attempted to be accounted for. Our purpose, however, in noticing its doctrines at present, is to fortify the remark that the physiology of life, upon which Dr. Binns gives, in his opening pages, the latest opinions, is surrounded with darkness, and appears destined to remain, like many other points concerning the essence and conditions of our being, a subject for the most unsatisfactory conjecture. For example, is it not remarkable that doctors, who from the infancy of science down to the present day have dozed, and slumbered, and slept as often as other people, should be unable to tell us what sleep is, or to agree in their definitions of it, even with all the aids which their own dreams, and the recorded dreams of thousands more, have lent them?

Dr. Binns appears to us to be in no respect more satisfactory with regard to the anatomy or philosophy of sleep than his predecessors. To be sure, he treats of every variety and condition of our mortal existence which cannot be called waking. Having given, as already stated, a general view of the physiology of life, from that of plants up to man, and of the anatomy and functions of the brain, he goes on to treat of somnambulism, swoons, mesmerism, ecstacy, &c., and even pointedly of the anomalous condition of Lord Shrewsbury's Catholic Saints. Under every one of these and analogous heads, he cites a great number of extremely curious, often startling, cases and facts, collected from all times and all quarters, and displaying the result of an enthusiastic reading. He sometimes indulges also in theories of his own; on other occasions he adopts the speculations of others. But the feature of the book consists of cases and facts, many of them well authenticated, others not so. And here we must observe that the Doctor is apt to be credulous, and to forget the dis-

tinction that should be made between authorities,—his tendency being towards the marvellous. This may be discovered, we think, in his phrenological and also his mesmeric creeds, not to speak of his conversion to a faith in the reality of modern miracles,—having been won over to the doctrine of the noble lord just named.

Again, we do not think that our author's head is one of the most logical in the land; for, while his tendency is to collect facts, and not always with a sifting scrutiny, the theoretical doctrine thence attempted to be derived is seldom a close or necessary deduction. Indeed, his grand practical object and lesson, viz., how to produce at will that which he has been unable to anatomize and describe, does not seem to depend upon the preceding theories, or the array of facts that has been mustered with so much diligence and entertaining effect. One compliment, however, we must pay him, besides praising him for his industry as a collector, for his retentiveness of memory, and the extent of his lore of a peculiar kind. His style of writing is attractively easy, pure, and clear, and remarkably well adjusted in respect of tone and elevation to the theme which may happen to engage his pen. And now for some examples. Begin with the sleep of animals and men:—

Most animals sleep more than man; some indeed for months—as do hibernating tribes of bats, dormice, marmots, and bears. Cats and dogs would seem to have the faculty at will, as have some idiots and persons of a low order of intellect. The ideas, or impressions upon their minds, are so feeble, or so few, or are made at such long intervals, that succession is lost for want of continuity: hence the organ retains imperfectly, and but for an instant, the image which the external senses have presented to it; weariness supervenes; unconsciousness follows, and lastly, sleep, as a necessary consequence of inanition, is induced.

It is observed, however, that monkies do not sleep so much as other animals. Whence is this apparent deviation from the ordinary law of nature affecting animals? Is a monkey a reasoning animal? Observe a dog chained: he twists his chain, and shortens it, and cuts himself off from his platter. Does he seek to untwist it—to restore the links to their wonted extension? No; he continues tugging and howling, till some friendly hand frees him from his toils, and restores him to his former range. But how is it with the monkey under similar difficulties? Why, he deliberately untwists the chain which he cannot sunder, and hence evinces something like reason.

Is the sleeplessness of monkies, then, a proof of reason? We think so. But infants, they are frequently sleepless? Yes; but never in a state of health. Restlessness in them is always an indication of hunger or a symptom of disease.

The absence of sleep cannot be long sustained. Damiens slept on the rack; Luke in his iron crown; and a battalion of infantry have been known to slumber during a march; Muleteers frequently sleep on their mules, post-boys on their horses, and seamen "on the high and giddy mast." "Massa call you," said a Negro to his comrade who had fallen asleep near him: "Sleep has no

massa," replied the wearied boy, and he was right. We may bear the privation of fire, food, and even drink, longer than we can the want of sleep.

We do not know that the doctrine here mooted with regard to the comparative sagacity or reasoning faculty of the two animals is just, or founded on a fair statement of evidences. If it be true, as has been alleged by some zoologists, that a dog after having lost sight of his master on a road, will, in starting to overtake him, drive along guided by scent with the utmost confidence. Should, however, the road at length divide into three branches, the dog, it is said, will examine first one with his nose, and if no intelligence is here met with, he will renew the same course of inquiry on another branch, and if still unable to gain tidings of his owner, he will hurry to the third, and now, without a moment's hestation or inquiry, will again drive along with the most perfect certitude and assurance; thus working a syllogism like another Aristotle.

Next, of the approaches of sleep and also of wakefulness:

The phenomena of natural sleep may be thus described. Its approaches are marked by a sense of muscular fatigue; the legs become weary, the arms indolent in their movements, and the hand unsteady in its object. Yawning, without our having the power to prevent it, follows or precedes this state; the attention languishes; the most interesting narrative fails to awaken it; we become captious and even fretful. In the meanwhile, external impressions begin to fade. If we attempt to read, the lines run into each other; and if we look from the candle to the page, the letters will appear of a greenish or bluish cast. The memory becomes confused: the eyes grow dim and lose their brilliancy, while the upper lids fall, in spite of our efforts to uphold them; next, the muscles of the back and neck relax their tension, and the head falls unwillingly forward. But the sense of hearing remains still unimpaired; and we hear and understand the conversation of those around us, when we can no longer distinguish their persons or perceive their gestures. Anon a succession of pleasing reveries approach and depart in calm succession. The brain appears to float in a dreamy sea of peaceful enjoyment; a pleasing delirium supervenes, and we no longer wake—we sleep. The organs of the senses, laid asleep in succession, awake in the same order. Sounds and light produce impressions, confused at first, on the eyes and ears: in a little while, these sensations grow distinct; we smell, we taste, we judge of bodies by the touch. Thus it is, then, we return to the state of wakefulness, to a sense of the condition of our being.

On the duration of sleep:—

Of the duration of sleep, the period varies in various men. John Hunter, Frederic of Prussia, Napoleon, and other great men, slept but little. The Duke of Wellington is also a little sleeper. Boerhave says, that on one occasion, his mind being much engaged, he could not sleep for six weeks. He probably meant to write, not "soundly." He adds the case of a student, who adopted the strange theory, that the natural condition of man was sleep;

and to test the truth of the doctrine, slept eighteen hours of the twenty-four; and, as might have been expected, died of apoplexy. The elder Descrozilles seems to have slept but two hours in the twenty-four.—*Annales de Chimie.* However, the number of hours passed in sleep varies from six to twelve. The indolent, and those whose avocations or fortunes doom them to inert life, sleep many more hours than are necessary; but eight or nine hours would seem to be about the fair proportion which every man ought to take who values his health, or expects his intellects to be in a fit state to enjoy life.

Habit, climate, constitution, calling, age, modify, however, the duration. Infancy requires much sleep; youth more than is generally allotted to it in England; and manhood is the medium between the wants of youth and the necessities of age. Some old people, as we have previously remarked, sleep much. Parr slumbered away the greater part of his time; and De Moivre, when eighty-three years of age, slept twenty hours of the four-and-twenty. But these are exceptions to this law of nature; and Rickerand affirms that old men have short sleep, light, and broken; as if, says Grimaud, according to Stahl's notions, children foresaw that, in the long career before them, there was time enough for performing at leisure all the acts of life; while old men, near to their end, feel the necessity of hurrying the enjoyment of good already about to escape. Dr. Elliotson writes—"Old people sleep lightly and frequently; and altogether but little, unless lethargic diseases come upon them, which is very common. I heard Baxter the coachmaker declare he never took more than three hours sleep during the most active period of his life. The celebrated General Eliot never slept more than four hours out of the four-and-twenty; and his food consisted wholly of bread, water, and vegetables."

Dreams, of course, have furnished a rich harvest of cases and anecdotes for the Doctor. Take his description of a dreaming state:

Dreaming is that condition of the brain, when one or more organs or functions are called into action, during the repose of the voluntary muscles, and the following may be taken as an outline of the phenomena; after a hearty supper, or, sometimes, without this obnoxious meal, and during sleep, a portion of the cerebral organs become excited. Imagination reproduces scenes before visited, or awakens sensations formerly experienced; or, it becomes inventive, and discovers new places, new forms of things, and novel modes of sensibility. It conceives, fancies, or creates associates, and combines objects; sometimes incongruous and discordant; sometimes natural and normal; often exquisite and beautiful; but more frequently, horrible and repulsive. We see huge monsters; vast plains; innumerable armies; indescribable creatures; transcendant beings; unimagined forms; inscrutable chasms; stupendous mountains; or we witness astounding prodigies. We perceive the sun and moon on our right hand; the stars on the left; the elements, fire, air, earth, and water at our feet; and the glory and the brightness, and the brilliancy of ten thousand thousand meteors, above our heads. We hear, we talk, we move; walk, run, swim, fly. No obstacles arrest, no impediments obstruct our progress. Space, time, and probability are annihilated. We are, at once, in China and Peru; in London and Affghanistan; in a boiling cauldron, or a frozen lake. Transition is as rapid as the electric bolt, that, shot from the sky, topples the lofty minaret to the ground. We experience all the emotions

of love, joy, hope, fear, grief, surprise, and terror. We caress, exult, anticipate, tremble, weep, shrink, and shudder, in a second of time; and all these fancies, these crude and incredible imaginings, are recollected and remembered when we awake, and sometimes are never totally forgotten. This then is the condition of dreams.

Here is a startling example:—

Two sisters had been for some time attending their brother, who was suffering from common sore throat, severe and protracted, but not considered dangerous. At this time one of them obtained the loan of a watch from a friend, her own being out of repair. As this watch was a kind of heir-loom in the family of the lady from whom it had been borrowed, particular caution was given lest it should meet with some injury. Both of the sisters slept in a room adjoining that of the brother's, and one night the elder woke the younger in extreme alarm, and told her that she had dreamt that "Mary's watch had stopped, and that, when she had told her of it, she had replied, 'Much worse than that had happened, for Charles's breath had stopped also.'" To quiet her agitation, the younger immediately arose, proceeded to her brother's room, found him asleep, and the watch, which had been carefully put away in a drawer, going correctly. The following night the same dream occurred, accompanied by the same agitation, and was quieted in the same manner; the brother being sound asleep, and the watch going. In the morning, after breakfast, one of these ladies having occasion to write a note, proceeded to her desk, while the other sat with her brother in the adjoining room. Having written and folded the note, she was proceeding to take out the watch, which was now in the desk, to use one of the seals appended to it, when she was astonished to find it had stopped, and, at the same instant, a scream from her sister hurried her to the bedside of her brother, who, to her grief, had just breathed his last! The disease was considered to be progressing, when he was seized with a sudden spasm, and died of suffocation. The coincidence between the stoppage of the watch and the death of the brother, is the most perplexing circumstance of the case; since the mere stopping of the watch, or the death of the brother, might have been explained on very rational principles. Or, had the watch stopped before or after the death of the brother, it might have been easily supposed to have been forgotten to be wound-up, or it might have suffered some injury from the hurry and trepidation incidental to anguish and bereavement: but as the case is related, it is certainly a most extraordinary, surprising, and mysterious incident.

This case rests on the authority of Dr. Abercrombie.

Somnambulism has furnished some of the most mysterious cases in the volume. The following is extracted from Spurzheim:

Dr. Devan read to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, in February, 1822, the history of a case observed by Dr. Dyer of Aberdeen, in a girl sixteen years old, which lasted from the 2nd of March to the 11th of June, 1815. The first symptom was an uncommon propensity to fall asleep in the evenings. This was followed by the habit of talking in her sleep on such occasions. One evening she fell asleep in this manner: imagining herself an episcopal clergyman, she went through the ceremony of baptizing children, and gave an appropriate prayer. Her mistress shook her by the shoulders, on which she

awoke, and appeared unconscious of everything, except that she had fallen asleep, of which she showed herself ashamed. She sometimes dressed herself and the children while in this state, or as Miss L. called it "dead asleep;" answered questions put to her, in such a manner as to show that she understood the questions; but the answers were often incongruous. One day in this state she sat at breakfast, with perfect correctness, with her eyes shut. She afterwards awoke with the child upon her knees, and wondered how she got on her clothes. Sometimes the cold air awakened her, at other times she was seized with the affection whilst walking out with the children. She sang a hymn delightfully in this state; and, from a comparison Dr. Dyer had an opportunity of making, it appeared incomparably better done than she could accomplish it when awake. In the meanwhile a still more singular and interesting symptom began to make its appearance. The circumstances which occurred during the paroxysm were completely forgotten by her when the paroxysms were over, but were perfectly remarked during subsequent paroxysms. Her mistress said that when in this stupor, on subsequent occasions, she told her what was said to her on the evening when she baptized the children. A depraved fellow-servant, understanding that she wholly forgot every transaction that occurred during the fit, clandestinely introduced a young man into the house, who treated her with the utmost rudeness, whilst her fellow-servant stopped her mouth with the bed-clothes, and otherwise overpowered a vigorous resistance which was made by her even during the influence of her complaint. Next day she had not the slightest recollection even of that transaction; nor did any person interested in her welfare know of it for several days after, till she was in one of her paroxysms, when she related the whole fact to her mother. Next Sunday she was taken to church by her mistress, while the paroxysm was on her. She shed tears during the sermon, particularly during the account given of the execution of three young men at Edinburgh, who had described in their dying declarations, the dangerous steps with which their career of vice and infamy took its commencement. When she returned home, she recovered in a quarter of an hour, was quite amazed at the questions put to her about the church sermon, and denied that she had been to any such place; but next night, on being taken ill, she mentioned that she had been at church, repeated the words of the text, and, in Dr. Dyer's hearing, gave an accurate account of the tragical narration of the three young men, by which her feelings had been so powerfully affected.

We pass over several curious chapters, such as that on animal magnetism. But premature interments call for a special notice in our pages, were it but to direct attention to certain indecencies that must sometimes have been followed with results at which humanity shudders:—

"Upon our arrival in Dublin, my mother and myself were very kindly received by Dr. Walker. The doctor, at this time, was writing a treatise against the Irish custom of burying the dead within a few hours after their decease. When my mother heard on what subject he was writing, she related to him the story of Mrs. Godrey, and as soon as she had concluded it, she promised, that, if she should be in the same kingdom with him when he died, she would attend to the corpse, and take care that it was not entombed whilst there was

ie least probability of return to life." The sequel of the story is, for we have eviated somewhat from Mr. Bellamy's narrative, that, some time after, Dr Valker fell ill of a fever, and "one afternoon, sending to inquire after him, he servant returned, and informed her that he had died during the night, and hat they were going to bury him; she added, that as they were about to shroud he body, the orifices which had been in the arms for letting blood, had bled fresh." For reasons which are stated, neither Mrs. Bellamy, nor her mother, ould go to the doctor's that night, and they therefore sent the servant in a oach, directing that if the body was interred, to have it taken up at all costs, for they had learned that Mrs. Walker had been persuaded by her sister to leave the house, and to retire with her to Dunleary. The servant while on her way, either from apprehension or love of company, contrived to take several persons with her, and on arriving at the doctor's, found the body had been interred immediately after she had left it, lest the disorder of which he had died should be infectious. She also learned that, Mrs. Walker being a dissenter, the body had been interred in the Anabaptist burying-ground, at the other end of the town. She proceeded, therefore, in search of the sexton, still accompanied by her friends, but as they could not find his house, they clambered over the gate, and got round the grave, where the servant alleged she heard a groan. About day-break, by means of some labourers who informed them where he lived, they found the sexton, who, after considerable hesitation, disinterred the body, and, on opening the coffin—"I shudder while I relate the horrid scene," says the authoress—"they found the body now totally deprived of life, but observed that the doctor had endeavoured to burst it open, had turned upon his side, and the arms had bled afresh! The family, however, hearing of the circumstance, the body was ordered to be re-interred, and the affair was hushed up.

What precautions and anticipations, yet how woefully frustrated! How deep and sorrowful the presentiment of the poor doctor! Nor have our author's cases been confined to distant and vague reports, his own experience supplying him with striking illustrations:

Thus far we have given cases on the authority of others, we now present two on our own. The first is that of a gentlemen named L—— G——, a Scotchman by birth, but emigrating early in life to Jamaica, became from his long residence, as it were, almost a native. Happening to be attacked with fever, after a few days he was supposed to be dead, and the body abandoned by the medical attendant. From the rapid decomposition which animal substances undergo, immediately as the phenomena of life cease to manifest themselves in the West Indies, interment generally takes place very soon after the breath has left the body, and, accordingly, in twenty-four hours from the time of the supposed death, this gentleman was shrouded and put in a coffin. Fortunately, however, for him, the preparations for the funeral were delayed some ten or twelve hours, and, when the undertaker proceeded to screw down the coffin, those about him perceived a moisture on the skin. This led to further examination, and it was discovered that he was alive. Remedies were instantly resorted to, and he recovered and lived many years after to tell this story. A

melancholy event, however, was connected with his recovery: a young female who had assisted to make his shroud and cap, whether from over-exertion, anxiety, or the malignant nature of the fever, fell ill as he recovered, died, and was buried in the very shroud which she had made but a few days before!

Now for the second case, which was brought under the author's notice in the following manner:—

Passing through Glasgow in 1825, we fell in at the hotel, with a gentleman who had been in the West Indies, and as we had left Jamaica but twelve months before, it naturally followed that a sort of intimacy sprung up between us on the spur of the moment, and we conversed very freely on various subjects. He was an intelligent man, and, presuming, therefore, on his good sense, we took the liberty of asking him the cause of a remarkable scar which he had on his forehead. He replied, without hesitation, that, when a youth, he had been sent to a relative in Dominica, a general merchant or store-keeper there, and that he became his clerk. After a short residence in the island, the relation, who lived some distance from Roseau, the principal town in Dominica, was attacked with fever, and, as was supposed, died. According to custom, he was within a very few hours after shrouded and placed in a coffin; and as the narrator was the only white person within a considerable distance, he was requested by the brown housekeeper and the other attendants of the supposed deceased, to sit up with the corpse. Feeling drowsy towards daybreak, he laid his head upon the table, his face being towards the coffin, and the door to his right hand, and fell into a dose. He could not have been long asleep, when he was awakened by a strange noise, and lifting up his head, to his horror he beheld the corpse shrouded in its hideous grave-clothes, making desperate efforts to get out of the coffin, having pushed off the lid, which had been laid over it, but not nailed down. His fears were extreme, and for a few moments he could not stir; but as the corpse projected one leg, in the act of getting out of the coffin, his terror animating him with desperate resolution, he rushed to the door and plunged headlong down the stairs, at the bottom of which he lay insensible. The noise of the fall brought all the immates to the spot, when they discovered that the gentleman was not dead, but had been only entranced. He recovered perfectly in a few days, and lived many years after; whereas our narrator had fractured his skull, and never thoroughly recovered his health, until he returned to Scotland.

Having given specimens of Dr. Binns's curious facts, some of them suggestive of urgent provisions in our medical police, let us come to the great practical object which he has in view, and the rule which he gives for producing sleep at will: a result which he predicts not only with great confidence, but anticipates that it will ere long obtain such successful attention as shall work a mighty revolution in medicine, to the cure of disease, the prolongation of life, and the general happiness of the human family. He thus proceeds to disclose his system:—

In the first place, we will suppose a person moderately sleepless. He has retired to bed and cannot rest. He tosses and tumbles about. Turns first on

side and then on the other. Shifts his pillow; pulls the bed-clothes over shoulders; draws his knees up to his abdomen; places his right arm under head; in short, exhausts the resources usually put in requisition on these asions, and yet has failed to procure nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep. at is then to be done!

Rabelais tells a story of some monks, who, oppressed with wakefulness, re-itely addressed themselves to prayer, and before they had concluded half-a-en aves or paternosters, we forget which, they all fell asleep. Macnish re-ited some lines of poetry; Sir John Sinclair counted; and Franklin took air bath, that is—walked about his chamber *sans-culottes*. All these re-rces seem at times to have produced the desired effect, but never to have n always successful. The following plan has never failed, so far as we are are, but in two instances, and they are remarkable cases, as both the parties re in very different spheres of life—the one being an ornament to the House Lords, the other the talented editor of a morning journal.

Suppose that all these attempts have failed, what is to be done to mmand the presence of the wayward divinity, Sleep? Here is e recipe:—

Let him turn on his right side; place his head comfortably on the pillow, that it exactly occupies the angle a line drawn from the head to the shoul-r would form; and then, slightly closing his lips, take rather a full inspira-on, breathing as much as he possibly can through the nostrils. This, owever, is not absolutely necessary, as some persons breathe always through eir mouths during sleep, and rest as sound as those who do not. Having ken a full inspiration, the lungs are then to be left to their own action; that , the respiration is neither to be accelerated nor retarded. The attention ust now be fixed upon the action in which the patient is engaged. He ust depict to himself that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils in a ontinuous stream: and the very instant that he brings his mind to conceive his apart from all other ideas, consciousness and memory depart; imagination lumbers; fancy becomes dormant, thought subdued; the sensient faculties ose their susceptibility; the vital or ganglionic system assumes the sovereignty; and, as we before remarked, he no longer wakes but sleeps.

This train of phenomena is but the effort of a moment. The instant the mind is brought to the contemplation of a single sensation, that instant the sensorium abdicates the throne, and the hypnotic faculty steeps it in oblivion.

Such is the grand secret, the announcement of which, if it affect our readers as it tickled ourselves, will give birth to a smile and perhaps a sneer. First of all it will be felt, that whether a sure and sovereign method of producing the charm or not, the method is by no means a clearly legitimate result to be gathered from what has previously been advanced as principles, or disclosed with regard to the human economy. But secondly, the sovereign rule can be more easily proposed and described than followed. It amounts to this,—the patient, "for he is indeed a sufferer who cannot sleep," observes the doctor, is monotonously to fix his attention upon one idea,—to

contemplate a single sensation, viz., that of breathing; and instant he brings himself to do so, he sleeps. Now, we think thi more easily said than done; for what if an incredulous or ridicu idea force itself upon the experimenter, occasioning a state of m incompatible with singleness and monotony? At any rate th seems to be no good reason for selecting the operation or sensat of breathing for the production of oblivion, slumber, and dormanc through the empire of one idea. Still, the directions are so few, simple, and so readily at hand on all occasions, that any person m put them as often as he chooses to the test, and judge accordingly the value of the discovery, which our author candidly confesses not his, but that of a Mr. Gardner, who made sleep during a p tracted and excruciating illness, the subject of scientific and skil study.

It is proper to observe, that although we have quoted the whole the practical part of the sovereign rule, whereby sleep is to be sum moned to the refreshment of any one at will,—sound and refreshin slumber too,—although he may labour under pain or extreme fatigu at the moment, yet Dr. Binns recommends other observances i certain cases; and no doubt he may be profitably consulted by th sleepless, even while no faith may be placed in his grand secret. For instance, he recommends sponging the body, before retiring t rest, whether in winter or summer, and rubbing the surface after wards with a coarse towel, as preliminary steps which conduce muc to sound repose. He also says, if sleeplessness arise from seve pain, an anodyne, under the advice of the medical attendant, may b taken: although, if possible, it is to be avoided. "If from cold fee a blanket at the foot of the bed, between the sheets, will give th necessary heat; or, what is as effective, sponge the feet with a coar towel, dipped in water; then dry them well, and put on a clea pair of worsted socks." This is a precaution, he adds, which shoul be taken by all persons who are liable to colds, coughs, and asthmas. Especially, East and West-Indians should never, till they have be come acclimatized, dispense with such precautionary measures.

These latter directions have that common-sense character about them that at once appeals forcibly to the sober and matter-of-fact mind. Other plain practical advice will be found in many books, for the prevention and cure of sleeplessness, which is certainly one of the severest penalties of our nature. In the darkness and silence of night, the wakeful mind preys upon itself: the pulse is rapid, it is a throb of anguish; to the wearied thought there is no conclusion, and the parched tongue asks in vain for the morning light. And yet if ever summoned to the couch of one worn-out by night-watch ing, lessons may be taught that will in future be serviceable, and even measures immediately adopted that may smoothe the pillow of a sleepless mind.

tudy the causes of sleeplessness; such as those which excite ous irritability,—coffee, green tea, &c. But believe not in ar remedies; such as nutmegs, mandrakes, wormwood, the nting the soles of the feet with the fat of a dormouse, and the h with the ear-wax of a dog, swines' galls, &c. Children, for ance, should not be enveloped in clothes, nor crowded in bed; should infants be shaken, or tossed, or patted, as foolish nurses often do. Among the modes of inducing slumber, rely not on pies, nor on the pillow of hops, which in the case of the third orge is said to have been the charm that sealed up the lids of the g. But to other means you may have resort, such as a tedious ital, the gentle motion of a swing, the ripple of a stream, the hing of the waterfall, the waving of a fan, the caw of rooks, the rmur of an Æolian harp; as you may learn in the "Fairy Queen," en Archimago sends the spirit to fetch a dream from Morpheus—

"Cynthia still doth steeppe
In silver dew his ever-drooping head,
While sad night over him her mantle black doth spred.
And more to lull him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame, from high rocke tumbling downe,
And ever dringling rain upon the loft,
Mix'd with a murmuring winde, much like the soune
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoone."

While there is much in the subject of sleep that is not susceptible f explanation, at least at present, so that we can accept nothing but icts and observations,—theories appearing to be altogether unseasonble,—yet upon many of these facts and observations there is a eneral agreement. True, there is scarcely a single doctrine that as been attempted to be deduced, that has not merely divided metahysicians on the subject, but medical writers. But still there are ertain distinctions and proprieties of phraseology which have obained, and which are of themselves sufficient to invest the theme with attractions and intelligible teachings. It seems to be generally llowed that *slumber* is the transition *to* and *from* the repose of sleep, nd that it is during these faded states of thought that we wander in he ideal labyrinth of dreams. *Sleep* proper is considered to be the intermediate state between life and death; life being regarded as the frame in the full enjoyment of its functions, and death as that of their total suspension. In sleep unaccompanied by dreaming, consciousness does not exist; at least, there is not the slightest proof of its existence. According to Macnish, we are therefore justified in asserting that such sleep is a metaphysical death, although not an organic one; the heart and lungs performing their offices with their accustomed regularity under the controul of the involuntary muscles. How eloquently has Milton described healthy sleep!

"There gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seized
My drowned sense, untroubled, tho' I thought
I then was passing to my former state,
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve."

In such a state we remain for hours at a time, says the author of the "Philosophy of Sleep," "in unbroken repose, nature banqueting on its sweets, renewing its lost energies, and laying in a fresh stock for the succeeding day." But, "notwithstanding the renovating influence of sleep, which apparently brings up the lost vigour of the frame to a particular standard, there is a power in animal life which leads it almost imperceptibly on from infancy to second childhood or that of old age. This power, sleep, however healthy, is incapable of counteracting. The principle of decay is implanted in our nature. Methuselah in ancient, and Thomas Parr in modern times ate well, digested well, and slept well; but at length they each died.

"Our little life
Is rounded by a sleep,"

And although sleep be

"Sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds,"

"is there not an appointed time to man upon earth? Are *not* his days also like the days of an hireling?" "He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more."

And what of the *sleep of the soul* after death? Where shall we find facts and observations for our guidance in this inquiry? Is there any species of anatomy, of philosophical analysis, by means of which we can arrive at a satisfactory answer? Have divines even agreed upon the meaning of the terms employed in scripture with regard to the state of mankind from the moment they cease to move on earth?

Let us for a few seconds attend to the answers that have been given by one or two writers to these questions, as a not altogether irrelevant conclusion to the curious and mysterious subjects handled by Dr. Binns.

According to some, the sleep of the soul denotes that insensible, unconscious, and inactive state into which they suppose mankind are removed at death, and in which they remain till the period of the general resurrection and last judgment; the term sleep being used by many by way of contradistinction to that which has been commonly called an intermediate state.

The learned Dr. Law, bishop of Carlisle, having with a particular view to this controversy, enumerated the several passages both in the Old and New Testament, in which the words that are translated sou

spirit in our version occur, maintains that none of them ever stand
· a purely immaterial principle in man, or a substance wholly se-
rable from, and independent of, the body; and after examining
e account which the Scriptures give of that state to which death
luces us, he observes that it is represented by sleep, by a ne-
tion of all life, thought, or action; by rest, resting-place, or
me, silence, oblivion, darkness, destruction, and corruption. He
so says that the Scriptures, in speaking of the connection between
ir present and future being, do not take into account our interme-
ate state in death, any more than we, in describing the course of
y man's actions, although in the time he sleeps; and, therefore,
ie Scriptures, in order to be consistent with themselves, must affirm
i immediate connection between death and judgment. As for those
xts that are usually alleged on the other side of the question, which
e has endeavoured to accommodate to his own opinion, he thinks
iat they are quite foreign to the point, or purely figurative, or capa-
le of a clear and easy solution on the principle which he adopts,
iz., that the times of our death and resurrection are coincident to
ll intents in so far as every man's interests are really concerned.

On the other hand, the advocates of a separate state insist, that the soul, being an active, simple, uncompounded, immaterial substance, is immortal in its own nature, and capable of an active and conscious existence, in a state of disunion and separation from the body; and in support of this opinion they allege a variety of passages both from the Old and New Testament.

Dr. Campbell, in his "Preliminary Dissertations," holds that the arguments on which the deniers of an intermediate state chiefly build, arise from a misapprehension of the import of some scriptural expressions. The words translated *to sleep*, he says are often applied to the *dead*; but this application is no more than a metaphorical euphonism, derived from the resemblance which a dead body bears to the body of a person asleep. This idiom often occurs in the Old Testament; yet it is contended that the common doctrine of the orientals favoured the separate existence of the souls of the deceased. At any rate, if it did not, and if the ancient Jews, on this subject, were no better than Sadducees, this shows the more strongly, that such metaphors, so frequent in their writings, could be derived solely from bodily likeness, and having no reference to a resurrection, could be employed solely for the sake of avoiding a disagreeable or ominous word.

Again, argues Dr. Campbell, many expressions and passages in scripture, in their natural and obvious sense, imply that an intermediate state of the soul is actually to succeed death; and of course the words of our Lord to the penitent thief upon the cross, Stephen's dying petition, the story of the rich man and Lazarus, &c., are quoted. If anything could add to the native evidence of the ex-

pressions, it would be the unnatural meaning put upon them, in order to disguise that evidence. And, indeed, the manner in which the deniers of an intermediate state, make the sacred penman to express their meaning, is little or nothing short of charging them with a design to cheat the world, by the use of equivocations.

But again, even the equivocation or reservation that has been devised for the apostles, will not save their credit for veracity. The words of St. Paul to the Corinthians are, "Knowing, that whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord;" and, "We are willing rather to be absent from the body, and present with the Lord," are modes of expression which it was impossible for an honest and veracious penman to employ, if he had held it to be impossible to be with the Lord, or indeed anywhere, without the body; and that whatever the change was which was made by death, he could not be in the presence of the Lord, till he returned to the body.

We are perfectly aware that everything we have now cited of a theological nature can present little that is new to any of our readers. Still we thought that speculations concerning the state of mankind after death, and during what has been called the *sleep of the soul*, might form a not unsuitable appendix to some things that were said about the natural and ordinary sleep of mortals, which is the image of death. Whatever theories may be advanced with regard to the condition of disembodied spirits, these hardly appear to be more conjectural, whenever the plain expressions of scripture are departed from, than are the speculations put forward about the nature and laws of sleep on this side of the grave; and therefore the two themes have in sundry senses a kindred mysticism for the adventurous to wander in. But a pleasanter and more enthusiastic explorer in the realms of earthly slumbers, dreams, and entrancement will nowhere be met with than Dr. Binns. Science, popularly treated, conjectures ingenious, anecdotes and cases more exhaustless in respect of interest and startling effect than of number and variety, —the whole admirably communicated,—are the characteristics of the work.

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ART. II.—*A Narrative of Voyages and Commercial Enterprises.* By RICHARD J. CLEVELAND. Moxon.

THIS is an importation from America, a reprint we presume, and a fitting companion to Dana's "Two Years before the Mast," which Mr. Moxon had the good sense to publish in the same cheap form. It narrates the adventures of a right specimen of the New Englanders, which extended from the year 1795 to 1825, and told in the most simple, straightforward, plain, and manly manner possible. De

Poe himself could not have done the thing better; nor will any one conceive how forcible and impressive every-day incidents and common subjects may be rendered if described naturally, until he reads a few paragraphs of this unassuming book. One wonders whence cometh the charm of the style of the narrative, seeing that it appears to be nothing more or better than what everybody might at all times use, and without the slightest effort; so that a more striking instance of the value of truth and directness, in a literary sense, can nowhere be pointed out. And yet let any person make the attempt to detail the ordinary occurrences of his life, professedly with the view of interesting and captivating a reader who never heard of the narrator before, and many thousands to one, that his failure is complete, while effort is palpable, and the signs of straining painful. But Mr. Cleveland appears to be as little aware that his style is admirable, as that he has a remarkable knack at seizing the main traits of any subject, and at impressing the picture with the power of reality upon the reader's mind, never to be effaced.

But besides the most natural and therefore felicitous talent for description, Mr. Cleveland's career has been of an extraordinary character, on account of the variety as well as the number of incidents which have been crammed into it. It is, indeed, a story of continuous excitement. It also abounds with satisfying matter, both in the way of instruction and entertainment. The human character which it lays bare has great value for the reader; the right good heartedness of the narrator alone having a practical worth in it, that must leave more or less of solid teaching and sterling influence. To nautical men, the book will convey peculiarly important lessons; while on the part of all persons, the example of untiring perseverance, indomitable courage, and honest contentedness, even of genuine gratefulness of disposition, here so largely displayed, will not soon be forgotten; showing how imperishable is truth, how generous is sincerity, and how rich is honesty.

Mr. Cleveland's experience and adventures may be said to have extended to all quarters of the globe. Numerous are the points to which he carries the reader in Asia and Africa, as well as in Europe and America. He has ploughed his way over all the great oceans of the world, often under circumstances that were singular, as well as at periods that were momentous. He knew parts of France during the period of the Republic; he had severe experience in the Mediterranean while Napoleon was emperor; he saw much of colonial existence; was a visitant to distant islands; traded to India and China; and can talk of Spanish and Dutch as well as of English settlements in the East, when the commercial systems were different, and the possessions otherwise distributed than they are now. Mr. Cleveland was no ordinary speculator himself; and although his gains were at times enormous, his losses were still more wonderful,

—the latter being sometimes sudden and complete, but the former gradual and accumulative.

Our author's book differs in sundry respects from Mr. Dana's; the education, the station in society, the profession, and indeed the character of the one being distinct, if strictly compared with the other. The adventures of the present writer commenced, as already mentioned, in 1795, a period when the Yankees were starting with new vigour upon mercantile speculations, invited and propelled by the great events that were then convulsing the world. A bolder spirit could not have emanated from New England than he whose pages are before us. He appears to have had some experience before the mast; but it must have been for a short time only; for we find him at twenty-one years old in command of a vessel, having started at eighteen. His singular experience however commences with his first voyage as a skipper, being to the Isle of France, and one of commission. But the second was more remarkable, and in several ways unprecedented, being to the Isle of France and India, and on his own account. And, gentle reader, what dost thou think was the figure which he and his ship made? Why, with an Indiaman in the shape of a cutter of eight-and-thirty tons, a crew consisting of a mate and three seamen, he sails from Havre, but is unable to weather Cape Barfleur, and in the attempt to return to the port from which he pushed, is driven on shore. Having got his cutter off and repaired, none dishearted, he resolves on renewing his attempt, although the whole of his crew, excepting one, have deserted, alarmed at the apparently mad attempt. The skipper, however, secures new hands, but now limited to a mate, one man, and a boy. The adventure was successful, making a profit of nearly seven thousand dollars, by selling cargo and ship at Cape Tower. The ship and all her hands were soon after lost.

His first voyage as master afforded so many incidents, introduced him to such exciting scenes, and developed so much character, as would have supplied matter for a volume, the pen and observation being those of Mr. Cleveland. Without some specimens no person can understand or believe how attractive a plain-spoken narrative may be rendered, the writer all the while seeming to be unconscious that he has anything extraordinary to tell. Take his sketch of Black George, who stuck to Mr. Cleveland by land as well as sea with undaunted fidelity, till death summoned him hence.

Decidedly the most important personage of my foremost hands was the black man George, who had dared to embark on our second voyage, after having shared in the disasters of the first. In his appearance, capacity, and dialect, George was the veriest Negro that can be imagined. For honesty, fidelity, and courage, he may have been equalled, but can never have been surpassed. He stood about six feet and three inches, was rather slender, very awkward, and of much more sable hue than common, but with an expression

f countenance mild and pleasing. With simplicity of character approximat-ıg to folly, he united a degree of self-conceit which led him to believe that e could do whatever could be done by another, and in some cases to suppose e could make great improvements; an instance of which occurred before we ad been out a week. In his previous voyages, George had been cook, and ıad therefore nothing to do with the compass; but now, having to take his egular turn at steering, he was greatly puzzled with its unsteadiness. He ould steer in the night with tolerable accuracy, by giving him a star by which o steer; but the compass appeared to him to be calculated only to embarrass. With a view of remedying this difficulty, George had taken off the cover to the ill of his chest, on which having marked the points of the compass, and pierced a hole in the centre for the pivot, he brought it aft, and with great appearance of complacency and expectation of applause, placed it on deck before the helmsman, with the proper point directed forward to correspond with the course; and then exclaimed, "Dair, massa, dat compass be teady: George teer by him well as anybody."

Again,—

This simplicity and conceit was more than redeemed by his tried fidelity and heroic courage, of which the following is a remarkable instance. George had been a slave to some planter in Savannah; and one day, being in the woods with his master, they encountered an Indian, who was hunting. Some dispute arising, the Indian, having the advantage of being armed, threatened to shoot them. In consequence of this threat, they seized him and took away his gun; but after a little while, and with urgent entreaties and fair promises from him, they were induced to return it; first taking the precaution to dip it into water to prevent an immediate use of it. This served again to rouse the anger of the Indian, who immediately took the readiest means for drying it. In the mean time, George and his master had entered a canoe, and pursuing their way in a narrow river or creek, had got a long distance from the spot where they had left the Indian; when, on looking back, they perceived him running after them on the bank. On arriving abreast of them he immediately took aim, which George perceiving, threw himself, as a shield, between his master and the ball, and was so severely wounded that his life was for many weeks despaired of. After a confinement of six months, he entirely recovered; and as a reward, his master gave him his liberty.

Whether the tone and subject be serious or humorous, the sketches and descriptions are admirable. A few strokes produce a graphic and speaking picture. Storm and repose are equally well represented; and on all occasions good nature and kindliness of heart are apparent in the author. Not less so is the energy which ever grows with the occasion, lending an individuality to the character of the writer that is particularly pleasing.

We cannot specify all his voyages, much less characterize all the incidents and sketches belonging to any one trip. Numerous are the exploits performed by our author, and most extraordinary his darings. For example, he not only adventured to beat up the coast of China against the height of the monsoon and current, a thing

which he could not learn had ever been attempted before, but accomplished his purpose in one-and-thirty days, although three in a favourable season and state of the weather would have sufficed. The hardships experienced on this occasion were terrible, and are described with adequate power.

Some of the most interesting passages in the book are sketches of the Indians on the north-west coast of America. Every one of them is worthy of being extracted. Take a trait and an illustration of sensibility to etiquette:

Being so nearly on the point of leaving the coast, and therefore fearing no bad consequences from an exposure of our weakness, I acceded to the earnest solicitations of this young warrior to come on board. This was the only one of the natives whom we had admitted on board since being on the coast. We invited him into the cabin, and gave him a glass of wine, which pleased him so much that he soon asked for another. Having made me a present of a very fine skin, I made a return of a shirt, jacket, and pantaloons, which he immediately put on, and appeared to be well satisfied with the figure he made, and much pleased with the dress. But the friendly feelings I had inspired suffered a momentary interruption by my careless and apparently rude manner of giving him a handkerchief. Being on the opposite side of the cabin from that on which I was sitting, I threw it into his lap; when, instead of taking, he allowed it to roll down on the floor, his feelings so much wounded that he actually shed tears; nor was it without considerable effort that we persuaded him that no insult was intended, by assuring him that it arose from my ignorance of the etiquette which custom had established among them.

Our next sample is a striking instance of the sketcher's power and fidelity in taking personal portraits:

His manners were those of a gentleman; and his character a counterpart to that which Tacitus has drawn of Tiberius. His stature was rather below middling; his physiognomy dark and forbidding. His eye-lids hung half over the balls of his eyes, after the manner in which a toper is usually drawn, and were so remarkable, that, had he lived in those times of yore when the peculiar properties of a man gave him a name, as "Long-shanks," "Bald-head," &c., he would perhaps have obtained the sobriquet of "Lopped-eyed."

South America furnishes scenes and subjects for stirring description; Mr. Cleveland's adventures frequently also having the interest of smuggling transactions and risks. Again, it is quite wonderful with what fortitude and self-possession he starts on a new speculation after the severest hardships and the heaviest losses. It seems to have mattered little what was the object which cast up, what the difficulties to be encountered, when once the idea had been entertained; or how rapid and changeful the movements required. When appalling dangers started up, and circumstances which would have confounded most men, Mr. Cleveland's resources and activity appear to have always had the mastery. No doubt good fortune often attended him; but not always. To be bereft of his gainings, and even of his liberty, were

not lucky incidents. To have to struggle with a mutinous crew, at the same time that he was facing the monsoon, was amongst his experiences. And now, when far advanced in years, although finding himself as poor as when he sailed from Havre, he thanks God for having given him a spirit to survive all his buffetings and plunderings. Nay, he even declares that so far from feeling regret for having chosen a profession that has been profitless as well as toilsome, he would, if he were again young and had to make choice of a course of life, pursue that which he has described. And yet this is the sum total of the results of his arduous exertions :—

On making an estimate of my losses in the twenty years between 1805 and 1825, I find their aggregate amount to exceed 200,000 dollars; although I never possessed at any one time a sum exceeding 80,000 dollars. Under such losses I have been supported by the consoling reflection that they have been exclusively mine, and that it is not in the power of any individual to say with truth that I have injured him to the amount of a dollar.

With a small annual sum from the Neapolitan indemnity, I have been enabled to support myself till this was on the point of ceasing by the cancelling of that debt; when I was so fortunate as to obtain an office in the custom-house, the duties of which I hope to perform faithfully, and in peace, during the few remaining years, or months, or days, which may be allotted me on earth.

It is quite clear that Mr. Cleveland is no ordinary person, just as it is that his experience has been extraordinary. His habits even are interesting. He has "never taken a drop of spirituous liquor of any kind; never a glass of wine, of porter, ale, or beer, or any beverage stronger than tea and coffee." What is perhaps stranger still, he has "never used tobacco in any way whatever." And his health has been as singularly good as his habits are abstemious; for although he is three score and ten years old, has been in every sort of climate, been imprisoned in loathsome cells, has faced pestilence, plagues, and contagious fevers, he has never known headache nor sickness of any kind but by name. We shall now throw together a few passages of interesting narrative by this extraordinary person. Take his manly reasons for publishing his book, and at this late stage of his life :

The character of the citizens of New England for enterprise and industry is very generally acknowledged. Being, for the most part, obliged to seek their own fortunes, they are early accustomed to the endurance of privations, and to those industrious and frugal habits which lead to competence and wealth. In the pursuit of that independence of which all are more or less desirous, there have been instances of daring enterprise, of persevering determination, of disregard of fatigue and suffering, which are very remarkable; but which pass unobserved from their frequency, no less than from the unobtrusive habits of the actor.

A simple account of such enterprises, drawn from journals and letters

written at the time the events therein related occurred, is here given to the public.

More than forty-five years have elapsed since the first of the voyages here narrated was undertaken; and more than twenty since the completion of the last. It is apparent that they possess but in a small degree the power to interest that would have been excited had they been published at the period of their performance; yet this delay in their publication may, on some considerations, enhance their value. It may be interesting to the young merchant to trace some of the great revolutions in the commerce of the world which have occurred within the above-named periods; and those of advanced age may be induced to recur to by-gone days, with pleasing, even if accompanied with melancholy, associations.

We have alluded to the resourceful character of Mr. Cleveland's mind. Take an illustration:

While lying between the Spanish vessels of war where our ship was first anchored, I had a good opportunity of noticing the absence of proper and ordinary discipline. During more than a month, I paced the Beaver's deck every night, often until the middle watch had nearly worn away, and observed that more than half the time the sentries were so deficient in vigilance as to be hailed several times before answering. Perceiving the advantage that might result if I could substitute my answer for that of the sentry on board our ship, I often took the trumpet, and found my "alerto" to be as current as that of the Spanish sentry. I noticed also that a great number of men were sent away in the launches every night, to guard some weak points at the eastern extremity of the town. With a view of ascertaining the feasibility of rendering nugatory our guard of twenty soldiers, I tried the experiment of giving them a can of grog mixed with a little laudanum, which put them all into so profound a sleep for several hours as to give us entire control of the ship; a circumstance which was concealed from their superiors by my "alerto" passing for that of the proper sentry.

Contrast, in so far as discipline is concerned, the following testimony to the order and manners observed in a British man-of-war forty years ago.

As the Andromache, English frigate, was on the point of sailing for that port, I succeeded with her commander in obtaining a passage; and having procured a passport from the Viceroy, I embarked and sailed on the morning of the 20th August.

The beautiful manner in which the ship was got under way made a strong impression on my mind, from an exhibition of discipline which I had never before seen. When the marines were dismissed after the morning parade, the colours hoisted, and the national air, "God save the King," played, every officer and man being at his station, and the capstern manned, a signal was made by the captain to heave ahead; the cable came in briskly; the anchor was soon tript and up ready for hooking the cat. While the ship was swinging round, the men, who had been stationed for the purpose, at the shrouds of each mast, on a signal given, ran up simultaneously to cast loose the sails, while the requisite number were stationed below to sheet home and hoist up; so that

almost in a moment the ship was under a crowd of sail and swiftly leaving the port; and all this effected without a word being spoken, and as if by the effect of magic.

We arrived at Valparaiso after a delightful passage of twenty-four days. I cannot allow the pleasant time I spent on board this frigate to pass without some notice, and without acknowledging the erroneous impressions I had imbibed of a British ship-of-war. In common with many others, and especially those like myself, whose reminiscences were of a date as remote as our revolutionary war, I had imagined an English man-of-war to be a small epitome of hell, where tyrannising over the crew constituted the principal enjoyment of the officers. That there were great abuses of this kind in the navy, from a very early period up to the alarming revolt under President Parker, I have no doubt, any more than I have that abuses have occasionally existed since; but, on board the Andromache, there was never any unnecessary severity.

Captain Shirreff having had the advantage of moving in the most elevated and polished society at home, and of receiving his professional education from one of the most able commanders in the British navy, united the manners and urbanity of the gentleman to those of the skilful and accomplished commander. His indefatigable perseverance in attending to the protection of the commercial interests of his country, and his judicious conduct in his intercourse with the governments of Chili and Peru, in the most trying times, were no less evidence of his superior abilities than of the wisdom and discrimination of those who appointed him. Nor did these important duties interfere with those of his ship's company, to whose morals, manners, cleanliness, and comfort he was attentive; at the same time granting them so many innocent indulgences, that they certainly constituted the happiest ship's company I had ever seen.

With such a commander the officers could not fail to be gentlemanly in their deportment, and attentive to their duty; but, independently of such example, there was evidently an innate desire among them to second the views of their worthy commander: and, messing with them, I had good opportunity of witnessing a degree of amiability, harmony, and good fellowship, which, unfortunately, is not always met with in the ward-room. Of their kind attention to me, and desire to make me comfortable, I shall always retain a grateful recollection.

With Captain Shirreff the passengers, of whom there were four beside myself, were invited to dine in rotation, and my turn was, generally, two or three times a week. An excellent band of about twenty performers always played during dinner; invariably beginning with "God save the King," and ending with "Rule Britannia." After dinner the men were usually exercised at the great guns; and if the weather was ever so fine, the topsails were always reefed before sunset. Sparring, fencing, and dancing were the amusements of the midshipmen, in which the captain would frequently join.

The seamen also had their hours of relaxation, music, and dancing once or twice a week. Sunday never failed to be duly hallowed. Soon after breakfast every officer appeared on the quarter-deck in his uniform; the marines were dressed clean and paraded. The gun-deck having been previously prepared with benches and a temporary pulpit, at a signal given (usually about ten o'clock,) every one attended worship, which was performed with as much solemnity and decency as I ever witnessed in any church. The chaplain never

failed to give a plain, good, moral lesson, perfectly adapted to the understandings of his audience; and such as they could not fail to profit by. The music, from the full band, was delightful; and when they played, as they often did, the Portugese and Pleyel's hymns, which were familiar to me, they called up associations of by-gone and happier days.

We have a good illustration of the primitive character of the Spanish colonists, at a period within the experience of Mr. Cleveland, in the passage we next quote:—

As the Beaver was doubtless the first foreign ship that ever had a royal licence for trading coastwise, as she was a remarkably fine ship, had beautiful accommodations, and was always kept in the neatest order, her fame along the coast was very great. And at all these small places she was thronged with visiters—men, women, and children, who came from many miles distant to see the ship, and who always expressed themselves delighted with (what they considered) the beauty of the cabin and its furniture, the whiteness of the deck, and the attention to cleanliness in every part. The Commandante of La Barranca and his three very pretty daughters, from eighteen to twenty-four years old, happened to be on board one day at our dinner-hour, and I invited them to sit down with us. Their awkward mode of handling the table utensils was evidence that, although they were people of the first respectability, they were accustomed to live in very primitive style, being evidently entirely unaccustomed to the refinements of such superfluous articles as plates, knives and forks. They endeavoured, however, to do as we did; the father and one of the daughters succeeded tolerably well, but the other two girls seemed to consider a plate, knife, and fork for each to be needless. They therefore placed a plate between them; and one of them taking the knife and the other the fork, they endeavoured the one to cut while the other held the meat with the fork. But this mode of proceeding did not succeed; the beef was too hard or the knife was too dull, or there was a want of adroitness; and they were finally compelled to accept the aid of their next neighbour, which they did with great complacency, being all the time in high glee at this novel mode of taking their food.

We conclude with a favourable testimony to the English merchants, and a notice of one of Mr. Cleveland's prizes in the lottery of his eventful life:—

A letter which I received at this time, from the house of Tooke, Robinson, and Co., of London, places in strong relief their conduct when compared with those with whom I had recently been brought in contact. Its object was to inform me of their holding a hundred and twenty pounds at my disposal, being principal and interest on a sum arising from a mistake accidentally discovered in accounts relative to transactions in wheat eight or ten years previous; and which, they remark, I must consider somewhat in the light of a prize in the lottery. This was paid to my draft at sight.

ART. III.—*Hints to Cadets.* By Lieut. T. POSTANS, Bombay Army. Allen & Co.

LIEUTENANT POSTANS could not have employed himself better than in throwing together the results of his observations and experience in the East, especially when we find that his hints are remarkable for the good sense and matured reflection which they display, at the same time that they are modestly and unaffectedly offered. The slender volume is not only calculated to be of great use, but is really interesting. It contains information too, and abounds with suggestions which we believe are nowhere else to be met with, at least in a compact and easily-accessible shape. To how many families as well as individuals must these hints prove valuable. The military service of the East India Company includes members of multitudes of families of the British community, all of whom have a deep concern in the fitness of their relatives for a service which is not only the road to honourable distinction if zealously and wisely pursued, but is beset with difficulties and temptations. If the cadet be timely forewarned, and those persons also who are interested in his welfare and prosperity, he may readily effect an escape. To the Company itself it is obvious that suggestions and remarks of the kind alluded to must be of vital importance, and intimately connected with the permanency and glory of our Indian empire.

It is to be borne in mind that wide distinctions exist between the military service of the Company and that of the royal army, as respects the positions and duties of the officers serving therein. Our author has no doubt good grounds also for stating that besides the liberal education of a gentleman, which is requisite in both services, in that of the Company are involved responsibilities which have elsewhere no parallel, requiring arduous preparation and constant vigilance.

Lieutenant Postans is decidedly of opinion that an error is generally committed in sending cadets to India at too early an age, under the idea, it is presumed, of giving them some advantage in promotion, acclimation, or habituating them to the country and the service; and he recommends the age of twenty in preference to that of sixteen or eighteen, for the period of leaving England. The necessary preparatory education, and the call for a proper discipline of mind, point out the greater age as being the most advantageous.

Supposing that the cadet has received a liberal education, and been made acquainted with the theory of his profession by the time he has reached his eighteenth year, every hour of the two following years our author would have to be turned to an account that may be of the greatest profit to him afterwards. The sciences of geology and mineralogy, mechanics, surveying, and political economy, are branches

which he particularly mentions, as well as statistical and geographical information. The extent of the Indian empire, and the encouragement held out by the government of its vast regions, to such of its servants as bring knowledge, talent, and industry to the culture of these branches, are matters for anxious consideration. For example, the Bombay army, the smallest of the three presidencies, consists of twenty-six infantry regiments of the line alone, there being about one hundred officers holding staff or other appointments independent of regimental duty. In these are comprised "the whole of the quarter-master-general's department, trigonometrical and revenue surveyors, assistants to mint engineers, superintending operations of boring for water, repairers of roads and tanks, &c.," offering the best proof to be adduced of the premiums given to talent by government, and showing that the wants of India call for a constant supply of qualified men from its army. How important must it be to a young man to go out with some groundwork knowledge in the departments mentioned; especially seeing that the climate and military services in India afford abundant leisure for pursuing these studies to higher perfection,—thus combining powers of resource and means of advancement.

Lieutenant Postans gives a decided opinion with respect to the time spent at home in the study of the oriental languages. He thinks that there is generally an unwise distribution on this score. We shall afterwards quote at considerable length from the chapter which particularly treats of these languages. In the meanwhile we only state that our author would have the cadet's mind, while at home, to be directed to points and subjects which are only there to be obtained.

Amongst refinements and manly accomplishments, the Lieutenant particularly instances for the cadet's benefit, both as an amusing resource and for professional advancement, the art of drawing,—no country offering richer and more various subjects for the pencil than India. Above all, nothing is of greater moment than to know and to act in conformity with the knowledge, that our rule in the East is one of *opinion;* requiring a sufficient age to allow of the cadet's having seen as much as possible of the world, and to enable him to meet with discretion those trials to his prejudices, habits, and tastes which he cannot avoid encountering. It is of the utmost concern that he should bear in mind, that we govern India by means of a high moral estimation of us as a nation, and which has had the result of attaching to us and our interests an army of 250,000 men, whilst the whole machine of government and discipline of that army, are in the hands of a mere handful of Englishmen. The natives themselves are powerfully prejudiced, are keenly sensitive, and eminently acute. The English officer is in constant communication with them, and therefore ought to have his mind well schooled in respect of leniently

dging. We shall here, without abridgement, cite a variety of ggestions, facts, and remarks.

With the mere schoolboy, suddenly freed from all restraint and sent to In- a without judgment or experience to guide him, the converse of what I have etched is too often the case; he struts a man without any other apparent ject but that of showing his right to assume the character, which he im- gines will be best done by venturing his ebullitions of temper on his servants nd the natives generally, annoying the native soldier by a fierce demeanour, nd want of all consideration for his feelings and peculiarities. He dislikes nd despises the natives because he cannot understand them; they are, in his pinion, an inferior order of beings, to whom he is under no sort of obligation o pay the slightest respect, and he thus contracts habits of violence which ever quit him, and a prejudice against the people and country which adhere o him through life, making his position one of constant annoyance, at the ame time effectually preventing his proving either a profitable servant to the government, or capable of advancing his own interests. Native troops, more- over, like others, do not feel that respect which induces obedience, when they are commanded by mere boys, and the general effect is therefore bad as re- spects tone and discipline; but when considered in the light of heavy respon- sibility attached to individual servants of a government, holding millions in subjection solely by the force of opinion, or a high estimation induced in the minds of the subjects, from the comparatively few examples of the conquerors whom they see amongst them, it becomes of paramount importance, that each and every aspirant for the Indian service, particularly the military, should have left all the trifling actions and ignorant conclusions of boyish years behind him, and enter on his career with a mind fully prepared for its importance, and well schooled to the thoughtful mood and reflective habits of maturer years and riper judgment.

It will conduce materially to just conclusions respecting our rule in India, and to a knowledge of the fundamental principles on which we exercise our sway in that vast country, if the Cadet should seek every opportunity of study- ing the various works conveying information on these subjects, as also by availing himself of the experience of those who have served in the East, and who have it in their power to enlighten him on much which it is highly im- portant to him to know. Forming as he does part of a system where the responsibility is, to a certain extent, shared by every servant of the state, the more extended his acquaintance with the economy of that system, the more efficiently will he be enabled to perform the part allotted him. The sooner he acquires this insight into India and Indian affairs, the better; on his arrival in that country, his inquiries will be advantageously directed to fill up the outline which he has thus obtained in England.

The nature of the service, expenses attendant on carriage, &c., do not ad- mit of a young officer's possessing an extensive collection of books of his own; and in the present day, there are fortunately few of the Indian stations unprovided with a library, or few well-regulated messes without its book club; still the general taste inclines towards light reading, and I may therefore suggest the few following works as valuable companions, and in every way worthy of finding a place amongst the other "necessaries for a Cadet." Indian Despatches of the Duke of Wellington and Marquis of Wellesley;

Gleig's or Mill's History of India; the former, as published in the Family Library, is more portable, though incomparable to the latter as a standard work; Malcolm's Central and Political India; and the Lives of Munro, Clive, and Hastings. There are of course numerous other works appertaining to India which might be mentioned, but the list is too long, and I therefore particularly recommend the above, as calculated to convey every useful historical and political information, as also to illustrate, in the lives and actions of the great men who have raised themselves to the highest pinnacle of fame in India, what has been and may be again achieved in that country by adhering to certain rules of conduct, and prosecuting with vigour the opportunities there presented for distinction. I shall sum up these few remarks by particularly recommending to the Cadet's notice the example of Sir Thomas Munro, as to the footing on which he placed himself with the natives of India, and the estimation in which he held them; and by directing his attention to the method of economizing his time, as exemplified by all the great men whose names I have alluded to; for on this and its duly profitable disposal depends entirely his advancement in India, no less than elsewhere.

The rapid communication now opened with India has, fortunately for the Cadet of the present day, superseded the necessity of his undergoing the tedium and monotony of a four months' voyage round the Cape, where, independent of complete waste of time, intolerable *ennui* and its concomitants drive young men to various methods, all more or less highly objectionable, to get rid of the annoyance. Gambling is, or was, the general resource, leading in most cases to violent conduct between the parties; courts-martial, as a consequence, greeted the Cadet's arrival in India, and even before he had entered on his career, he found himself in bad odour with his superiors, and a stigma was attached to his character, calculated to act most unfavourably to him hereafter. Such things have repeatedly occurred in outward voyages, and therefore their recurrence, as a possibility even, is to be avoided. Let the Cadet by all means avail himself of the overland route, and he may, by extending his travels to some of the capitals of continental Europe, lay up, under proper guidance, a store of useful information and pleasing reminiscences for the future in their languages, institutions, &c.

One great advantage, however, of approaching India by this method is, the mind becoming gradually accustomed to an Oriental people, scenes, and customs, thus avoiding that sudden and great change experienced when transported at once from England to India, and the great distaste to the latter consequently experienced from the sudden transition. On the other hand, the Cadet will approach India somewhat prepared for what would otherwise appear to him strange, uncouth, and annoying. In a word, no additional argument need be wanting after those already given to the world by various great authorities, as to the enlargement of mind resulting from travel, when combined with observation and reflection. To the Indian Cadet I would distinctly say, that his time, thus employed, is well and profitably disposed of. Let me instance the antiquities of Egypt. Much as these have excited the admiration and wonder of the world, they excel only in their stupendous character the superb cave-temples, granite sculptures, and ancient fanes of India; but the contemplation of the former will doubtless excite a taste for similar monuments of past ages in India, of which they are alone the undying chronicles. Here is at once an in-

haustible source of study and inquiry, of the most engrossing and interesting scription; and the Cadet may reflect, that he will have it in his power to ld his name to the list of those great men who have added to our knowledge ' India as the most ancient and interesting country in the world, viewed in er religion, and its monuments, language, and social institutions.

Alluding to any advantage it may be supposed the young man will have in oint of health by being early acclimated to India, I would observe, that such s not proved to be the case from experience, but on the contrary, a certain aturity of constitution would appear far better adapted to the climate than therwise. I would instance the assistant-surgeons of the Honourable Comany's service, who are not allowed to enter it until they have attained the age f twenty-two; yet, considering the trials of constitution to which they are xposed in the discharge of even their ordinary duties, they have, I should say, ather the advantage in point of health over the other members of the service; nd looking at the subject statistically, it has been lately strongly recommended, hat European recruits for India should be allowed to attain the age of twenty or twenty-one, on account of their decidedly superior stamina.

The Lieutenant, besides insisting on the importance of cherishing the sentiment while in India, that his course and conduct are marked with anxiety by friends in his native country, proceeds to offer a remark which at first does not appear so obviously just, but which he satisfactorily establishes and illustrates. He says the Cadet should ever feel the strongest attachment to his native country and all its associations, studiously avoiding the adoption either of Eastern habits or tastes, both as degrading to him and annoying to society at large. Nay, our author declares that the natives of India do not give the adopter of their customs and ways any credit for other than sinister motives; while by so doing he quits the right to be looked upon with the respect that should attach to him as their European superior. These and other remarks or hints to be found in the present small volume show that our author would considerably depart from the system that is in common practice, as regards the education, the period of quitting Europe, and other particulars in the history of the Cadets of the East-India Company.

In his second chapter he treats of the native army of India, beginning with the oft-repeated asservation that our possession and rule in that empire present a most extraordinary phenomenon in the political history of the world. Sir John Malcolm has said that "by the natives we conquered India, and by them we must maintain it." In the pages before us, the points in the chapter mentioned principally refer to the relations that should subsist between the European officers and the native soldiers, the necessity for studying the character both of the Mahomedan and the Hindoo, for banishing offensive prejudices, and of avoiding impetuous expressions of temper, being dwelt upon. The Cadet, from the moment he enters the service, "should be prepared to recognise the peculiar high qualities of the native character, apart from circumstances of religion, colour, or

custom, as also determined to shape for himself a course of that moral, rational, and correct kind, which, whilst it is observed by the intelligent and scrutinizing people around him, shall secure from them that approval on which the respect of the native soldier to his officers will alone be founded." The Lieutenant recommends the Cadet to take early advantage of the experience of the native officers, and says that he will only require to evince the slightest disposition to cultivate their acquaintance, to procure all the information they are so well able to communicate. It also appears that the more knowledge the European acquires of the language and customs of the natives, he will become more sincerely kind to them.

The chapter on the Languages of India, and Remarks on their acquirement, "the result of experience," ought to be attentively studied by the young Cadet. We freely extract from this part of the volume:—

The universal language in use in the army is the "*Oordhu*," or language of the camp, better known by its title of *Hindostanee*, from its obtaining in great purity in Hindostan and the upper provinces of India and Bengal. This dialect being universal with all natives who have been brought into contact with the European community, as also the immediate means of intercourse with the native troops, no officer can be considered as of any efficiency in the service until he obtains at least a sufficient knowledge of it to make himself understood and convey his orders. A few weeks, with ordinary application, will enable him to do this if he persevere in colloquial practice, and take but the common precaution of avoiding attendants who speak English. Let no consideration attempt him to adopt this idle, though convenient method, often pursued by new comers. It is the necessity of circumstances which will be found of so much use in teaching the Cadet the required quantum of Hindostanee, and he will be a gainer in the end by sacrificing a little personal convenience at first to attain his object. I may at the same time point out as a general rule, that the servants who are *au fait* at English smattering, and who attach themselves to the Cadet on his arrival, are generally a dishonest class, whose services he is far better without.

The grammatical rules of this language are few and simple, and the Persian character, in which it is written, so easy of acquirement, that I cannot allow a Cadet more than four months' study with a moonshee, not only to be a good colloquist, but to be prepared to pass his examination before a committee, and qualify himself for an interpretership. This he should by all means effect as soon as possible, for he has thus made the first step to advancement in the service.

*Hindostanee*, or *Oordhu*, as its signification implies, is a mixed language, being the Persian and Arabic, introduced by the Mahomedan conquerors of India, interwoven with the Hindee, Sanscrit, and other original languages of the country. A thorough acquaintance with it, whilst indispensably necessary, has the additional advantage of giving the possessor a good groundwork for the study of, and an insight into, other Eastern languages. The few books required in the Hindostanee (for it may be said to possess no literature) are

retty well known, though they will be mentioned hereafter for general information.

For the Bengal and Madras armies, Hindostanee may be said to be the only medium of communicating with the troops, and the language universally used n the army, and all over the country.

In the Bombay presidency, however, the ranks of the army being recruited o a great extent from the Mahratta country, that language is also in very eneral use, it being customary to explain the Articles of War, and other eneral orders, in Mahratta as well as Hindostanee. This language, though nore comprehensive and idiomatical, will be found to present few difficulties fter the attainment of Hindostanee; its grammar is equally, if not more imple; the printed character, or Dewa Nagri, is easy, being the same as emloyed in the Sanscrit, or original and ancient language of the country, and is given in most Hindostanee grammars. I do not wish to be understood as insisting on the immediate acquirement of Mahratta; on the contrary, it may be an after consideration.

As the officer whose lot is cast in the Bombay army will necessarily pass much of his service in the Deccan and other portion of the country subject to that presidency, where the Mahratta language is the only one spoken and understood, he will find it of the greatest advantage to make himself a proficient in it; for, independent of its use with the troops, it is essentially necessary as a qualification for many important posts filled by officers of the Bombay army. It is a more copious language than the Hindostanee, and the great means used at Bombay of conveying instruction to the natives. The works and translations in Mahratta are extremely numerous. An admirable dictionary has been published under the orders of Government, and a learned member of the Scotch Church, an admirable Oriental scholar, has produced the best grammar extant. I may remark, in speaking of this language, that it will be found a useful means of bringing the student into communication with learned pundits and Brahmins, and with its study he will combine a knowledge of the singular religion and customs of the Hindoos, which he could scarcely so readily obtain by any other means. These observations are of course only applicable to the Bombay presidency, in which the writer has served, and with which he is consequently more fully acquainted than with either Madras or Bengal.

The Guzerat division of the Bombay presidency has also its dialect, known as *Guzerattee*, the character differing but slightly from the Devi Nagri, or Mahratta, it being of Hindee extraction. It is in general use amongst the whole of the trading and banking portion of the community at that presidency, as well as over a large extent of country in Kattaywar and the Guzerat peninsula. All accounts are kept in Guzerattee, and that energetic and clever race of men, the Parsees of Bombay, employ it universally, even to the transcription of their creed and forms of prayer. Although not of immediate use to the military man, it may become essentially necessary to him in the discharge of either civil or political duties on the Bombay side. After the Mahratta, its acquisition will be found a task of the easiest kind.

Under the Bengal presidency, the army being composed of natives of Hindostan, *Oordhu* or *Hindostanee* is the only dialect, as before observed, used by the native troops, and being the universal language of the country, is spoken with a greater degree of purity and grammatical accuracy than in any other

part of the peninsula. As it is on that side of India more copious and more interwoven with Persian than elsewhere, a knowledge to a certain extent of this latter is required from officers in public examinations, as also of the Hindee or original Hindoo dialect of the country. This latter is, like the Guzerattee before described, the communicating medium and the language of accounts amongst the banking and trading classes, its character being derived from the Sanscrit. It obtains only in the Bengal and upper provinces of India. Persian is the language of the courts of revenue and justice, and the great communicating medium of the educated and higher classes of native society throughout the whole of the Bengal presidency. A knowledge of it is an essential in the education of a respectable native on that side of India, as also an indispensable qualification for public employment under our Government.

In the Madras, unlike the other two presidencies, the native languages are not, I believe, in such general use as in the other armies. English is much spoken and understood by the native soldiers, who here approximate more to European habits and customs than in the other armies, the rules of caste, &c., not being so rigidly adhered to.

On the southern peninsula of India, the Carnatic, &c., there are numerous dialects of the Hindoo languages, such as the Grantha, Teluga, Karnataka, Malayalma, and Tamizh; but these can only be objects of inquiry and study after considerable advance shall have been made in others; and their acquisition is also connected with a desire to obtain an extended knowledge of India, its antiquities, and the ancient character of its languages.

Having thus briefly alluded to those languages or dialects which the Cadet will find either an immediate use, or of immediate advantage to him in his position to acquire, I shall proceed to remark, that if he purposes extending his knowledge of the country and establishing for himself some reputation in the service, he cannot adopt a more direct means of profitably occupying his time than by studying to become a good Orientalist; by which I mean, not attempting to obtain a superficial knowledge of the innumerable dialects scattered over the vast extent of India (these alone would occupy a volume to describe), but restricting his acquaintance to those in common use before alluded to, and making himself at the same time as proficient as possible in Persian and Arabic; I would say Sanscrit, as the groundwork of all that is valuable in connection with the Hindoo religion, and a knowledge generally of that interesting people; but as the attainment of even an outline of this language requires intense study and undivided attention, I shall leave it to the taste or inclination of the student, who may congratulate himself on his perseverance, if he is enabled to get even an insight into this most difficult of dead languages.

The Persian has the following advantage to recommend it to the student's notice over other languages in use in India. It is exceedingly rich and melodious, copious, and capable of expressing, as Sir William Jones observes, "the most beautiful and elevated sentiments," whilst its poetry and literature generally, particularly historical, will well reward the time and attention bestowed upon its acquirement. Again, it will be found of essential service to the possessor in his intercourse with intelligent Asiatics, being the language in use throughout the whole of the Mahomedan courts, in and beyond the Indian territories, and a vast extent of country beyond the Indus, and in central

Asia. Our advance to Sindh and Affghanistan has particularly called this language into request. In these countries it is so universal, that few officers can be considered qualified for public employment without it, and no traveller can make his way to advantage without a practical knowledge of Persian. It will be sufficient to mention, that the commonest and most servile classes of Hindoos speak this tongue fluently in Sindh and the countries to the N.W.

With regard to the Persian language, the Lieutenant says, it is by no means difficult to obtain a superficial knowledge of it, and that this is sufficient for the purposes of ordinary conversation. But to read and appreciate the works of the best authors in it is a very different affair, requiring, besides, an insight into the composition of the Arabic; there being no sentence in the former that can be properly turned without an Arabic construction, and no well-written Persian work considered complete without Arabic couplets and quotations from the Koran and other works. But for a variety of other remarks on the study of languages in India, we must refer the inquirer to the entire Hints themselves. We hasten to dismiss the volume, and do so with an extract from "General Instructions" to the uninitiated Cadet, for his guidance in a sphere where so much depends on certain rules and habits of life, and where all hinges so materially on the sojourner's disposal of his time and energies.

We will suppose the Cadet to have landed in India as a perfect stranger, locally, to the country, and all connected with the arrangements for his servants, living, and future disposals, and consequently liable to all those impositions and extortions to which he must, under such circumstances, be for a time exposed. Where the Cadet has not that greatest of all advantages at starting in India, *viz.* a constituted adviser in the shape of a relation or friend bound to take the new comer under his protection, and see him safe on his career, the only alternative is, to make it a rule not to act in any one instance, even to the engagement of a servant or disposal of a rupee, without consulting some of the many old officers of the service at the presidencies who can guide him; and as the Cadet will be there attached to a regiment, he will have no difficulty in finding those experienced heads who will be happy to assist him with their advice and experience. It is a conceited idea of acting on his own judgment and impulse which leads the Cadet at starting, not only to spend large sums of money uselessly, but to be continually exposed to the most bare-faced extortion, without procuring one article of comfort, or being provided with a single article of use to him hereafter. He is looked upon, under any circumstances, as fair game by all with whom he attempts to deal; and when he couples with his total ignorance of all about him an air of conceited reliance on his own discrimination, there is really, after all, little blame to be attached to those who profit by it. The servants who are in the habit at the presidencies of attaching themselves to Cadets, and whose general recommendations are comprised in an insufferable stock of impudence and a smattering of English, are systematic rogues, who have no other object in view but to rob their masters; and when, by the time he quits the presidency for the

Upper Stations, they find his experience increase, whilst his means of being any longer profitable to them diminish, they never fail to leave him unceremoniously, to pursue the same system with the next new comer. These the Cadet should studiously avoid; they are well known, and no old hand would allow him to have anything to say to them for a moment. Good and respectable servants are indispensable to the young man's comfort, no less than to prevent his being pillaged and imposed upon from other quarters: to obtain these, he should rely entirely on some other opinion than his own.

It is not my intention to enter into the details of what are required in the shape of equipment in India, to place the young officer in a position to proceed to his ultimate destination, as these are points on which he will soon be fully informed on his arrival in India; but I would wish particularly to warn him against burdening himself with a single superfluity, and recommend his limiting his baggage to what may be called "light marching order;" he will find his advantage in this hereafter; above all, let him avoid, as he would his worst enemy, any extravagance which, exceeding his means, shall involve him in debt, even to the smallest amount; debt, in any shape, is one of the rocks on which many a man has been shipwrecked at the very outset of his Indian career, and is fraught with so many considerations of moment and danger to the Cadet's future career, that he cannot keep it too often in view. He will find in India, at the presidencies particularly, unusual facilities for procuring money or obtaining credit; and the ease with which it is to be accomplished, with the many temptations and fascinating opportunities for availing himself of these means, are too apt to blind him to the consequences, and to spread a false colouring over the future; but of this he may be certain, that the day will most assuredly come, when he will bitterly repent his ever having yielded to these temptations, whilst he will not be long in discovering that he has bought a short-lived present gratification at the expense of future pain and misery, to the utter destruction of those gentlemanly and independent feelings which he should ever most studiously cherish. I draw no exaggerated picture, for I speak from experience, and in repeated instances, when I affirm, that this *curse* of debt in India has driven many a man, otherwise the soul of honour, to expedients which have cost him his commission and place in society, or, in other cases, to the desperate means of self-destruction, by trying to drown the recollection of the continued cause of pain in the wine-cup. It is, indeed, one of the faults of the younger branches of the Indian service, that they complain of their inadequate means, whilst they take no pains to adapt their outlay to those means. I do not intend to say, that the pay of an ensign in India is more than sufficient for the absolute wants of the officer; but it is certainly adequate to those wants, if judiciously employed, and particularly so in field stations. I would instance the officers of Her Majesty's army in India; their allowances are, if anything, less than those serving in the Company's, yet debt is not only unknown, but strictly discountenanced: it would be well were the same rule rigidly enforced in the latter service also.

The mistake is generally made by young men in India imagining that debts incurred whilst they remain subalterns may be paid off on promotion. This, however, is a vital error; for the rate of compound interest charged by the usurers and panderers to youthful extravagance, precludes the possibility of emancipation from the toils thus around their victim. It will be sufficient to

mention, that at the rate of common interest in India, 9 per cent., the original debt is doubled in seven years, and thus long after the actual debt itself may have been defrayed, it is paid over and over again in the shape of interest. This the law allows and enforces: but in the case of money borrowed from shroffs and others, a much higher rate of premium is charged; and as usury laws do not extend to a contract on honour between an officer and a native, the amount must sooner or later be paid. In one word, of all the errors a young man in India can commit at his outset particularly, though the same rule may apply to any portion of his career, few are so fraught with fatal consequences as extravagance and its concomitants.

Attention to these and other instructions detailed in the small volume, if paid at starting, will in all probability save the Cadet in the future. Should he be determined to suit his expenditure to his allowances, he will not only find no difficulty, says the Lieutenant, in doing so, but there are instances of young persons saving money. And on no account should parents and guardians allow a Cadet to possess more than 100*l.*, besides his fitting-out, on leaving England, even for the purpose of furnishing a horse, tent, and all that can possibly be required. The great points in India are economy and occupation of time, which are necessary in proportion as the temptations to improvident habits and indolence are strong. Meet the difficulties at first and at once. At least six hours daily should from the beginning be devoted to the acquisition of languages. Other important demands of a professional kind will be made on his time; nor should he debar himself of a certain amount of field sports, both for the recreation of life, and as conducive to that spirit becoming the soldier.

Having thus freely abstracted and extracted, we conclude our paper, and with this observation, that the rules laid down by the Lieutenant appear to us to be sufficiently numerous and particular for practical purposes; believing that although they might have been extended, they are explicit and large enough for a person of mind, good sense, and right taste, to bring closely home to his own peculiar case.

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ART. IV.—*Rolt on Moral Command.* Third edition. Clowes & Sons.

DESERVING of a third edition: a little volume *sui generis;* a soldier's book,—a garrulous, an egotistic, a genuine-hearted, an outspoken old campaigner's book,—is this. A man of weaknesses is the Colonel, but of such sterling virtues, that we like him the better for his failings,—he is the more human. You cannot mistake the man in the book; for if it has not given the whole of him, it has not given anything that is not true, faithful and characteristic. And then the *service* as well as the veteran is everywhere impressed upon it. You

see the man that has been moulded by military discipline; who makes military discipline his standard of virtue; and who would after all wield the entire enginery of war for the good and the social comfort of his race. Talk of literary rules and literary craftsmen! Had Colonel Rolt been controlled by any canons or professorship of the sort, his book would have lost its sterling flavour; had he felt himself hampered by any laws foreign to his own unsuspecting turn, there would have been little virtue in the thing. But as it is, the honesty and earnestness with which the most stale truths or opinions are put forth, are novel and entertaining; while his admiration and praise of one general or commanding officer after another, although pure repetition, are agreeable,—the Colonel's vocabulary of hearty approval being somewhat limited, at the same time that there is no measure to his genuine outpourings. He has an amazing consideration for *commanding* officers, which however is the remotest possible from all affectation or touch of tyrannous feeling. Without a doubt he himself was adored at the head of a regiment; for it was impossible that a person of so much goodness of heart, purity of motive, enthusiasm for the service, and consciousness of the value of order, discipline, and candid treatment, could find an enemy or a detractor in any inferior worthy the name of man.

There is a great deal more in "Rolt on Moral Command," than an unsophisticated utterance of common-place. Let not the reader for a moment surmise that we are going to forewarn him of metaphysical discourse, or ethical science in any branch. The Colonel is a philosopher, it is true, but the most practical that it is possible to imagine. And then his *dicta* are often so ably illustrated by passages in his own experience, that his lessons tell with double force. One does not always see that *Moral Command* is the happy phrase for the turn which affairs take. For example, when a soldier happened to be minded, most likely after a short courtship, to take unto himself a rib, and repaired to his paternal colonel to name his purpose, the *Moral Commander* would say, "What! you think of marrying! You, the smartest and best-looking soldier in the regiment, to think of throwing yourself away! Why, all the girls are in love with you: you *must not marry*. Go, and don't do that which will destroy you as a soldier. Hold your head up, my boy! I am proud of you!" No doubt the boy blushed and hung his head, pretty well aware of the sort of dissertation he would encounter. Such is an illustration of the Colonel's doctrine of *Moral Command*. But there are more pertinent cases, some of them containing a lesson to officers how to restrain their own tempers, and at the same time to preserve proper obedience on the part of those under them. Punishment is inflicted and has its best effects when he who orders it is known to harbour nothing in the shape of anger, acrimony, or revenge; but on the other hand to act for the best interests of the persons punished,

as well as of the community. Hear how our *commanding* officer carried himself in circumstances which would have disturbed most men's *amiability*:—

"When stationed at Athlone in the autumn of 1823, I gave out an order "that the men's hair should be cut closer;" and on the following morning I went up to one of the companies on parade, and directed that the soldiers should take off their caps; when I pointed out to the captain four men whose hair had not been cut close enough, and said "that I should see those men again at parade next morning."

The day following, when I went up to the company, and directed the officer in command of it to call the four men to the front whose hair I had remarked upon the day before, I observed a sort of titter throughout the company which broke out into a decided laugh, when on their being directed to take off their caps, the four fellows presented *four bare skulls*. In fact, thinking to have the laugh against me, they had cut their hair as close almost as if their heads had been shaved.

The attempt to turn an order into ridicule, is almost enough to try a commanding officer's *amiability*, but with a little effort I kept myself cool, for it occurred to me, that if I got angry I should have had "the laugh against me;" so, that instead of showing that I was annoyed, I joined in the laugh, which then became both loud and general.

After a little I said, "Well, you are, I am sure, four good-natured fellows to have afforded us all so much amusement; but although I am very glad to have a laugh in this way amongst ourselves, yet I should not like to have strangers laugh at us." I then asked their captain how long he supposed it would take before those men's hair would grow sufficiently for appearing in public. He replied "six weeks." I then said to the four men, "I should be quite distressed if your sweethearts were to see you in so unbecoming a plight, and therefore, I am forced to order that you be confined to the barracks for six weeks." The poor fellows looked very silly; the tables were *turned* on them, and I do not think that they ever again tried to *turn* any order of mine into ridicule.

But we can cite a higher case, and one that strikingly illustrates how Colonel Rolt's heart loves to beat. He has been preaching the doctrine that it is a commanding officer's duty, ay, and for the interests of the army, to give soldiers who have been delinquents an opportunity, should there be any promise of success, to recover their character. What we now quote tells its own story and requires no comment:—

He was a particularly clean and nice-looking soldier, but he seemed odd in his manner, and did not appear to associate with or speak to any one. On inquiring of the adjutant, he informed me that the man in question had once been a sergeant; that he had attempted the life of his commanding officer in the West Indies, for which crime he had been tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be reduced, and to receive eight hundred lashes; that he had been reduced accordingly, but that through the clemency of his commanding officer, the corporal punishment had been omitted. The adjutant further stated, "that a

better or cleaner soldier was not in the service;" but he was, he said, so su llen, that no person associated with him, and the officers of the regiment looked upon him with a sort of horror.

I continued to observe this man for some little time longer, till one day as he crossed me in the barrack-square, in my way to my quarters, I called to him by name, and desired him to follow me. When I got to my room, I told him, after he had entered, to shut the door. I then said to him, "Your name I think is Dudley?" He raised his hand to his cap, and answered, "Yes, sir." I said, "I have observed you for some time. Your appearance is much in your favour. You are as clean and as well-set-up a soldier as there is in the regiment. I know your history. You are here looked upon almost in the light of an outlaw. It would seem that no one speaks to you, nor do you associate with any one. I am aware of the cause of your being thus shunned. You once contemplated a crime of the most revolting nature—that of murder. You attempted the life of your commanding officer. You were tried, found guilty, and sentenced. All this is true, is it not?" He touched his cap again, and said, "Yes, Sir;" but not a muscle moved. "Dudley," I said, "your officers have a horror of you, but such a feeling on their part is not to be wondered at." Still his countenance remained unchanged. "Now attend to what I am about to say to you, Dudley. I have watched you for some time, and I pity you; I should like to give you an opportunity for recovering your place in society, and for regaining that character which once so recommended you to the notice of your superiors. I feel desirous to give you a trial by making you a corporal, in order that, should your conduct deserve it, I may still further promote you. Will you, Dudley," said I, looking at him earnestly, "endeavour to do justice to my good opinion? Do you wish for promotion?" The poor fellow could not answer me. His whole frame was convulsed. He cried like a child. I patted him on the shoulder and said, "That will do, Dudley: you shall be in orders to-morrow." He was accordingly promoted, first to be a corporal, and afterwards to be a sergeant; and there was not a better non-commissioned officer in the regiment.

In fact the great moral taught by the Colonel's little volume in as far as the treatment of soldiers goes, is this, that humanity and firmness, kindness and order, the constant display of anxiety for their welfare and honour, together with the most unwavering determination to see that duty of every reasonable kind be systematically performed, are the proper substitutes for exasperating commands and severe punishment. Without going the length to pronounce the lash inadmissible in every case, it is quite clear that the good Colonel has hardly ever had occasion to recur to it, and would sooner have thrown up his commission than found himself obliged to practise it.

We have hitherto in so far as our specimens go, been dealing with illustrations of the Colonel's temper and method, together with some of his recollections. The book however is properly a manual, containing directions for the guidance of every member of a regiment, from the commanding officer down to the youngest recruit; also as relates to a corps however situated. It strikes us that the most instructive part of these directions and hints, resulting from long ex-

perience and earnest cogitation, apply to recruits and the means for stemming the tide of drunkenness, which so much demoralizes and disgraces the British soldiery. Some of the anecdotes illustrative of this national vice, but of which our author declares the Spanish and Portuguese troops are comparatively free, deserve to be quoted. Says the Colonel,—

The horrors that occurred when Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, and St. Sebastian were stormed, never would have been acted, were our soldiers not rendered delirious by drink obtained after those fortresses were carried. The morning after the taking of Badajoz, I had myself a narrow escape of being shot by a drunken soldier. It was barely daylight, and I was riding up one of the streets of the town, on a horse that had been my property for nearly two years, when a soldier whom I happened to overtake, and who was drunk, suddenly accosted me and said, "Hollo! where are you going with that horse? it belongs to my captain." The man had his firelock with him, and which I concluded was loaded. I replied, "You are mistaken, my good fellow, this is not your captain's horse; he belongs to me, I have had him for a long time." "No, no," he answered, "he belongs to my captain, and you must give him up to me, so get off of him; I am going out to camp, and will ride him back to my captain." Knowing that if I attempted to ride away, the fellow would fire at me, I dismounted, and immediately seizing his firelock, I forced out the flint, and then told him, that if he did not instantly march out of the town through the gateway which was just in his front, I would go for a file of the main-guard to have him marched a prisoner to camp. He obeyed my orders, but grumbled, as he was going off, that I had stolen his captain's horse.

A little further on, an interesting Spanish girl, of about sixteen, claimed my protection; her ears were bleeding and lacerated, which she told me had been done by some drunken soldiers, who tore the ear-rings absolutely out of her ears. Whilst this girl was speaking, I saw a very ridiculous occurrence. An English soldier lay fast asleep on the side of the street, and at about fifty or sixty yards from where I was at the time, with his head resting upon a bundle of what I concluded to be plunder; when all of a sudden, a Portuguese soldier came out of a narrow lane, with a large stone, which he placed under the head of the other, removing at the same time the bundle, with which he moved off very coolly.

Colonel Rolt's reminiscences are vivid and generally communicated with powerful effect. His songs, however, exhibit more of good will than wild-fire. They are the veriest doggerel. But his recollections and anecdotes alone would float the book into popularity; while as respects professional advice, matured experience, and enthusiastic feeling towards the service, the volume is so rich, sensible, and even amusing, that no military person can be excused if he remains a stranger to its spirit and contents. Here follows a history for you:—

When I joined the Queen's in 1823, the regiment wanted an adjutant. I had previously served for a short time in the 72nd Regiment as major, and I

had reason to think favourably of the serjeant-major of the corps, by name James Littlejohn. Sir Henry Torrens, the colonel then of the Queen's, wished to get an adjutant for his regiment from the Guards; but at my request, James Littlejohn was appointed, and never was there, I verily believe, in the service, a more zealous, a more indefatigable, or a more efficient officer in the grade he filled.

He was unceasingly employed in matters connected with his duty; he was respected by all ranks; and was retiring in his manner towards his brother officers.

At the mess he invariably sat at the bottom of the table, and the cloth after dinner was scarcely moved, when he withdrew, to "attend the school of instruction for teaching the young soldiers to read and write."

He was the first man up in the morning, and the last to go to bed if anything was wrong, or men out after hours.

He never frequented parties, but was always at his post; and never, during the whole time he was under my command, did he utter a syllable to the prejudice of any one; and though remarkably strict in seeing that the duties of the regiment were performed in a regular and proper manner, yet he was greatly beloved and respected both by the non-commissioned officers and the privates.

In 1825 he embarked with and accompanied his regiment to India. About four years afterwards he got into some difficulties about money, and borrowed, as I understood, some two or three hundred pounds from the quarter-master serjeant. This circumstance came to the knowledge of the commanding officer, who thought himself called upon to instigate an inquiry, which ended in the adjutant being brought to a court-martial on the charges, "as I was informed," of having borrowed money from a non-commissioned officer, and when interrogated, "for denying that he had done so;" which charges being substantiated against him, he was sentenced to be dismissed the service.

His subsequent history is very curious. After losing his commission, my letters from Bombay informed me that he had started in the direction of Persia, "to seek his fortune." For two or three years I could hear nothing more of him, until one day, taking up the newspaper, I read the following paragraph. "Singular gradation of Fortune.—Towards the close of the late war, in which he took an active part, James Littlejohn, a native and inhabitant of this city, enlisted in the 72nd Regiment of Foot. In the course of a few years, his sobriety, attention, and bravery as a soldier, were rewarded by a gradual advancement through the different ranks of non-commissioned officer, to the arduous situation of Serjeant-Major. While in this capacity, and after his former promotion, his attachment to his native place was so far manifested by his being a regular subscriber for this journal for many years, and in various distant quarters of the globe, while on his aged mother and others of the family he bestowed the kindest filial and fraternal attention and aid. Subsequently he was promoted to the rank of Adjutant in the Queen's Royals, and with this latter regiment he went to India, and after a few years' residence there we lost trace of him, and supposed he must have fallen a victim to the climate or the tigers. From a letter lately received, we now find him enjoying his evening lounge in the long and celebrated valley through which Mirzah beheld the Tide of Life flowing towards the Happy Islands, or in the very gardens which,

connection with the name of Aladdin, have become immortal. He is now the ancient and renowned city of Bagdad; a city of romantic and mystical collection on the mind of every one who has read (and who has not!) the teresting *thousand and one* stories of the 'Arabian Nights.' There our wnsman now commands the guards of the Caliph, and is only second in command of the whole army! The services of this gallant soldier, who was one of e best disciplinarians in the British line, must be of infinite value to an siatic Power, and from the rapidity of his promotion it would appear his merits re duly appreciated.—Perth Courier."

At the time that I read this account in the paper, I was on the staff of the rmy in Ireland, and to a tale so extraordinary I hesitated to give implicit aith; but some months afterwards, happening to be in London on a few days' eave, I called one day on the tailor employed by my regiment, and upon my sking him if he had lately heard from the corps, he said that he often received rders from the officers. "But, Sir," he said, "whom do you think I had a etter from a short time ago? From your old adjutant, Mr. Littlejohn, dated Bagdad;" and he then told me nearly verbatim what the newspaper account had before stated, and also, that General Littlejohn's pay was equal to 3,000*l.* a-year. Upon this I said, "Well, Mr. ———, the next letter you receive from Bagdad will be, I dare say, from *Caliph Littlejohn*; for it will not at all surprise me to hear, some day, of his becoming caliph, seeing that he has already (and in so short a time) raised himself from obscurity to his present rank and command."

This Arabian tale will, I have no doubt, give a filip to the dream of young ambition; for who knows but "that he may wake one day and find himself" the *Caliph of Bagdad.*

By late accounts (the Colonel adds,) it appears that General Littlejohn has fallen a victim to the climate of Bagdad.

Take this of the Duke at Vittoria:

At the battle of Vittoria, and at a very critical period of the action, when the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th divisions were most hotly engaged, the light division, which in the line stood between the 3rd and 4th divisions, having cleared its own front of the enemy, had halted, to allow time for the other divisions to force those points of the enemy's position in their respective fronts. Just at this moment, the Duke, Lord Beresford, and several of their staff, came galloping up; and the Duke having first asked me what regiment mine was, placed himself on a little rising ground, exactly in front of my grenadier company, and with his glass took a view of the battle, which was at the time most hotly raging, both to our right and to our left. It was, as I have before observed, "a very critical moment of the day," the 3rd division particularly being at the instant most obstinately opposed by a very considerable corps of the enemy, posted in a village strongly situated, and in which they had some twelve or fifteen guns and howitzers. Some few shot and shells were occasionally directed at us. The Duke remained in our front for about six or eight minutes, when he suddenly put spurs to his horse, and galloped off to the right, where the 4th division was storming a conical hill, and which it soon after most gallantly carried.

Immediately that the duke left the little rising ground in my front, I took

possession of the identical spot his horse had occupied, and taking out my glass, I anxiously surveyed the animating scene around me, and which certainly was the most brilliant and magnificent panorama that imagination can form an idea of. My horse had a custom of tossing his head about a great deal; and in consequence of his moving it up and down, not being able to keep my glass steady, I alighted, and passing my right arm through the bridle-rein, I had just again directed my attention to the enemy's post, in front of the 3rd division, when bang, bang, bang, bang went off four guns, directed at us, for I heard whistle, whistle, whistle, as the shots passed. My horse neighed at the moment; I looked round at him, and saw his near hind leg spinning about, hanging, in fact, only by some of the muscles, and the same shot carried off the head of one of my grenadiers.

"Thank God," I said to myself, "that the Duke started so opportunely!" I dare say his grace, with his accustomed quickness of eye, had observed that the enemy were preparing a salvo for him and his staff, which was a compliment they were fond of paying whenever they observed a number of mounted officers together."

The Colonel at times brings in such anecdotes when one would the least expect them. But they are never unwelcome, or foreign to the purpose in hand; being striking in themselves, amusing as illustrations of the writer's character, and suggestive of points which one likes to catch as guides to more than is told. For example, when urging the necessity for soldiers to learn the art of swimming, we learn not only that the Colonel has from his youth been expert in it, but that in relation to this matter that he was a witness of its importance at Egypt,—carrying us back to the days of Abercrombie. The truth is his grand and oft-reiterated motto is this—*We should all labour to be useful*; nor does he ever cease to cast about how best he can fulfil this end. He by no means confines himself to military affairs, or matters having a purely professional scope; for rather, it appears, in his many cogitations how best to do good to the service, he has fallen upon inventions and discoveries that have a practical value for all. Think of the virtues of a certain root, by name Seneka, which are with his usual fervour proclaimed in the book on Moral Command! Then there is a saddle that will carry sundry of the comforts of the Salt Market about you on a rainy as well as on a scorching day. But better still, there is a wonderful oven invented by him for the accommodation and vast benefit of soldiers, and which might be carried in a Chesterfield pocket; although the never-ceasing Colonel has extended his views much further, having not only the profit of cottagers, bachelors, and professional cooks in his eye, but the ladies in their boudoirs; declaring that if the enchanting creatures were taught "to do a mutton chop, dress a nice ragout, or make good puddings and tarts (in his oven) they would be really and truly more useful members of society than all their finely-tinselled embroidering can make them." We have not yet done; for last of all we name, although not in the due order of invention, his

se-hair gloves, which promise long life to all who will groom themves daily with them, and indulge in the prescribed friskings. Alady there is not a nook of England where the scrubbing process s not votaries. The Emperor of all the Russias has not more ads daily at work than the Colonel has set a-going. And then o think how many darling sweet creatures are rubbing themves into vigorous health, and laying the foundations of after hapness !"

But for these and many other curious as well as sensible things ich crowd the book, our readers must consult "Rolt on Moral ommand." There will be more editions of the work, although the esent is the first that we have seen.

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ART. V.—*England's Exiles.* By COLIN A. BROWNING, M. D. Royal Navy. Darton and Clark.

"ENGLAND'S EXILES; or, a View of a System of Instruction and Discipline, as carried into effect during the voyage to the Penal Colonies of Australia," is the work of a gentleman who appears to unite to his medical profession and skill, the piety, religious zeal and knowledge which might be expected on the part of a minister of the gospel. Certainly, we believe, he has no predecessor on board a convict transport who has given equal proofs of earnestness, ability, and diligence in behalf of the outcasts of Great Britain. We must go with considerable detail into the volume.

Dr. Browning tells us that when he was appointed, in the year 1831, to a convict ship, as surgeon-superintendent, he felt himself greatly at a loss from the want of anything like a plan or system of management and instruction. To be sure he had received a copy of the usual printed directions; but although these afforded a general view of the duties of his station, they supplied him with nothing like a scheme of education and discipline, leaving much to discretion and the suggestion of circumstances. Nor was it until he entered upon his third charge of convict passengers that his system was brought to the mature state in which it is exhibited in the pages before us.

This plan with its details was followed out in the ship *Elphinstone*, having been submitted to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, and not, so far as the author is aware, objected to by them. We proceed to notice some of its features, fearing, however, at the same time, that few surgeon-superintendents will have the patience, the ardour, and the judgment to carry the system into operation. Still, we regard the information, the descriptions, and the example here set forth as presenting an excellent standard; in a department too

where nothing short of the highest principles and most matured machinery ought to be held up for imitation.

The Doctor sets out with, and continually inculcates, the doctrine, that sound views,—that is to say *evangelical*, as the term is generally understood,—of the Divine character and government, and of man's relation to his Maker, form the foundation of all useful instruction and efficient discipline. Accordingly, as soon as possible after embarking with *two hundred and forty men and boys*, who had just been removed from the hulks at Woolwich and Chatham, he began to set his scheme in motion.

A principal feature of the Doctor's system consists of addresses delivered by himself to the whole body of the prisoners assembled on the quarter-deck. Most of these discourses as set down in the volume certainly appear to us to be too long, considering what must have been the previous habits and the mental field for sowing impressions which the majority of convicts must offer. At the same time, we should say that the remarkable degree of unction and number of home appeals, with affectionate counsel, which characterize these discourses, could hardly fail of producing good fruit in the most sterile and hardened soil.

In the first of these general addresses, and which like others in the volume has been amplified for the press, we find the speaker conducting his audience so as that each should take a searching review of his history and career from the cradle till the moment when he finds himself commencing a new era in his life, and setting foot upon a deck that is to convey him to another hemisphere. We throw into our large type a paragraph at the close of this first public oration.—"In withdrawing now to your berths, you will do so in deep and solemn thought. Let every man's mind retire within himself. Lay to heart the hints I have now given you to aid your reflections, and assist you in your self-examination. Let there be no *talking*, but let all be *deep consideration*. Look back upon your lives; silently meditate upon and faithfully apply, every man to himself, what has been now spoken in great kindness to you all. Let every one now consider, that to talk to his neighbour on retiring from this place, is to *invade his neighbour's rights*, and to interrupt that solemn secret communion that he is now required to hold with his own heart, and with Him who is the Searcher of the heart."

The second address, which was delivered on the following day, (the embarkation took place on the 13th and 15th of January, 1836,) gave a view of the exercises in which the prisoners were to be engaged during the voyage. We quote a portion, to show the earnestness of the Doctor, and the way in which he proceeded to win confidence, as well as to inculcate becoming and ennobling sentiments:—

I call your attention, in the *first* place, to the nature of the exercises in

hich you are to be occupied during the voyage; and, in doing this, you will serve, that I do not address you merely as *prisoners*, but as *my fellow-men.* f the causes which have brought you here, I say nothing at present; I have st now to do only with the *fact*, that you *are* here. I do not at present otice the circumstances which led to your being placed in prisons or in hulks, nd ultimately on board this transport. To some of these we have already lluded; to others we shall advert on a future occasion. All that I have to do ith at this moment, are the facts, namely, that *I find you here*, and *I find yself here*, charged with the care of your persons, your health, your improvement, and your happiness. You appear now before us as a *portion of the uman race*, and so many members of that family to which I also belong. I ow look upon you as the creatures of God, the offspring of our common and lmighty Parent, the Creator and the Preserver of the universe, the Former of our bodies and the Father of our spirits. I contemplate you as standing in ertain relations to God, to one another, and to the world; relations out of which necessarily arise many interesting and important duties, and as necessarily involving great responsibilities and peculiar enjoyments. You are not only the offspring of God, but His *rational* offspring, the *moral subjects* of His *moral Government.* He *made* you, and He made you *for Himself.* He made you at the first, in His own moral image, and under the influence of His blessing; you have lost that image, and have fallen under the influence of His disapprobation. Still you are accountable to Him for all you *think*, and for all you *believe* or *disbelieve*—that is, for your *belief* and *unbelief*; and for all you *say*, and for all you *do.* And He, as the righteous and immutable Judge of all His rational offspring, must deal with every one of you according to the eternal and unalterable principles of justice and truth. Not only are you *accountable*, but you are likewise *immortal*, beings. Every one of you is in possession of a *deathless* spirit; a spirit which must soon quit that tabernacle of clay it now inhabits, and leaving it to return to the dust from which it was originally taken, must make its appearance before God, to receive at his hand *according* to the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or whether they be bad. In the meantime, the sentence of death, under which transgression has brought you, is, in its full execution, delayed. God is unwilling that any one of you should perish. Though under a sentence of condemnation and death, He has, in His infinite love and compassion to you as His creatures, placed you under a dispensation of mercy.

They are informed that their principal exercises will be reading the Scriptures and to hear them read. Also, that as he expects to find a large proportion of the people uneducated, and even unacquainted with the letters of the alphabet, efforts will be made to communicate the ability not only to *read* but to *write and cypher* by the time the voyage is completed. In fact, it soon was ascertained that of the entire number, thirty-seven only could read and write; forty-five read only; seventy read a little or very imperfectly; twenty-two barely knew their alphabet; and sixty-four did not know a letter. One had imperfect sight, and one alleged he could read Welsh.

With regard to the system of discipline, it is explained to them

that it is to be one of a *moral* nature. We cite a passage in which certain exhortations and also rules of behaviour are impressively urged.

This being the character of our little community, our ears shall never be assailed by the boisterous language, or our eyes pained by the savage tug, of a grasping and an all-appropriating selfishness. The calmness of our moral atmosphere will not be disturbed by the revolting contest for personal mastery and personal enjoyment, accompanied with the appropriate language of a sordid self-seeking. We shall have no angry and selfish contests about supposed or real personal rights and privileges, but we shall hear the language and observe the actions of brotherly affection. You will be all mutually anxious to help forward and secure the comfort of one another, and *self-denial* will take the place of *self-indulgence*.

Thus the strife amongst us will be the strife of brotherly love; not who shall do least, but who shall do most for others' comfort: not who *shall have* this or that good thing, but who shall be most ready to *wave* the privilege in behalf of another.

You will not only be careful of each other's comforts, but you will be kindly watchful over each other's speech and behaviour, as well as your own. None of you will suffer evil upon his brother, but he will "in *anywise rebuke* him;" but his rebukes will be in soft and gentle language—language fit to be spoken by one who feels himself to be more weak and erring than the brother whom he corrects; and thus his words of reproof will be like soft oil, which will not break the head or wound the feelings of the reproved, but will prove refreshing and salutary to his spirit.

You will not only be attentive to each other's comfort, language, and behaviour, but you will, with a prudent and affectionate zeal, seek for and embrace every possible opportunity of doing the greatest *possible good* to one another in every respect. You will remember the relation in which you stand to each other as accountable and immortal creatures, and you will study to abide habitually under the influences of the unchangeable obligations you are necessarily under, to promote to the utmost your mutual happiness and highest interests.

The third address announced and explained the machinery of the active duties to be performed by various persons appointed out of the number of prisoners themselves. These are called the petty officers. Every department as well as every separate ward has its complement in this respect; and warm as well as pertinent hints are pressed in reference to the responsibility and relative bearing of all and each among themselves. The next great subject for inculcation and explanation is the schooling department; the address being directed both to teachers and pupils.

All these preliminary matters having been arranged and described, —the people having been formed into divisions and messes, the schools organized, petty officers and schoolmasters appointed and instructed in reference to their several duties,—the first opportunity was seized to assemble them to hear the recital of the *routine* of every day for the week. Take that of Monday for an example:

At 5 A.M., captains of deck and deck-washers are called to wash decks; at e same time the cooks are admitted on deck, and proceed to prepare breakst. At 5h. 30m., or as soon as the light of the day will admit, the whole of ıe people are turned up in separate and successive divisions, under the super-tendence of their respective captains, to wash persons. Decks to be dry, if ossible, before, but not later than six bells (7 A.M.) At 7 A.M., the hospital ell is rung, when the sick who can with propriety leave their berths, proceed > the hospital, into which they are called according to the "sick list," and re successively examined and disposed of. Those who are confined to their erths are there visited. At 7h. 30m., decks being dry, and weather admitting it, the bedding is brought on deck and stowed in the hammock nettings. At 8 A.M., the people go to breakfast; 8h. 30m., the morning portion of Scripture, after offering a short prayer, is read to the people assembled and closely seated together, either in the main-ward or on the main-deck, as weather and other circumstances will admit.

At 9 A.M., petty officers and schoolmasters are mustered and inspected on the main-deck: their respective duties examined into, reports received, and schools inquired after, and orders issued. At 9h. 30m., all hands, except petty officers and schoolmasters, are mustered "by divisions" for inspection—first by captains of divisions, and then, when reported ready, by the surgeon-superintendent, accompanied by the first or second captain and captains of divisions respectively; the three divisions being drawn up according to muster list, in lines around the main-deck. When dismissed, all reported offences are investigated and disposed of, and discipline administered.

At 10 A.M., both wards having been cleaned and inspected, the schools assemble, as many on the main-deck as can be accommodated, the rest below; in bad weather all of necessity below: 11h. 50m., or 10 minutes before 12 o'clock, the schools break up, and preparations are made for dinner, which is served out at 12 o'clock; as many messes dining on deck as can conveniently be accommodated, provided the weather be favourable.

At 1 P.M., an antiscorbutic beverage, consisting of water, wine, lime-juice, and sugar, is served out on the quarter-deck; the people being called according to their messes, entering at the starboard door of barricade, and, having drunk their allowance, cross the deck and return to their place through the larboard door.

At 2 P.M., schools again meet and proceed till 4 P.M., when the people go to supper; and as soon after supper as possible, the people being assembled, either on the main-deck or below, according to the state of the weather, a popular lecture, in colloquial style, is delivered on geography, astronomy, or natural philosophy, or other departments of knowledge; such points being selected as may appear most calculated to interest, enlighten, and improve the minds of the hearers; and, in connexion with the books of Divine inspiration especially, to correct and enlarge their views of the perfections and character of God.

After lecture, the evening visit to the sick is paid. As soon after seeing the sick as possible, the people are, for the sake of exercise, marched round the upper deck in successive divisions, and to such music as can be commanded—fifteen or twenty minutes being allotted to each division. The bedding having been previously taken below, under the superintendence of captains of decks,

all hands are mustered down before dusk; the petty officers and schoolmasters being permitted, in rotation, to remain on the deck about half-an-hour after muster, when circumstances will permit of the indulgence being granted—but are mustered down before dark. Immediately after the muster below, the people assemble in the main-ward, for the reading of the Scriptures and other devotional exercises. In fine weather, when no circumstances offer to forbid it, the evening devotions are conducted on deck before mustering below.

This was repeated nearly verbatim on some of the other days of the week; nor were the variations very marked except on Sunday. It is, however, quite clear that idleness was a principle nowhere recognised by the surgeon-superintendent, in behalf of any one of the prisoners: but had we space to mention the duties which he proposed for his own performance, it would be seen that he was the hardest-worked man in the establishment. And how did the whole rather complicated machinery at length come to work? A very short time sufficed, we are told, to familiarize the people with the system and its daily *routine;* nay, that the required duties were speedily executed with a regularity and precision which could not fail to gratify every enlightened and benevolent observer. And with the exception of some of the boys, the general outward demeanour of the prisoners "was strikingly quiet and orderly;" the system of management acting "so well, and so much beyond anticipation, that no sooner was the machinery put into motion than it seemed to work by an inherent power." Twenty schools were put into immediate operation, and provided each with a teacher; while placed over the whole was a general inspector. And observes the surgeon-superintendent, "nothing could be more deeply interesting than the appearance our decks both above and below now exhibited; all was order, life, and activity. The hum of twenty schools, containing 240 people, of almost every age, from eleven years to sixty-eight, had an effect upon my ear far surpassing the powers of the finest music to produce." Further on in the volume we have these words:—"All our meetings for religious exercises, not only on the Lord's day, but during the week, were, without one single exception, marked by the most perfect order and decorum, and generally with apparent solemnity. It is not easy to imagine any spectacle more impressive than an assembly of 240 outcasts, consigned by the violated laws of their country, to suffer all the horrors of transportation, closely seated on and around the quarter-deck of a transport, under sail to a remote corner of the earth—and the ship's company, guard, officers, soldiers' wives and children, all in their Sabbath-day's costume, arranged in their proper places on deck, and all seriously engaged in the solemn worship of the Most High. There was, I must confess, something in the appearance of the congregation which I am not able to describe, and the recollection of which is, at this moment, most touching to my feelings." Ere long several of the convicts "were observed to be under deep and

anxious concern for their spiritual interests. The numbers who *appeared* to receive the Gospel, and to yield obedience to its requirements, continued to increase." When the Doctor ascertained that any one was seriously impressed, he privately conversed with him. Prisoners were not only found to be ready to teach their fellow convicts, but to pray in the midst of them; and "the minds of the people were evidently solemnized by the prayers of their companions in crime and suffering."

Dr. Browning's system of instruction was not confined to that which is moral and religious; it was extended to the intellect and general knowledge. There were lectures delivered on geography, astronomy, and various subjects connected with natural history; views communicated of the earth,—its form, productions, and the laws which govern it. Subjects in natural philosophy, the structure of the human body, &c., were made the themes of instruction—couched, however, in the most familiar and intelligible language, and always to illustrate the sacred truths revealed in the pages of revelation.

Let it be borne in mind that intellectual, moral, and religious teaching, were not the only results and features of the Doctor's system. Habits of regularity, social harmony, decorous order, and all the consequent comforts were made to be experienced and impressed. His actual merits as well as his philanthropic motives can only therefore be properly appreciated by following the convicts to the land of their exile, and by calculating the value of their reformed example, together with their personal improvement and comparative happiness. Think, therefore, how much good may be achieved by suggestions of one individual, in the course too of a few months, and of a single voyage. In his petty officers, the *general-inspector* for example, the Doctor had, to be sure, efficient and willing coadjutors. But this afforded further proofs of the beneficent influence of one head and heart. On the other hand, he was under the necessity, after a certain time for trial, to dismiss three of the schoolmasters from their charge: two for incapacity, and one for culpable neglect of duty. This man, in fact, (and it turned out that he was not the only person of the sort among the 240) stated to the surgeon-superintendent that he belonged "to a communion which did not approve of the people reading the Scriptures." Of course, he could not be longer retained as a teacher in the convict transport, although he might not have committed any act that could be construed into a misdemeanour.

And having made use of the term misdemeanour, it cannot be supposed that no offences and overt acts of wrong were committed during the voyage, by any of the members of such a community as the Doctor had to superintend. What, then, was the system of his police, and how did it operate? Upon this head we are told that he formed a sort of "court of investigation" out of the

convicts themselves, whose prerogative it was to hear all the complaints which might be forwarded by the *chief captain* and *inspector of schools*. This tribunal consisted of four of the most intelligent and trustworthy of the petty officers, together with the Doctor's clerk; who cited and examined witnesses; and who were intrusted with the power of administering *exhortation, warning, admonition, and reproof*. The accused might be given also to understand that he must consider himself as being in a state of *probation* and under close surveillance; being dismissed with the assurance that his next offence would subject him to the authority and decision of the surgeon-superintendent. We read further concerning verdicts, punishments, and the conduct of the "court of investigation" as follows:—

This [last] was the severest punishment the court were empowered to inflict; a punishment, too, which they rarely felt themselves called upon to administer; and when a case did occur of a character which required that it should be brought to the "quarter-deck," it was previously so well sifted, the evidence so completely made out, that, in order to dispose of it *at once*, I had only to cause it to be stated in the presence of the offender, to hear the testimony of the witnesses, (who were all assembled at the barricade, and ready to appear in a moment, when called, on the quarter-deck,) and to listen to anything which the accused might have to say, whether it were matter of confession, or contrition, or of exculpation. No time was now lost, no delay incurred by the calling of witnesses; all was prepared, the witnesses were at hand, the case was made to appear as clear as the day, and, with scarcely a single exception, the prisoner confessed his offence; and nothing remained to occupy my time but to place the delinquency in a just and impressive point of light, with a view to practical improvement and beneficial result, and to write upon a slip of paper, the nature of the punishment which I might think it expedient to award, and the character and degree of the offence might appear to demand.

I was, I must confess, singularly fortunate in my selection of men to form my court of investigation. This addition to my working apparatus was made, of course, by way of experiment; but it was an experiment that admirably succeeded, and accomplished a great deal more, both for *me* and the *people*, than I had anticipated. The members of the court conducted themselves with great propriety and deep seriousness; they appeared to understand and feel the importance of the duties which devolved upon them; and the people seemed to entertain precisely the views of the court which I desired they should. The dealing with them of men of their own class, manifestly produced upon their minds a species of effect different, if not in *kind*, at least in *intensity*, from that which resulted from my own personal and single adjudications. The case was placed before them by their own companions, and its character determined as it were by *themselves*, and appeared to be seen by a light which the law itself, or reason and justice supplied. The influence produced upon the minds of the prisoners was purely referrible to their perceptions of truth and their convictions of right and wrong, unmixed with, and unmodified by, any impressions which might have been produced by my *immediate* presence, or by a distinct and conscious apprehension of my authority. Another beneficial tendency which seemed to attend the working of this court was, to lead the people to

set in judgment upon themselves, and to acquire or strengthen the habit of forming a just estimate of their own character and conduct.

The Doctor is at times diffuse, travelling into questions and discussions which do not necessarily belong to the current of his narrative, or even to the subjects of the still larger portion of his pages, viz., those which contain his *addresses*. For instance, he dissertates at considerable length upon the laws observed in the moral government of God, and concerning those which should regulate all the social and political institutions of men. But passing over these more abstract matters, let us hear how he wielded what Colonel Rolt would call moral command, when a culprit asked for forgiveness, and to have a first offence overlooked. The different punishments awarded by our surgeon-superintendent are also deserving of notice.

Such forgiveness was considered not only absurd, but pernicious; hurtful to the offender himself, and most injurious in its influence and tendencies, to the body of the people. The nature and degree of the punishment corresponded with the character and heinousness of the offence; but it was uniformly inflicted. The people soon began to understand something of the nature and design of *law* and of *government*; to perceive that *crime* and *suffering* are in the very nature of things inseparable; that to do *violence* to their union is itself in a high degree criminal; that, in fact, it is *morally impossible* for a just and merciful ruler to separate the two from each other. If a prisoner should happen to request me to "look over his offence"—a request which was repeatedly made at the commencement of the voyage—I had only seriously and solemnly to request him, in my own way, to show me how the thing could possibly be done *consistently with his own interests*, and the *interests of his fellow-prisoners*, in order to bring him to the apparent conviction, that to grant his request was absolutely impossible, and utterly out of the question. "Forgive you! *how can* I forgive you? Where in the universe do you find warranted anything like arbitrary forgiveness? Do you request me to be *unkind* and *unmerciful* to you? Look at these men! Are you *utterly regardless of their welfare?* Would you sacrifice their highest interest as well as your own, that you might secure to yourself the *privilege* of committing crime with temporary impunity? The thing cannot be.

A *personal* injury or offence I am bound to forgive, and trust I shall always be enabled to forgive in the spirit of the Gospel, and as I need and hope to be forgiven of God. But the forgiveness of your present offence is a very different matter; it is an offence committed, not against *me personally*, but against *law*; an offence, moreover, of such a nature, that you are, I believe, now convinced, that for me, as the administrator of the law, "to forgive it" (as you call it,) were to be at once unjust and unmerciful, not only to you, but to all under my authority. Reflect as becomes you on this view of the subject, and you will not again *deserve* to be brought forward as a wilful transgressor of any lawful regulation.

With regard to the modes of punishment which obtained on board the *Elphinstone*, they can be stated in very few words:—

First, reprimand, which might be private, or less or more public. Secondly,

separation from the rest of the people, and confinement under the care of one of the sentries for a specified time, according to the nature and degree of the offence. Thirdly, in addition to the offender being placed under a sentry, his allowance of wine, lime-juice and sugar stopped for one or more days; and in cases which appeared to require severer infliction, the allotted rations stopped wholly, or in part, for one or more days, and thin water-gruel and a small portion of biscuit only allowed. In these cases the state of the prisoner's constitution and health requires the most cautious attention. Fourthly, the irons which were struck off by my order at the commencement of the voyage were requested to be replaced, and worn for a number of days corresponding with the character and degree of the offence. Sometimes, instead of irons on the legs, handcuffs were ordered to be put on for a given number of hours, as the case might seem to require. Fifthly, the offender's name entered into the "black list," to be submitted to His Excellency the Governor, at the end of the voyage. This was my severest punishment. As to *flogging*, although authorized by Act of Parliament, and the Right Honourable the Secretary of State's letter—with both of which I was furnished previously to sailing from England—it was not practised in the *Elphinstone*. It is a mode of punishment to which I entertain strong objections.

It hence appears, as many of our readers may have previously known, and as indeed the necessities of the case demand, that the surgeon of one of our convict ships, on its outward passage, is clothed with extraordinary and multifarious powers. He is not only a medical officer, but a sort of priest, and also a magistrate. In short, he is *superintendent* of the entire interests of the prisoners. But we must not devote much more space to the Doctor's volume, satisfied that what we have already said and shown will convince every right-minded person that the book is of great value as furnishing a precedent and plan that cannot be too closely followed; that its author, in a remarkably disinterested way, has earned the gratitude of his country as well as of many outcasts from it; and that his name will hereafter be enrolled and distinguished in the list of judicious, ardent, and practical British philanthropists. We close with an extract containing some particulars relative to the period when Dr. Browning's superintendence of the 240 convicts ceased.

On the 24th of May, when well advanced up the river Derwent, we were boarded by the port officer, to whom I delivered the despatches and letters on His Majesty's service; and on the following morning were safely moored in Hobart Town harbour.

After the usual communications and arrangements, and after the inspection of the prisoners and wards by the proper authorities; the magistrate, accompained by his attendants, came on board for the purpose of examining, one by one, the prisoners, putting such questions to them as he might think fit, recording their answers, and noting every circumstance in their individual appearance by which their personal identity might, at any future period, be determined. The examination of the prisoners at Hobart Town is, in some important points, very

different from that which obtains at Sydney. At the latter place, besides noting personal peculiarities, and making some inquiries concerning the prisoner's relations, the principal object appears to be, to ascertain with precision all his qualifications with a view to his disposal in the colony; and a portion of a day sufficed to despatch the examination of more than 200 men: at the former, 230 or 240 men will occupy the space of about four days; and the object seems to be, not merely to discover all at which the inquiry aims as conducted in port Jackson, but to learn from the prisoner's own lips as much as possible of his history, particularly that part of it which embraces those improprieties and misdeeds of his life, which may have led to conviction and imprisonment, or some other punishment. On the nature and tendencies of the examination here referred to, I refrain from offering any observations in this place.

The fatigues of the voyage had so materially injured my health that, by the time we reached the colony, I was almost unfit for every duty. Between the day of our arrival and that of the debarkation, many things remained to be done. The scholars last examined by the board had to receive their prizes; and there were many religious books and tracts to be yet disposed of amongst the prisoners. All, however, was accomplished before the close of our last day on board. I was enabled also to complete a solemn conversation upon which I had entered, some time previously to our arrival in harbour, with *each individual prisoner*, the grand object of which, was to ascertain from every man's own lips the views he entertained, before God, of himself as a sinner, and the knowledge he had received of Jesus Christ as the only saviour of a lost world. Every one with apparent seriousness and candour acknowledged himself to be a guilty and ruined transgressor; and professed to believe that there is no salvation for any man but that which the Lord Jesus had wrought out, and which is freely published in the gospel of His grace.

During, perhaps, the first half of the voyage, I was not aware that there was a single individual amongst the prisoners who belonged to a Church unfavourable to the study of the sacred scriptures; when it was farther advanced I found there were *three* or *four*; and at its close, I ascertained, upon inquiry, that there were *twenty-seven* who were professedly attached to such a Church. I had endeavoured as much as possible to avoid, during my course of instruction, everything which, in the smallest degree, tended to bring out peculiarities of religious sentiment. My duty was, to be faithful to all, and to endeavour, in Divine strength, to persuade all to submit themselves unto God, and to obey His command to search the Scriptures, which are able to make wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. With scarcely more than the one exception formerly specified, the behaviour of the whole of these twenty-seven prisoners to whom I have just alluded, was, speaking generally, very orderly and satisfactory. The diligence and zeal with which they applied to the business of their education, and their readiness to peruse the Holy Scriptures, were not behind the rest of the people, if we except those among the latter who appeared to have obtained a spiritual discernment of the truth.

ART. VI.—*A Visit to Italy.* By Mrs. TROLLOPE. 2 vols. Bentley.

WE shall reverse our general plan, and give first such specimens of these volumes as may convey a fair, or rather, a flattering idea of them; Mrs. Trollope having on this occasion won our favour beyond her wont. We shall afterwards bestow a few words on the general characteristics of the work, our readers being by that time in a condition to check or test our judgment, so as to put us upon a critical trial.

The route which Mrs. Trollope adopted for passing into Italy was by way of France, crossing Mount Cenis to Turin in April. Here, we are told, nothing in the general aspect of the city struck her more forcibly than the very peculiar quiet and orderly air of the inhabitants, resembling rather the quiet-looking population of London, than the masquerading and melodramatic exterior habits of the Parisians. Still this similarity to our nation with respect to beards, moustaches, "telegraphic hats," and so forth, does not arise from any desire to imitate us, but because the French fashions alluded to are forbidden by state authority, and as savouring too significantly of *jeune France*. While at Turin, let us attend to a useful hint.

Of the picture galleries of Turin I can tell you very little; it is not accounted rich in private collections; and as our stay in the town was to be but short, we gave up the idea of hunting them out. We found the royal collection, however, considerably richer than we expected, for I know no work on the subject in which it makes any great figure; but did it contain no other claim to notice than its Rembrandts and Vandykes, I should consider it a very precious gallery. One reason why it has not hitherto figured in books of travels to the extent which it now deserves, is easily explained by the fact that some of the most valuable paintings attached to the Sardinian crown have been recently removed from Genoa to Turin...And this fact is worth the attention of picture-loving travellers, not only to prevent their being disappointed when they arrive at Genoa, but also to prevent their overlooking well-known treasures which they expect to find there, while they are actually within their reach at Turin. One of these is the famous Paul Veronese, of the Magdalen at the feet of our Saviour.

Our tourist passed on to Genoa and Pisa, reaching Florence before the end of April. On the road she visited the marble quarries of Carrara, which she describes with considerable minuteness, conveying a strong impression of the backwardness of Italian mechanics, and of the suspicions entertained of such intruding eyes as France and England may have enlightened. This is her account:

The appellation of "Monte Sacro," which is given to the towering point from whence the marble of the finest quality is taken, forcibly brings to mind all that the world owes to the beautiful material on which the poetry of sculptors has been written for ages, and which is found in such nearly unrivalled per-

fection beneath its rugged surface. The walk from the town to the point where the quarrying is now going on, passes beside a little rivulet, on the banks of which sundry notes of statuary preparation may be heard. Huge shapeless blocks of marble are here reduced by sawing to the size and shape required to supply the orders received from artists. At the distance of about a mile from the town, the rough and rude ascent begins, which leads into the bowels of the Monte Sacro, and the heat of the sun was so tremendous, in a pass fearfully well sheltered from the air, and still more fearfully exposed to the then mid-day sun, that no feeling less strong than that produced by the wish of looking at the cradle in which Michael Angelo's offspring lay, before he began their education, could have led me, perhaps I might say, could have *enabled* me, to endure it. * * After looking at the quarries with such recollections as may easily be imagined, and raised thereby my estimate of the power of man to pretty nearly the highest possible pitch, I turned to examine the mode in which the blocks of marble were conveyed down the descent which leads to the town of Carrara; the utter and entire ignorance of every species of mechanical aid, with which this process was effected appeared almost incredible, though there it was, going on before our eyes. In the first place, the approach to the quarry is among, and over, masses of marble rock, which the labour of a score of able-bodied men for a week or two would suffice to remove for ever and for ever, leaving free the access to this *tesoro sacro*, till the slow chisel had consumed the mighty mass. The way thus cleared, an iron rail of considerably less than a mile in length, would enable cars bearing the precious blocks, to be conveyed to the door of the sawing-mill, without difficulty or risk of any kind. Instead of this, however, this finest quarry of the world has its produce rattled down the descent, in a manner which perpetually causes the blocks to be broken; for, instead of it being an affair thus simple, it is now one of such difficulty and danger, that it is really terrible to behold. The carriage upon which the blocks are placed, is of very massive timber, rudely and very unartistically put together; to this six oxen are attached; but the number is reduced to two when the vehicle, as frequently happens, reaches some point of its progress at which it is rather permitted to drop down, than to be drawn. At these times the exertions of the men who have charge of the convoy are really frightful, and frequently attended with dreadful accidents. In order to prevent, or impede as much as may be, the violent fall of the vehicle from one mass of rock to another, they spring, at the most imminent risk to life and limb, from one part of the rude machine to another, in order either to produce a balance favourable to the manœuvre, or else to coerce the movements of the oxen, who are often brought into such positions as to render any ordinary mode of driving them impracticable.

The barbarous ignorance with which all this brute force is required and applied, has something in it truly lamentable, and very directly suggests a doubt, whether the intact purity with which his highness of Modena labours to preserve his territory from all intercourse with other races of human beings, is calculated to produce benefit to those who have the honour of calling him lord. It appears utterly impossible that this Robinson Crusoe-like style of engineering could be persevered in, were less pains taken to keep intruding eyes and blabbing tongues from the district where it is carried on. To those who are aware how low the rate of wages is in that part of the world, it may

convey some idea of the toil and difficulty of this work, to be told that the men so employed work but for four hours in the day, and the price they receive for this is the value of five francs. The appearance of the poor fellows, when thus employed, is really terrific. ..... The whole of the upper part of their bodies is without clothing, the skin the colour of bronze, and every muscle and every feature so distorted by the vehemence of the action they are using, as to make it exceedingly painful to watch them. * *

I have been told since I arrived here, that we were lucky in having no impediment thrown in our way in making this excursion, for that the researches both of English and French travellers, were looked upon with rather a jealous eye by the authorities of Modena. We probably owed our exemption from any troublesome notice while on this interesting expedition, to the humble pedestrian style in which it was made. Had carriages, horses, and *laquais-de-place* been summoned to our aid, it is likely enough that we might have met some impediment. They say that, not long ago, an English gentleman choosing, for some whim or other, to make a halt in the little town of Modena, received notice from the authorities that he was required to leave the territory within twenty-four hours. The *on-dit* is, that a rather flourishing pair of moustaches on the upper lip of the traveller occasioned the *sensation* which led to this notice; for that the Duke of Modena, either in compliment to, or sympathy with his royal father-in-law, of Sardinia, has an aversion to the hirsute fashion of the present day, that equals his own. A sumptuary law in both countries, usually followed by summary execution of its shaving enactments, keeps the populace, for the most part, extremely clear and clean from this offence; but it is supposed that his Highness of Modena thought it wisest not to meddle with any part of the beard of an Englishman, and therefore, instead of shaving, sent him the message above quoted. Our countryman, however, took it in very good part, sending back his compliments in return, with an assurance, that as it would not take him above half an hour to reach the boundary of his Highness's dominions, he would not abuse the licence granted him, by lengthening his residence within them to the extended limit so graciously granted.

With the exception of an excursion to the monasteries of Vallombrosa and Camoldi, Mrs. T. and her son remained at the Tuscan capital till July; when, for the sake of coolness, they repaired to the baths of Lucca, returning to Florence in September, in time for a grand meeting of savans, similar to the British Association for the advancement of Science. Afterwards she repaired through Bologna and Padua to Venice, and thence to Rome, which, however, she suddenly left for Naples. Returning again to the Eternal City, she spent some weeks there, but left in January for Milan.

Having thus hastily sketched the outline of her route, let us, without nice regard to connection or sequence, cull a few of the most striking and pleasing passages. The specimen we now quote, should considerably moderate the Yankee fury, which an earlier book of travels, and indeed the production which rendered her name famous, set on fire. Mrs. Trollope has after all a heart, as well as a smart sense:—

Rather more than ten years ago I became acquainted at Cincinnati, in Ohio, with a young man of the name of Powers; he was at that time an assistant to a Mons. Dorfeuille, the ingenious proprietor of a whimsical museum, in which curious objects of Natural History, North American antiquities, and historical groups of wax figures, were blended, and daily exhibited, for the amusement and edification of the *beau monde* of the western metropolis. The wax figures were moulded, or at any rate finished, by this young Mr. Powers; and there was a degree of talent displayed in this, that struck us all very forcibly, as being something greatly out of the common way. Encouraged, perhaps, by the opinions expressed by the European party, of his skill in modelling, he undertook a bust in such clay as he could find, and produced what struck us all as the most wonderfully-perfect likeness we had ever seen. . . But we moved on, and heard no more of him. . . . A few days after we arrived in Florence, we were invited to visit the study of some of the most distinguished artists at present working there. "A young American, called Powers," was among the names first mentioned, and the instant I heard the name, I felt not the slightest doubt that by going to his studio I should meet my old acquaintance. Nor was I disappointed. There indeed I found the highly-gifted Hiram Powers, fully emerged from the boyish chrysalis state, in which I had last seen him, into a full-fledged and acknowledged man of genius, in high fashion, overwhelmed with orders from wealthy patrons from all quarters of the globe, and with his rooms filled with admirable busts, all of them with more of that magical air of life about them, which we see, and feel, in the works of the ancient sculptors, than any collection of modern marbles that I have ever visited. * * His busts are life-like to a degree that made me look at him with wonder. When we left him at Cincinnati he was a lad who had seen nothing of any art but the art Divine which had formed the living creatures around him; and nothing but that intuitive faculty, without which, I presume, genius cannot exist, could have hurried him forward to the place he now holds among living artists. Having examined all he had to show me, with equal surprise and pleasure, I ventured to ask him if he had never tried his hand upon any ideal work. "In marble?" he replied. "Yes," said I, "some group, not merely consisting of a portrait, but something imaginative?" He shook his head. "I am married, and have two children," he said. "For busts I have as many orders as I can execute.....I must not risk the loss of this lucrative business, in order to indulge myself in works of imagination.....If my success continue, I may, perhaps, in time, venture to attempt something of the kind. .....But I cannot afford it yet." "But do you not sometimes imagine compositions?" said I. "Do you not fancy things that you would like to execute?" "Why, yes," he replied, smiling, "I certainly have fancied things that I should like to execute.....And I will show you one of them." He then led the way to another room, and there, behind a screen, was a figure mounted on a pedestal, and I saw at once that it was a full length as large as life, though it was veiled from head to foot with a cloth. "Here," said he, pausing before he uncovered it, "is a figure in clay, on which I have bestowed some labour, and more thought .....But I dare not do it in marble.....I dare not try my chisel upon it.....unless I could get an order for the statue.....and I cannot hope for that as yet.....I mean it as a representation of Eve." He then withdrew the drapery that concealed it, and displayed an undraped female figure,

that I gazed upon with unfeigned astonishment. I have no words of art at my command which might enable you to conceive all the blended dignity and simplicity of this beautiful figure. In size, it is not beyond nature, but it is nature in very full perfection, and admirably well accords with the idea that it seems natural to conceive of the universal mother, and the model of woman, as she came from the hand of the Creator, before any accident of earth had tarnished her perfection. In her right hand she holds the fatal apple, and athwart the still heavenly composure of her fair face, one may trace a slight shade of incipient anxiety, just sufficient to make one feel that she is not divine, but human. But what struck me in the composition, still more than the grace and loveliness, was the almost severe simplicity with which it is conceived and executed. There is in it something that gave me the idea of the pride of genius, that could not stoop to borrow a charm from look, or attitude, but trusted all to beauty, and to truth alone. Powers watched almost wholly in silence the impression his work made upon us; and when at length we turned away from it, he threw the veil again over it, saying, with something like a sigh...."I should like to do it." Most heartily do I wish that some one may ere long look upon that Eve of clay with as sincere admiration as I did, and with money enough to boot, to command that she should immediately receive the immortality of marble...for well does she deserve it."

There is one way by which you cannot miss earning Mrs. Trollope's unmeasured praise; and this is, especially if you are of note, to extend to her marked and courteous attention. Take this of a not-forgotten charmer:—

Instead of going as usual to the Cascina after dinner yesterday, I was taken a mile or two out of Florence to pay a visit from which I had promised myself great pleasure, and received more ... I went to see Europe's umwhile wonder and delight, Madame Catalani Valabrique. She is residing in a very beautiful villa, which stands in the midst of an extensive *podere*, of which she is the owner. Nothing could be more amiable than the reception she gave us. I think, of all the nations who joined in the universal chorus in praise of her high character, her charming qualities, and her unequalled talent, she loves the English best....perhaps they best understand her worth; and the rare superiority of a mind that in the midst of flattery and adulation, which really seem to have known no limits, preserved all its simple purity and goodness unscathed. I was equally surprised and pleased to see to what an extraordinary degree she had preserved her beauty. Her eyes and teeth are still magnificent, and I am told that when seen in evening full dress by candle light, no stranger can see her for the first time without inquiring who that charming-looking woman is. A multitude of well-behaved reasons would have prevented me, especially at this my first introduction, from naming the very vehement desire I felt once more to hear the notes of a voice that has so often enchanted me. Perhaps if I had not seen her looking so marvellously young and handsome, the idea might neither have seized upon, nor tormented me so strongly as it did; but as it was, I certainly never longed more, perhaps never so much, to hear her sing as I now did. Her charming daughter, Madame de V——, was sitting near me, and I think I ventured to ask her if her mother ever sang now. To which she most gaily and promptly answered in the affirmative....and then....what happened

ext I hardly know.... Iam afraid that I must have said something about my secret ngings.... for the daughter whispered a few words to the mother, and in a oment Madame Catalani was at the piano.... No, in her very best days, she ver smiled a sweeter smile than she did then, as she prepared to comply with he half-expressed wishes of a stranger, who had no claim upon her kindness ut that of being an Englishwoman. I know not what it was she sang; but carcely had she permitted her voice to swell into one of those *bravura* passages, of which her execution was so very peculiar, and so perfectly unequalled, hat I felt as if some magical process was being performed upon me, which took me back again to something.... I know not what to call it.... which I had neither heard nor felt for nearly twenty years. Involuntarily, unconsciously, my eyes filled with tears, and I felt as much embarrassed as a young lady of fifteen might do, who suddenly found herself in the act of betraying emotions which she was very far indeed from wishing to display. "Mais que cela est drôle!" exclaimed Madame de V——, laughing..." Voilà ce qu' arrive toujours. Ceux qui ont bien connu la voix de maman, autrefois, ne sauraient la voir maintenant, sans vouloir l'entendre chanter....et....dès qu'ils ont entendu quelques notes....voilà qu' ils pleurent!" * * Were I to tell you that the magnificent compass of Madame Catalani's voice was the same as heretofore, and all the clear violin notes of it quite unchanged, you would probably not believe me; but you may venture to do so, I do assure you, without scruple, when I declare that she still executes passages of the extremest difficulty with a degree of skill that might 'cause *very* nearly all her successors in the science to pine with envy, and moreover give up the competition in despair. When she had with indescribable good humour and sweetness of manner, delighted us in this way for a while, she left her seat at the instrument, and placed her daughter in it, who has indeed a charming voice, but she seems to play with it, as with a trinket whose value is a matter of indifference to her....singing us various little French ballads, as never were French ballads sung before....Madame Catalani's eldest son, who seems to love her as such a mother deserves to be loved, is living with her, as her *podesta*, her friend, and most dear companion; Madame de V—— likewise appeared *domicilié* with her excellent mother.... The youngest son, also spoken of as highly estimable, is in the army, and with his regiment. Tne dwelling of Madame Catalani is exceedingly beautiful, being a large mansion, containing some very splendid rooms, and situated like all other Florentine villas, in a spot of great beauty, commanding very extensive views among the picturesque hollows of the neigbouring Apennines, with the ever bright-looking villas scattered among them. This quiet residence is in truth a retreat of great beauty, and such a home as well pleases the fancy as the chosen scene of repose for one who has passed through many feverish interludes of gay and fashionable life; but with a heart and soul so wholly uninjured thereby, as to render the quietly looking back upon them more a matter of innocent triumph than of regret.

The following presents a contrast, and a justly severe rebuke:—

Another of our dissipations was not visiting any more old palaces, but paying our compliments to antiquity of another kind—namely, a very, very old woman. To our extreme astonishment, we were some days ago informed that MADAME SACQUI was about to enchant the Tuscan metropolis, by a series of

the most difficult performances ever exhibited on the tight rope. I imagined that the daring advertiser must be a descendant of the Madame Sacqui I remembered in the days of my youth, upon whom the slipper of her great ancestress had fallen. But I was quite wrong....It was no descendant....It was the *immortal* Madame Sacqui herself. This seemed so very nearly to approach a miracle, that, although the entertainment promised was not one that could ever be of a very inviting kind, we determined to be present at it. If wonder and astonishment could have sufficed to give pleasure, then might we have been *extravagantly* delighted at this unnatural exhibition; but this not being the case, a very near approach to positive pain was the result. We were told that this preternatural old woman was seventy, and our box being, unfortunately for us, very near the stage, we saw her features with sufficient distinctness to feel persuaded that this was no exaggeration. The exhibition was a very terrible one. Strength and activity, in a degree that at any age would have put the possessor of them apart from the rest of her species, as something out of the ordinary course of nature, displayed by a wrinkled crone who looked as if she had reached the very last stage of human existence, had something so dreadful in it that I doubt if any could have been found sufficiently light of heart to have made a jest on the subject. It really was *tremendously horrible!* If, when yielding to the pressure of actual want (which of course can alone explain the business)—if, while thus exhibiting herself for bread, the advisers of the poor old woman had recommended her making her appearance in the dress and with the appurtenances of a witch, making her demi-volts on a broomstick, and spinning aloft, like one sustained in the air by some power unknown, I dare say we should have all shuddered; but at any rate there would have been something poetical in the emotion. But how do you think we must have felt at seeing her decked out with all the meretricious decorations of an opera girl ofeighteen? And then, after performing every sort of gymnastic impossibility upon the ropes on the stage she set off, with an enormously heavy-looking flag in each hand, to walk to the very highest part of the large theatre, over the heads of the people in the pit!....I fully expected that some dreadful catastrophe would be the result, and so I believe did every one else; for there was a sort of extraordinary stillness through the house, that told eloquently enough of some common feeling of no light kind....but when on her return, the horrible old sorceress stopped midway and waved her flags aloft, there was a burst and a scream, that she, I suppose, took for applause, which was almost deafening, and then we got up, and made our escape, rather ashamed perhaps of having been among the crowd who had looked upon such an unseemly spectacle.

Mrs. Trollope's pictures of Italian scenery, notices and sketches of the people, and perhaps, above all, her account of the arts, and man's masterpieces, will be acceptable even to those who have made themselves familiar with the most learned as well as the most accomplished and minute travellers in the *unclouded land.* Take her first view of the Medicean Venus:

"On, on, on, we went, as if bewitched; which was in truth reversing the proper order of events, for instead of preceding, the bewitchment ought to have followed our arrival. At length the green baize door was reached; and to

prevent all doubts or blundering, the word "Tribuna" is inscribed over it. It yields to the slightest touch, retires noiselessly from before you, and there you are *vis-à-vis* to the Venus de Medicis.

It would be exceedingly amusing, were it possible, to get at the first spontaneous thoughts and sensations which arise in the souls of those who visit this statue, upon its first taking possession of their eyes. There are some who may be enabled by their highly-educated taste, and familiar acquaintance with what constitutes the highest excellence in sculpture, to perceive at once all that the more ignorant require leisure to discover; and these, I doubt not, feel at the first glance, and with all the assurance of knowledge, totally unmixed with any of the intoxicating vapour of enthusiasm, that what they look upon is supreme in excellence, and that the delicate little creature before them fully deserves all the rapturous noise she has made in the world. This I feel to be possible, and quite believe to be true. But that it requries an eye thus accomplished to discern by this first glance all that is so marvellous in the work as to have sustained its unvarying fame through ages, I feel very sincerely convinced. What sensation I expected to experience on beholding it I really cannot tell; but I suppose it was some sort of *saisissement* that was to be very elevating, very delightful, very sublime. Something that might, perhaps, bring tears into the eyes, or make it for a moment rather difficult to speak. I do not quite like to say in broad English that I was disappointed,—first, because I am not quite sure that it is true, and next, because I should be rather ashamed of it: but as to any of the vehement emotions above mentioned, I certainly felt them not. After the first long steadfast look has been taken, I suppose everybody steps forward, as we did, to make a closer survey of this new acquaintance; and then it was that I began to feel conscious that there *was* something special and peculiar about this statue—something that must for ever prevent its being mixed and confounded in the memory with any other. No undraped figure ever stood before one with such retiring modesty, such unoffending simplicity, such gentle delicacy. It seems scarcely a figure of speech to say that this air of purity hangs about her like a palpable veil, giving a grace which, before one had seen it here, might naturally have been declared beyond the reach of art; and that it was found not so, makes one of the miracles that attaches to the formation of this worshipped marble, and perhaps not the least. I think I should have been well pleased to have left the gallery without looking at anything else.

Our next concerns literature as well as the monarch of artists:

A large collection of autograph manuscripts, nearly all of them still unpublished, form the most precious part of the relics thus preserved; because they are likely to bring us into the closest acquaintance with the heart and mind of their immortal author. Signore Buonarroti very kindly read to us several of the letters. The turn of thought in all was lively, and sometimes even playful; and in more than one instance, showed the power of saying strong things gracefully—and thereby reminded one of works in tougher character, but issuing from the same spirit.

One little note amused me greatly, from the contrast between its lightness and the grandiose impressions which the very name of Michael Angelo always

seems to produce. It was addressed to a lady, and written upon a scrap of blue paper; not, however, of the dainty tint by which the *petites maîtresses* of our day choose to variegate their portfolios. Michael Angelo's blue paper was evidently seized upon *faute de mieux*, and might likely enough have formed the envelope of a parcel of stout hose; but the great immortal contrived to give a charm to the metamorphosis by saying, that the celestial hue of his paper must be taken by his fair correspondent as emblematical of the heavenly region to which he conceived her to belong.

Some of the letters were deeply interesting; and the tone of one to his nephew, in which he gives him much important and even solemn advice, and then redeems what he might fear was stern in it by something almost playful at the conclusion, was charming. These precious papers, amounting to several volumes, and containing matter of interest in as many various ways as the versatile genius and versatile life of their author promise, are ultimately intended for publication. But the Cavaliere Cosimo Buonarroti wishes very naturally to be himself their editor; and it is to be feared that his occupations, as an active magistrate, and holding the distinguished position of President in the Supreme Court, may long prevent his finding leisure for the work.

We think that these extracts convey a very clear and cleverly-told account of the writer's impressions at least; although it may be that these impressions are frequently more characteristic of Mrs. Trollope than of the objects for description and criticism. No doubt the writer is a professional tourist, a regular tome manufacturer. She travels to make a book, and does not write merely because she travels. She is commissioned; and then the lady has a bundle of one-sided views always to take with her, on particular subjects which have long divided mankind; at the same time that she is remarkably ready to be swayed by personal civilities, lucky occasions, and random temperament, or the reverse. The reader must take all these things into account, and then strike the balance for himself. Besides, it cannot be said or even expected that the present author could carry with her any peculiar skill in one department, so as to give much individuality and vitality to the description of any one branch of knowledge. Neither is her genius lofty or original enough to lend new lights to what others have so often spoken about, or to disinter what has lain so ong buried, and never yet been examined. Italy is an exhaustless field, but Mrs. Trollope is not mistress of a new plough, so as to make fresh furrows in the soil, or to go beyond the superficial stratum.

Still, whatever our *litterateur* attempts is not only done with a certain degree of cleverness and characteristic talent, but in the volumes before us, we have fewer of those drawbacks, and less of that flippancy and pretension than we have been accustomed to from her pen. It is true that there are here many of her usual personal allusions, a vast deal too much display, were it merely in her interlardings of foreign phrases and scraps, and also of a sort of put-on enthusiasm, that leads to twaddle. But, as we have already hinted,

the reader can frequently strike a balance for himself, where the tendencies are so apparent and notorious. And then, questionless, whether the impression conveyed be exactly correct or not, it is generally in these volumes more than usually distinct.

There must be much of truth and fidelity in this distinctness. It may be that there is little that is perfectly original in the book. But we are also made to feel by it, that "an immense majority of the inferences which have been deduced by trotting travellers, from the aspects of the scenes through which they have passed, has been erroneous." Italy, indeed, is seen in the present pages to be a peculiar country, while what those peculiarities are, whether as respects climate, territorial features, monuments, art, taste, or popular customs and temperament, are well brought out. Even the effects of particular forms of government cast their lights and shadows over these pages.

With regard to art we are disposed to rank her accounts and criticisms considerably above the average stock of amateur rhapsodies and *dicta*. At least Mrs. Trollope speaks independently and in a satisfying manner; the reader feeling convinced that her descriptions are the result of actual inspection. This feature has in some degree surprised us, considering the predilections and affectations of the writer. The honest confession however is made, that she was forced to feel, after her arrival in Italy, that the "imaginings of ignorance are of little worth." For example, much has been reported and much is supposed, about the decay and the waning of the glory of Venice. But Mrs. T. declares that to speak in this way is *statistically* very incorrect. "That the work of destruction had begun," she remarks, "and was rapidly progressing, is undoubtedly true, when speaking of some years ago; but it is so no longer. Austria is certainly," she continues, "not at all likely to restore to Venice the aristocratic power of the republic; but as long as the city is in her hands, the *politically indifferent* connoisseurs may set their hearts at rest concerning her condition. Nothing that is left will be suffered to deteriorate further,—unless, indeed, it should be doomed to destruction by the will of the actual possessor; in which case, of course, the rights of private property must and will interfere with the inclination which the present Government has so clearly manifested to preserve whatever is either curious or valuable."

Having been led to notice remarks that relate to political rule, we may add that Mrs. Trollope's book leaves a strong idea of the difference to be observed in the effects of the *paternal* sway of Austria and Tuscany, and the results, especially in a physical sense, of papal and Neapolitan misrule. We quote a passage concerning the condition of the people in the Ecclesiastical States.

Never before have I been so literally called upon to "enter into the venerable presence of Hunger, Thirst, and Cold," as during this memorable expedition.

To make this statement accurately correct, however, the word "dirt," must be substituted for "cold;" although we have occasionally been met by a cutting and a biting wind, that accorded not well with the rich foliage, which has still for the most part more the aspect of August than of November. But the dirt and melancholy neglect of themselves, which we have found among the people at the miserable little inns where we have been obliged to pass several nights, is beyond anything you can imagine, and has afforded us a sadder picture of human misery, ignorance, and destitution, than I have ever witnessed, except perhaps among the manufacturing population of Manchester and its neighbourhood. The wretched ignorance and poverty of the Ecclesiastical States presses most painfully upon the observation at every step you go, by every object you see, and from every question you ask. "It is not that we are idle," said a man with whom my son entered into conversation: "we are not idle; we would dig the very rocks to get bread, if we were not so sorely burdened;" (*si gravita.* was his phrase.) And he added, that those who would live well must live either in Tuscany or Lombardy: "a man may do well in either."

The consequence of this sort of hopeless despair is a supine abandonment of all the little contrivances which we so frequently see giving decency and even comfort to poverty. Rags, filth, and very deficient nourishment, all seem endured with a degree of sullen calmness, that must be either the prelude to a storm, or one stage of a process by which the inhabitants of this unhappy portion of the finest country in the world is to sink into a moral condition in no way superior to that of Hottentots.

There is something inexpressively painful in travelling through a country where the contrast is so fearfully strong between the munificent operations of nature and the pitiful management of man; and this, too, in a land that owns the same language as that spoken in the prosperous fields of Tuscany and Lombardy. In many cases the commonest resources of human industry appeared to be absolutely unknown. We were repeatedly told, when asking for milk, "that no cows were kept in that neighbourhood:" "that there was nothing for them to eat." And *that* in a climate where the very air seems to generate vegetation!

We have already stated that Mrs. Trollope was at Florence during the Scientific Congress that took place there last year, and when the Grand Duke exhibited the greatest zeal to promote its objects, and provide for the comforts of the Savans; showing a judicious determination to keep pace with the spirit of the age. How much wiser it is to guide than to stem the tide. It is worthy of remark that Rome and the paltry Duchy of Modena were the only Italian states that prohibited their subjects from attending the meeting.

One extract more, and we have done. It gives us an account of an exhibition something different from those beheld in the galleries of art. The writer is seated at her window:—

Immediately under it a group of nine boys, all clothed in Murillo-tinted rags, and varying in age from about twelve to five, had congregated themselves upon a heap of sand and pebbles, and during the space of two hours that I remained either at or near the window they never changed their position; all

of them lying upon their stomachs or their sides, basking in the sun with their heads towards one common centre. I never witnessed a spectacle of such utterly listless idleness. Their only amusement was the picking out little pebbles and flinging them at one another, but so tranquilly, that no quarrelling or noisy effect of any kind was the result. Most certainly

"In their warm cheeks the sultry season glowed:"

but could this alone cause the perfect stillness of a group, all of whom were of a sex and age that I had ever seen elsewhere appearing to detest stillness more than even painful fatigue? Other causes must, I think, have something to do with it. They one and all looked in perfect health, and I could only suppose that habitual idleness had taught them to be content with this half-dead condition. Poor little fellows! Several of them were superbly handsome, with curly locks and eyes as black as sloes. I would have given something to have seen them all busily at school.

So much for Italian indolence and dirt.

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ART. VII.—*Narrative of a Residence on the Mosquito Shore, &c.* By THOMAS YOUNG. Smith and Elder.

BUT a small portion of our readers are likely to have anything like a correct idea of the geographical character of the Mosquito Shore, and still less of the attempts at colonization that have been made in that region. No doubt all have heard, who have counted many moons, of the Poyais district, and of the heartless job by which a Macgregor hoaxed so many of his countrymen to that inhospitable clime; the term Mosquito of itself being ominously significant of a species of plague that is terrifying to the imagination, and which, of course, may be justly applied not only to the shore, but to all the adjacent swamps. We do not take it upon us to say that every one of the terrible things which have been reported of Poyais are correct, or that a description of that district properly applies to the spots in which Mr. Young took a principal interest; but the name will readily direct the imagination to the part of the globe to which the present narrative particularly relates.

The shore in question lies between the 11th and 15th degrees of North latitude: being sea-girt by the Bay of Honduras, into which the Black River falls at about the 84th degree of longitude, and on which river is situated the town of Poyais, to which allusion has already been made, referring to an notorious passage in the history of *bonds*. When the buccaneers were in their glory, the coast was frequented by them, the Mosquito Indians, who are represented by Mr. Young as being not only remarkably brave but faithful, heartily lending their services against the Spainards. At a subsequent period the English claimed a right, in spite of the alleged sovereignty of Spain, to cut mahogany and logwood in the country.

Afterwards, and when peace followed the American War, the English settlement on Black River was abandoned, and those of the people who wished it were conveyed to Balize, which together with its territory constitutes our present Honduras. There is a chief or king of the Mosquito Indians, who holds a sway over part of the region, somewhat anomalously, although apparently under the countenance of the British crown, and heedless of the Government of Central America. However, when any of our countrymen, or other whites, settle in these districts, it seems to be very much at their own risk in respect of sovereignty, as well as of fortune and of health.

Mr. Young having been appointed as Deputy-Superintendent under the British Central American Land Company, in order to form a settlement at Black River, sailed in July, 1839. Of what had occurred previously with respect to the new colony we do not learn much; although it appears there had been mismanagement on the part of our author's predecessors in office, and also disaster in consequence of disease.

Mr. Young's residence on the Mosquito Shore continued into 1841; embracing his voyage to Cape Gracias á Dios, and thence to Black River, also excursions to the interior, an account of the sea-port of Truxillo, and of several of the islands lying off the main land. We have also a sketch of his homeward passage by Balize and New York, which occurred at the commencement of the current year.

With regard to the nature of the Narrative, it must be admitted that it not only gives us the latest but the fullest and best account of the Mosquito Shore, and some of the adjacent parts, that can be obtained. We may also state that the author speaks with apparent candour and good faith throughout. Certainly he is a very agreeable narrator, has a happy temperament, so as to take things as they come not only without grumbling, but to be delighted with novelties, although the accompaniments would sour most men's dispositions. He is sanguine, too, and we feel convinced has lent a more favourable aspect to the regions he describes than they deserve. But even according to the Deputy-Superintendent's own showing, we should say that there is not one in a hundred of intending emigrants who would select the Mosquito Shore for their settlement, and that far fewer would willingly remain in that quarter.

The shores are low, presenting swamps which to many fancies must be dismal. Where the soil is fertile, the vegetation will naturally have the rankness of the tropics. In the interior there are hills and a range of uplands. But then think of the lagoons as well as the marshy grounds on the coast, and the legions of insects and reptiles that infest the district. Think also of the predominance and impenetrable nature,—except at a great expenditure of labour, and where labour is dear too,—of the bush. True, Mr. Young talks of the Savannas as being capable of feeding large herds and flocks,—of

the quantities of turtle that are to be caught on the Mosquito Kays, —of the fruit trees of the forest,—of abundance of beautiful plants, —of the air being impregnated with sweetness,—of the aspect of the country being rich and beautiful,—of the comparative healthiness of the climate, and so forth. But a good deal of these enticements may be naturally enough set down to the bias which his office would lend him; while, as we have already hinted, he is not a man to be annoyed by trifles, even the mosquitoes being made light of. He does not deny, however, that there are flies, and still worse, fleas in myriads to torment you; and that unless the settler is on his guard, his horse may lose his ears from certain ticks which nestle about them. And "when a horse belonging to a native has a sore back, he rarely gets cured; for if he is turned out on the savanna, the flies torment him to death."

But whatever may be the drawbacks as regards the Mosquito Shore and adjacent parts, for European settlers; such as unhealthiness, want of cleared lands, expense of labour, paucity of trade, swarmings of vermin, &c. &c., unquestionably the region is so novel, and the narrative concerning it, now before us, so pleasant, that we can have no difficulty in filling several of our pages with acceptable extracts. Indeed, Mr. Young's acquirements, in a literary sense, are superior to what might be expected from a person whose office was that already mentioned; while his views and manner of directing them bespeak a mind of compass, natural sagacity, and innate taste. He is really a highly intelligent and a very attractive companion. We only wish his book had been twice the size that it is; and surely he had material and scope enough for the purpose. His error is of a rare nature. But now for a tempting picture:

The guana is very plentiful; it lives upon flowers and the blossoms of trees, and is much esteemed, being considered a greater delicacy than a fowl; its eggs are delicious. Fowls can be obtained for one yard of Osnaburg or two egg-cups of powder, &c. each; pigs can be got for three or four yards of print, &c., each: very good oysters are brought from the mangrove bush on San Pio, and are much sought after; they grow on the branches just above water. The bank oysters are in great plenty to the southward of the Cape. Fish abounds in the bay in great variety; mullet, callipever, snook, drummer, sun-fish, angel-fish, jew-fish, topham, sheephead, stonebass, &c., and with a proper seine plenty can always be got, except in very rough weather. It is customary for the natives to haul the seine, taking one moiety of the fish caught for themselves, the owner of the seine taking the other. The natives often strike the fish at night, by paddling along in their doreys, holding up pitch-pine torches, which, throwing a glare of light upon the water, attract the fish to the spot, when they are immediately struck. Sometimes on a dark night the bay appears studded with lights from the numerous torches of the natives, who skirt the mangrove bush, and wade and twist their bodies through its entwining roots and branches. Holding their torches close to the water, they strike the fish with their macheets as they appear. The natives

are also particularly dexterous with their striking staffs; one termed a sinnock is very long. A native stands on the bow of his pitpan, which is slowly paddled along by another at the stern; he sees a fish and transfixes it with the harpoon, the staff not being thrown from his hand. The staff called a waisko doucer, is much shorter, and it is astonishing to see with what skill the fast swimming fish are stopped in their progress, by being struck by the harpoons, although they may be some yards distant. The staff has at the end a hole, in which the harpoon with a line attached is introduced; the line is wound round a piece of wood, which is fastened to the other end of the staff. When the staff is thrown, the harpoon remains in the fish, its progress being arrested by the piece of wood which acts as a float, and is speedily laid hold of by the fishers.

The population of the country appears to consist of three races —the native Indians, the Samboo, being of pure or intermixed Negro blood, and the Carib Indians. The last form the superior race. Mr. Young praises them for their cleanliness and good will towards the whites. It is significant of their superiority, that their demand for goods on the Mosquito Shore, greatly exceeds that of the other races. Still they are far from being very teachable. We quote some particulars respecting the people.

The men are in general tall and athletic, with a very pleasing expression of features, but they are abominably lazy, subsisting by hunting and fishing, and the produce of their plantations, which the women attend to. It is not always they can be moved from their apathy, even by the inducement of liquor or Osnaburg. I spoke to one huge fellow, requesting he would come and work for me; his reply was, as he lazily turned in his hammock, "Me no want hook—me no want Osnabris; consequently he refused to leave his hut, as he had already hooks and Osnaburgs. Most of the men at the Cape speak English sufficiently well to be understood, some of them speak very well, which, however, is easily accounted for, inasmuch as numbers of them go away at different times at Balize, where they sometimes stay two or three years, employed by the merchants as hunters and fishers. The women are very good looking, with large black eyes; generally well shaped, with small feet and ancles. Many of their young girls from thirteen to about eighteen, are, I may say, beautiful. Their dress is simply a tournou, which they fasten round their hips; they have also a piece of Osnaburg or print round their bodies, and hanging down as low as their knees; the legs and the body from the waist upwards being bare, except on the occasion of their festivals, when they fasten more print higher up the bosom. Round their wrists, ancles and legs, they wear bandages made from the native cotton, and dyed blue or red; or blue, red, and white beads, strung in various ways. To describe the dress of the men is impossible, the variations are so numerous; some having nothing but a tournou, others black hats (pieces of some gaudy ribbon being tied round them), and checked shirts; others, again, wear Osnaburg frocks and red caps; indeed, the more connection they have with the English, the more varied becomes their costume; although the intercourse with white people does not at all times tend to increase their morality. * * The Mosquito men have, from time immemorial, been noted for courage and activity, and with good leaders, there is no doubt would act as

bravely as they did when following the old English buccaniers. In reading many of the stories related of those desperadoes, we find that the Mosquito Indians were always their faithful allies and friends, following them with invincible fortitude in their attacks against the Spaniards, acting as guides, woodcutters, hunters, and fishers: indeed, without such assistance, the buccaniers would often have fared badly enough. Through a long series of years, the same love which prompted their fathers to assist one set of Englishmen, induced their sons to serve another; and thus it is now, though certainly in a less degree, that the Mosquitians love and respect an Englishman, but dislike a Spaniard; and they have a term of contempt which they invariably use when speaking of the latter, namely, Little Breeches, because the calzones of the lower class of Spaniards only reach to the knees. It may be recollected that an affecting story is told, I think by Dampier, of a Mosquito man, named William, being left on the island of Juan Fernandez by accident, where he contrived to subsist for three years, and even to surround himself with many little comforts. At the expiration of that period he discovered two vessels, which he thought were Spanish, and in his consternation he ran and hid himself in the woods, but on again observing the ships from another point, he concluded they must belong to his friends the English. He therefore returned to his hut, killed a kid, and made a large fire on the beach, the smoke of which attracted attention, and brought a boat to the shore, when, to his surprise, the first person who jumped on the beach was his countryman, Robin. The greeting between these affectionate creatures was most affecting, for after so long a separation, all hopes of William's existence had long subsided. One of the captains, in the course of his cruise, landed the loving friends on their native shore.

Now for some adventurous excursions. The first belongs to the narrative of the voyage to Black River, in a schooner of sixteen tons burden, with a crew of two English and three Mosquito men. The weather was unpropitious.

In the morning the wind increased again, and the sea running heavier, while we were suffering from intense heat with only a pint of water each per diem, our captain determined to run for some other port; and as Bonacca was distant only sixty miles, we accordingly shaped our course for that island, and on the following morning it was descried; the wind being still extremely violent, and to all appearance it was increasing. As much sail was carried as the schooner could possibly stagger under, and at 7 P.M., just as the moon arose, we passed the first kay, and others rapidly in succession, it being the captain's intention to anchor under the lee of Half-Moon Kay. In a short time we entered the channel and thought all danger was over, and we were on the point of congratulating ourselves on escaping the fury of the gale now blowing outside, when the main boom broke in half, on gibing; the gib halyards parted, and before the anchor could be got out, the poor Amity struck on a coral reef; the wind, which was blowing directly through the channel upon us, driving the sea with such force against the schooner, as to make complete breeches over her, as she was lying with her broadside exposed to its fury; a rock out of water being on her lee bow, and another on her weather quarter, so that there was no chance of relieving her. We fired signals of

distress, having heard that a Scotchman lived on one of the kays, but no one came to our aid. In this emergency, our attention was directed to save the goods; I promised to reward the people well if they exerted themselves, which they agreed to do, and immediately set to work to get the property out of the hold. Fortunately we had a small dorey with us, and before twelve o'clock five or six loads were landed on Half-Moon Kay, about one mile and a half distant; but this service was attended with great difficulty and danger, the dorey having been swamped two or three times, and all the goods capsized. The brave Mosquito men, having promised that nothing should be lost, dived for them by the light of the full moon, and saved them all, but not without being sadly cut and exhausted. At 1 P.M., as nearly as we could calculate, the tide began to come in; our situation was bad enough before, now, however, it was much worse, for every sea made a complete sweep over us, rendering it highly dangerous for the dorey to approach, while we were faint with toil, and miserably wet and cold. On the return of the dorey, the two Mosquito men, after some trouble, succeeded in getting to leeward of us, and when more goods were ready to be put in this little craft, they said, "No, massa, no take 'em, we come for you—rock stone cut too much;" poor fellows! they were both badly cut by the coral and sea eggs, in diving for the things that had been upset. The danger of our situation now increased, so that nothing more could be done. Mr. Upton, therefore, went on shore with them, taking some more goods and two or three small articles and papers: the men promising to return immediately. On their departure, the English sailor, a Mosquito man, and myself, battened down the hatches, and placed all the goods we were able to get out of the hold on the weather side of the deck, and when all was done sat down wounded in body and mind. On examining our situation, we found that we were on a white reef of coral, and that at the distance of ten yards to leeward we should be in deep blue water, and we had some fears of being driven over the reef and immediately sinking, as the poor schooner was much bilged. In many places around us we observed little patches of rock, which seemed to be dancing merrily in the moon's rays, as if inviting us to their festival; and so strange did every thing appear, we could hardly believe our eyes. Numbers of sea eggs were seen in all directions, and we well knew the danger of getting amongst them, as they have long and sharp pointed spines, which inflict deep and dangerous wounds on those who chance to tread on them. Some considerable time having elapsed, and no dorey arriving, we set to work getting together the long oars, spare spars, &c., to form a raft, so that in case of necessity we might have something to trust to. Having lashed the spars, &c., together, we were on the point of attaching a water cask to each end, when we heard the welcome cry of "Kisar, kisar, wop!" (Be quick) of our faithful men, who relieved us from our miserable situation about three A.M.; and on landing on the kay, without dry clothing or covering, we nestled ourselves near the fire that had been made, and wearied nature soon found repose. On examining the kay at daylight, we could not discover any fresh water, and were therefore compelled to resort to cocoa-nut water, which, although refreshing, was but an indifferent substitute. On the wind moderating, our Mosquitians went over to the island and brought a supply from one of the numerous galleys on the island. Having a large tarpaulin, we erected a tent, under which to place our goods, while we suspended our hammocks between the cocoa-nut trees, their thick

and widely spreading leaves sufficiently sheltering us from the rays of the noon-tide sun. We had taken the precaution of cutting down the large nuts hanging over our heads, to prevent unpleasant consequences. One of our Mosquito men also struck a large grouper, a remarkably fine fish, with his staff, as it was swimming leisurely by, which proved a great treat to us all, it being quickly converted into a stew. The mosquito men, William and Ben, and myself, proceeded the next day in the small dorey, and after two hours' paddling found the Scotchman, residing on Frenchman's, otherwise Sheen's Kay. He seemed delighted at our arrival, and said he had heard our guns coming from the white shoal, on the night we were on the reef, but was unable to render us any assistance, having only the use of one arm, the other being disabled by a fall from a tree. He was, therefore, prevented from either fishing or hunting, as he could not, with one hand, paddle his dorey. Sometimes the poor fellow remains for three or four months quite alone, setting his nets in the proper season for the green turtle, which he disposes of by the help of some men who remain with him for a short period, and then set sail to Truxillo, Balize, &c. His companions were then, he said, on the other side of the island, felling pitch-pine trees, so as to carry a cargo to Truxillo for sale, and to hunt the wild hogs previous to their departure, so that they might salt some of the meat for their passage to and fro, and sell the remainder, to purchase the various things required in mending his nets. The boat being large enough to carry us and the goods saved from the Amity to Black River, he advised us to proceed on the following morning.

The narrative continues in this pleasant and lively manner:—

On our return to Half-Moon Kay, we had the exceedingly good fortune to strike two large fish, and to jump two hawk's-bill turtle. The manner of jumping turtle is singular. As we paddled along the edges of a shoal, William's eyes were suddenly attracted by a distant object; he made a signal to Ben, when they both began paddling in a violent manner, now on one side, then on the other, backwards, forwards—all their energies being directed to something in the water, which I in vain tried to discover. At length they succeeded in effecting their object, which was to drive the turtle into shallow water; suddenly William jumped overboard, and before I had recovered from my astonishment, he re-appeared, holding a hawk's-bill turtle over his head. The second one captured bit him severely, he not having laid hold of it in the usual manner, owing to some difficulty he encountered. Passing one of the kays, we observed an immense quantity of large conks, many of which we collected, as they make good stews, and are the best bait for fish. On reaching the kay we made a hearty supper from turtle soup, stewed grouper, and fried Johnny-cakes; I turned into my hammock, resolving to start again at day-break. At sun-rise I proceeded, according to the old Scotchman's directions, with my two Indians, who were well acquainted with bush travelling; but after seven hours' journey, we were obliged to return, having lost our way, owing to our being misled by the numerous marks made by the pine-wood cutters; we therefore returned to the Scotchman, who, hearing of our bad success, kindly offered to be our guide on the morrow. We spread a few cocoa-nut leaves outside his little hut, and after a meal on wild parsley and cocoa-nuts, hoping for better fortune the next day, myself and my two faithful companions slept as

soundly as many who were reposing on beds of the softest down. We rose with the sun and set out with good hearts, hoping to obtain a hearty meal from the companions of the Scotchman, whom we expected to fall in with on the other side of the island. After travelling for some hours through underwood and tall trees, or cutting our way through thickets, at times climbing steep mountains, or descending them slowly and cautiously, for they were rough and steep, we arrived at the top of one of the highest, to which the guide pointed my attention, saying it was a silver mine, which had formerly been worked by an Englishman of the name of Sheen, and who, after great expense and trouble, began to anticipate a return for his outlay: unfortunately for him, however, the Spaniards hearing of it, came to the island, drove him off, and filled up the mine; none of them having spirit enough to work it, for fear of retaliation from the English. Mac Millan (our Scotch friend) assured me that the ore was found to be extremely good. The place certainly appears to warrant the idea of its being a mine of some sort, it being completely barren to its base, whilst all around can be seen cahoon ridges, pine ridges, noble and stately Santa Maria trees, fit for masts of large size; lancewood and cedar, and a variety of other woods well adapted for ship-building; fruit trees of many sorts, such as the marmee, cachew, plum and allicavo pears in profusion. Although the Spaniards, jealous of the English having claimed the island, continually fell such trees as they require, and they do not fail to lay the axe to every fruit tree they meet with, to prevent the English from reaping the benefit; it is, indeed, a disgraceful thing, that cocoa-nut trees should be cut down merely for the sake of their nuts, thus destroying, in a few minutes, what it has taken years to produce, and yet it is often done by Caribs from Truxillo; and on a late visit by a French man-of-war, the crew cut down upwards of two hundred trees in one of the most beautiful parts of the island. Shortly after passing the barren mountain, we heard the welcome cry "Scarpe barrossa!" (There's the sea!) and on arriving on the sea-beach, had the mortification to find the boat had sailed, and by the fresh tracks of men and dogs on the sand, not above two or three hours. Tired and footsore, we in vain looked for water to appease our thirst; this was felt bitterly, as we could not even obtain a cocoa-nut to refresh our parched throats, there being but few trees near us, and all the nuts containing water having already been taken. After a few minutes rest, Mac Millan observed, it was better to start at once, as probably the boat had gone round the island to his kay; so retracing our footsteps for a short distance, we struck into a new pass, and after three hours' travelling through numerous thickets and the foul drawback grass which lacerated us severely, we were astounded to hear that our guide had lost his way; yet the stalwart Scotchman kept stalking on, with one arm in a sling, and his feet dripping with blood, cutting away with his macheet in the direction he thought would lead us to the lagoon, in which was our dorey, but all to no purpose. Our spirits were, however, kept up by constantly meeting with gulleys of water, at which we stopped and drunk greedily, first bathing our temples and wrists. At any other time, when not suffering from intense pain, toil-worn and feverish, I should have been enchanted with the many beautiful scenes. Numerous tall and commanding trees, full of orchidaceous plants, bearing lovely and splendid flowers of hues the most varied and singular, and many other fine specimens of a smaller kind, were continually seen. Day advanced, and we were still wander-

ing without any prospect of finding our way, so completely bewildered was our poor guide. At length we reached a matted mangrove thicket, and after cutting a pass with our macheets for upwards of a mile, sometimes crawling on our knees on the dank and fœtid swamp, at other times over the huge roots of the mangrove, which impeded our progress by their vast size, and their being twisted together in so many fantastical shapes, and again climbing over the top of some thick bush, which supported our weight by the interlacing of its branches, we discovered we were going wrong, and were obliged to retrace our weary steps, almost dropping with exhaustion.

We are tempted to insert another paragraph, in continuation of this long narrative.

We again struck out as near as we could guess in a north-east direction, until we came to a high and solitary pine tree, which one of the Mosquito men climbed and sang out, "Casak wop, arwaller barossa," (Go straight ahead, there's the Lagoon;) but even this cheering news had not much effect on us, we seemed spell-bound, so completely were we exhausted by our exertions, and there appeared every probability of our passing the night in the impurity of the unwholesome mangrove bush. It being now nearly sunset, everything depended upon our vigorous exertions; so following the directions pointed out, we commenced cutting a pass, for we could not proceed a step without first clearing the bush, being surrounded with thickets, or tall tiger grass, six, seven, and eight feet in height. Just as the sun sunk below the horizon, we contrived to reach the lagoon, about a mile from the place where we had left the dorey; night fast approaching, and being quite exhausted, we found it quite impossible to cut our way to it. After much hesitation, we agreed to go through the lagoon, and wade to our dorey, rather choosing to run the risk of alligators and sharks, of which there were plenty, than to remain in the filthy swamp all the night, tormented with myriads of flies. On jumping into the lagoon, the water was just up to my chin, and in my wearied condition I could not have got on without the aid of the tallest Mosquitian. Skirting the extremity of the bush which extended some feet over the lagoon, we waded on, our guide first, and the Mosquito men close to me, each with a macheet to defend himself in case of danger, till we reached our dorey; this was a happy moment indeed; we speedily got to Mac Millan's kay, but found no boat. Wearied and distressed with hunger, and the poor guide having nothing to give us but Indian corn and cocoa-nuts, we endeavoured to reach our companions on Half-Moon Kay. The wind and sea, however, being against us, and our strength totally gone, we were obliged to abandon the attempt, after several unavailing efforts, and return to Mac Millan's for the night. We slept on a couch of leaves, with logs of wood for our pillow, and the broad canopy of heaven for our covering; towards morning I awoke, cold and wretched, the east wind blowing keenly. Again I fell asleep, and on awaking found myself warm and comfortable, for the two faithful Mosquitians had taken off their own tournous in the night, seeing me shiver, and had carefully placed them over me, which I have no doubt saved me from a serious fit of illness; such an act of genuine kindness speaks for itself. On fully awaking I found them both lying at my feet, sleeping soundly and peacefully. "William, Ben, get up;" no sooner were the words out of my mouth, than they both

sprang to their feet, William saying, "Master, you no sick, please God." "No, William, thank God, I am quite well; let us be off, and get some breakfast, for I am nearly starved." "Me same, master," replied he, "hungry too much." Bidding adieu to our poor guide, whose wounded arm was paining him excessively, and promising to send him some pork and other trifles in the afternoon, we departed; and on arriving at Half-Moon Kay, soon forgot our late mishaps in the kindness shown by all in attending to our wants, and the sympathy they exhibited at our mischances; at the same time we did not forget our promise, the little dorey being soon sent off with a small supply to our friendly guide.

But what of the Mosquito King? The account is favourable; he being a great admirer, and, as far as can be reached, a close imitator of the English. His scholarship, however, does not appear to be very advanced. At any rate he has the simplest way possible of issuing and promulgating his decrees. This is done by tokens,—by sending "either a silver medal, formerly presented to his deceased brother, George Frederick, by the English, or a gold-headed stick, a sword, or something known to belong to the King." He is rigorous in justice, and does not allow a murderer to escape. Here is an affecting account of an Anglo-Mosquito execution.

On the following day, the King, accompanied by some of the English and a few of his quartermasters, proceeded to the place of execution, a large tree by the side of the fort. About 11 A.M., the brig's boat took the prisoner ashore, guarded by some armed seamen: he was apparelled in a check shirt and a pair of white trousers, given him by the captain of the brig. On his landing, the cries and wailings of the women and children collected together were heart-rending: some would throw themselves frantically on the sand before the prisoner's feet, their bodies streaming with blood; others would vent the most piercing shrieks, while some would moan and cry in a piteous manner; indeed, I scarcely ever felt so completely saddened. The brother of Deverin came up, his eyes suffused with tears, and said, "Englis gentlemen, me poor feller, me your slave: let me broder go, he never trouble any more;" and as the prisoner approached the tree to which the fatal cord was suspended, the more heart-rending was the spectacle, for it was difficult to keep his relatives from impeding his progress by climbing round his legs. At length, arriving at the place of execution, the cord was adjusted, and he was launched into eternity. The dreadful scene was at last terminated; the signal gun fired from the brig, and the flag lowered half-mast high; the King causing it to be proclaimed, that any of his people who did wrong should be hung, and warning them to beware of putting faith or following the bad advice of the sookeahs.

The Mosquito laws are curious and primitive.

According to a curious law, if a man commits adultery, the injured husband instantly demands payment, and shoots a beeve, takes a horse, or some such thing, no matter to whom it belongs; and the owner has to obtain the amount he values his property at from the adulterer, or from the chief of the district; the latter taking care to be compensated for his trouble, in the same manner

the king, by taking double or treble the amount from the offender. The :n are naturally apathetic and indolent, when not excited by liquor, hunting, fishing; and as they have no motives of morality to hinder them from in-lging their desires, we need not wonder that chastity is not considered a rtue. Polygamy is common among them; the King setting the example by e number of his wives, and appearing to be of the same opinion as Launcelot, Alas! fifteen wives is nothing!" The young wives are always subservient the first one.

The following relates to the domestic system and economy of the aribs:

Polygamy is general among them, some having as many as three or four ives; but the husband is compelled to have a separate house and plantation r each, and if he makes one a present, he must make the others one of the ıme value; and he must also divide his time equally among them, a week ith one, a week with another, and so on. When a Carib takes a wife, he lls a plantation and builds a house; the wife then takes the management, nd he becomes the gentleman at large till the following year, when another lantation has to be cleared. The wife attends these plantations with great are, perseverance, and skill; and in the course of twelve or fifteen months has very description of bread kind in use among them: and as the products are ntirely her own, she only keeps sufficient at home for her husband and family, nd disposes of the rest to purchase clothes and other necessaries. Just before Christmas the women engage several creers, freight them with rice, beans, ams, plantains, &c. for Truxillo and Balize, and hire their husbands and thers as sailors. It is the custom, when a woman cannot do all the work required in the plantation, for her to hire her husband, and pay him two dollars per week. The women travel considerable distances to their plantations, and carry their productions in a kind of wicker basket. I have known them walk from far beyond Monkey Apple Town to Fort Wellington, a distance of forty miles, to exchange their baskets of provisions for salt, calico, &c. Men accompany them on their trading excursions, but never by any chance carry the burdens, thinking it far beneath them.

A forbidding field for missionary culture:

A short time back, a missionary arrived, for the purpose of giving them some idea of a future state: a house was speedily found for him, and he commenced preaching; and for a few Sundays he gave some of the chiefs a glass of grog each, to entice them to hear him. At length, one Sunday a great number of the natives attended to hear the white stranger talk: on this occasion the worthy and reverend gentleman was more than usually eloquent; when one of the chiefs arose, and quietly said, "All talk—no grog—no good!" and gravely stalked away, followed by all the natives, leaving the astonished preacher to finish his discourse to two or three Englishmen present.

Other attempts have been made to bring them from this state of blind ignorance, but with the same result. I think it of little use teaching the old people: they must begin by establishing schools for the young children, so that in one generation a great change might be effected, as the children are very apt, and report speaks very highly of the King's son, Clarence, who was at school at Balize when I left.

The method adopted for breaking-in a wild horse on the prairie as described by Washington Irving, is not the same with that adopted on the Mosquito Shores. With regard to the latter, we read thus:

The manner of taming horses is very singular. When a horse is to be tamed, a native fastens a long rope to its head, and takes hold of the other end; it is then driven into shallow water, about up to a man's loins; when this is effected, another advances cautiously towards the horse, and endeavours to leap on his back, in which he is assisted by the person at the end of the rope; and who, with such purchase, pulls vigorously, and turns the horse round to facilitate his companion's attempts; but as the snorting and maddened creature plunges and rears, the native, with the stealthiness and activity of a cat, jumps on its bare back, and instantly commences beating the horse's head with his open hands, first on one side then on the other; in vain the horse endeavours to rid himself of his rider; the native with the rope pulls, and the one on his back beats him, till at last his strength and spirit give way, and he becomes completely subdued. So severe is the lesson, however, that sometimes a horse will lie on the beach exhausted, and at the sound of the human voice will tremble violently. Sometimes the rider gets thrown; but as he only falls into the water, it is of no consequence; he again leaps on the horse's back and renews the battle; it is rarely that more than one lesson is required to completely master and break the proud spirit of the before untamed horse.

Amongst the remarkable facts of a natural kind, of which Mr. Young takes notice as being characteristic of the tropical districts in which he resided, the following may be quoted, given on testimony which the writer considered himself bound to believe:—Having stated that great precaution ought to be observed in the use of fish, especially when the moon is at or near the full, for then they must be eaten perfectly fresh, otherwise they will very soon not be fit for use, he goes on to say,—"Two or three times the natives have *come* in after hauling the seine, at twelve o'clock at night: I have had each fish cut open, cleaned, salted, and separately hung over a line, and well protected from the moon's rays, and yet in the morning they have been perfectly unfit for food, the moon having so much greater power here than in England. The same remark applies to pork when killed at the full. I have been told that if a mahogany tree is fallen at the full, it will split, as if rent asunder by *some* external force."

The most important islands in the sea of Honduras spoken of particularly by Mr. Young, are those of Bonacca and Roatan. The latter is of very considerable size, and has been recently taken possession of by the British Government, much to the dissatisfaction of that of Central America. The islands which are scattered along the shore are the resort of adventurers, some of whom, with their pursuits, are particularly mentioned by our author, as we have already heard. Profits may be made by such fearless wanderers, but not

thout much risk and hardship. In a word, the Mosquito Shore s few allurements, we think, although the "Narrative of a Resi- nce" on it has amused and interested us in no slight degree, as the ace we have allotted to it testifies.

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## Art. VIII.

*Richard Savage.* By Chas. Whitehead. 3 vols. Bentley.

*A Tale of the Vaudois.* By Mrs. J. B. Webb. Darton and Clark.

*Spiridion.* By George Sand. Fox.

: would not be easy to class under one head three fictions that are ore dissimilar, each from the other, in respect of subject, manner, id purpose than the works named above. A few words concerning em, in the order in which they are set down, may serve to point at their individual characters and merits.

"Richard Savage,—a Romance of Real Life," was a bold thought r a theme, after Dr. Johnson's celebrated life of that wayward, ckless, and unfortunate son of genius; for if the ascertained facts the history of the illegitimate and repudiated son of the Countess f Macclesfield are followed with any degree of closeness, who is there at shall create an interest equal to that which the great Moralist as thrown around, and evoked from, the career of one, in whose elfare he took an unsurpassed concern, and whose story he told hen his heart was swollen with grief, and his lament most poignant? Nay, it would demand a far greater than Samuel, coming after him, o be the biographer of Savage.

If, again, the attempt be made to constitute the luckless poet a ero of romance, how ready will he, who is conversant with John- on's biography, be to start and take offence at every departure rom, and exaggeration of, the authentic narrative. Of course, the nly way by which this objection and danger can be avoided, is to ntroduce nothing of the nature of amplification, to allow no scope to he imagination, unless it be in perfect harmony with the real and scertained facts, and, at the same time, transporting the reader by imperceptible and easy steps and touches to a higher and larger sphere of sympathies than the exact truth has produced. Now, an achievement of this sort, especially when the hero appears to stand as a monument in the history of human destiny as well as of genius, must call for masterly art, together with the most perfect knowledge of, and enthusiasm for, the subject. The question now is, how has Mr. Whitehead acquitted himself in his story of the *real life* of such an irregular and ill-starred genius as he has ventured to exhibit? Will his romance meet expectation? Does it resuscitate, as it were, the scenes and the actors in the drama of Richard Savage?

We think that at least the effort has been successful in as far as the creation of accessories, whether of the nature of costume, manners, incidents, or persons, are considered; which must be a great part of the battle. This is assuredly a well-merited judgment, speaking in general terms; intimating at the same time that the knowledge, imagination, and the skill which are equal to the proper management of all exterior to the main figure, cannot be altogether at a loss to give that figure its proper dimensions, were it but by the available aids that the artist so readily models and marshals. Now, Mr. Whitehead, it appears to us, has gone far to meet the utmost expectation that could be entertained, even with regard to this difficult and exacting performance. Not only has he throughout displayed great care and judgment in the treatment of details, shunning turgid and loose writing, random appeals to feeling, and rash inventions, but dexterously employing those shadings and softenings, without which the general picture would be violent, even to the extent of gross improbability, although there might be no essential difference in the current and import of the story.

That story, in so far as Savage is concerned, keeps pretty close to the reality; frequently transcending, but seldom violating: and it is conducted from the cradle to the grave. But yet there is, to our feeling, a great defect or error somewhere in this romance of real life; and we think it must be a pervading one in the fiction, perhaps in the sympathies,—at least in the manner of displaying them. The fault may not be easily detected in any one passage; for the author is the reverse of a clumsy workman; but still it presses itself on the reader much more frequently than is welcome: it is this,—Savage loses, is injured, in the story, as compared with Johnson's hero; and this intellectually as well as morally. We find that we are not alone in this opinion and sentiment; and therefore, unless the principle, moral, and emotion sought to be conveyed were exactly such as we have pointed at, (which surely would have been, in the present case, a premeditated breach of justice,) we must pronounce the work to be imperfect, inasmuch as it does not communicate the greatest possible degree of pure and ennobling pleasure.

That Mr. Whitehead's romance is one of no ordinary power and performance, it is impossible with any show of reason to gainsay; and the two passages which we cite will serve to buttress this opinion. We need not seek for other than what we find in a contemporary, copied out ready to our hand. The former of them gives us the first of Burridge the schoolmaster; the author being particularly happy in his conception and treatment of elderly people, whose natures have strength and breadth in them.

The pedagogue was at home and at leisure, for it was half-holyday; and sent word out that we were to be admitted to his presence. When we entered

the apartment, we beheld a gigantic figure reclined almost horizontally in a very large chair. He was smoking a pipe, and had, it would seem, recently divested himself of an enormous rusty periwig, which lay clutched in his huge fist upon the table. He regarded us in silence for some moments, through the smoky veil by which he was surrounded, and then rising leisurely, he laid aside his pipe and came towards us.

"This letter, Sir," said Ludlow, "will explain for what purpose I wait upon you," handing it to him.

"A letter, eh!" said Burridge, whipping a pair of spectacles out of his waistcoat pocket, and jerking them on the bridge of his nose.

"Let's see—Francis Burridge, Esquire—Esquire!" and he gave a loud whistle. "Ah! well—very good—just so!" he added at intervals, as he hastily perused the letter.

"This tells me," said he, "holding the letter from him, "that I am to take this little fellow—what's his name? Richard Freeman, under my care, under my tuition."

"Yes, Sir," said Ludlow.

"And that he is to remain with me during the holydays! Ludlow bowed.

"That implies that the lad's parents are dead; is it so?"

"I believe they are," replied Ludlow, hesitating.

"Ah! not certain," said Burridge; "perhaps there's more life than death in the matter, eh!"

"I really do not know," replied Ludlow, disconcerted.

"Ah, well!" returned Burridge, "who is Henrietta Mason?"

"My lady," replied Ludlow, "the Lady Mason."

"The Lady Mason! oh! I beg her pardon," cried Burridge with a low bow, "that's it; I always bow to a title." He rang the bell. "Bring some wine," as the servant entered.

Ludlow began to plead headache, but was stopped by the familiar hand of Burridge upon his mouth.

"Now, Sir," said he, when the wine was put on the table, "I crave pardon; your name?"

"Ludlow, Sir."

"Well, Mr. Ludlow," and he slapped his brawny leg, "let us drink to the speedy progress of our young student; and we'll give him a glass too, to damp him down, as printers do their paper, before he goes into the press. Let us hope he'll contain something good when he comes out of it."

"I hope so, indeed," said Ludlow earnestly, setting down his glass. "Will you forgive me?" he resumed after a pause, "but I trust—I feel no doubt—indeed I know, that he will be treated kindly. I am, Sir," and poor Ludlow smiled with a kind of mournful humility, "I am greatly attached to him."

Mr. Burridge raised his black brows, and gazed into the meek countenance of the other. "Ah, well, you like him?" he remarked at length. "Why, yes, we shall treat him kindly enough I dare say. We keep a school, Ludlow, not a slaughterhouse; we are not cannibals, but Christians—men, not monsters. But sir," and here he shook his finger in the air, "Mr. Shakspere, an author strangely neglected in these our times, albeit the greatest genius that ever appeared in England, except Milton, and in all save sublimity he surpasses even

that stupendous genius; Mr. Shakspere has proposed this question—'Treat a man according to his deserts, and who shall escape whipping?' Now, Sir, if that be true, and I believe it is," winking his eye knowingly, and pointing his thumb over to me, "do you think the boys ought to go scot free, eh?"

"No, indeed," said Ludlow: "do you hear what Mr. Burridge says, Richard? You must take care."

"So he will," cried Burridge, putting on his periwig. "The truth is, the temples of Greece and Rome are—'bosom'd high in tufted trees'—birch-trees, Mr. Ludlow; and I never knew a boy yet who could find his way to those temples without going through those trees. But come, Dick, take leave of your friend; he is anxious to go."

Our other extract gives a specimen of compact, forcible, and rapid narrative, both as regards expression and action. It is Mr. Whitehead's version of the brawl in a disreputable coffee-house, when Sinclair is slain. Merchant, who is drunk, has forced himself into the room; and Savage and Gregory, who have been drinking, follow.

On entering the room, we discovered Merchant standing with his back to the fire, which was opposite the door, his arms akimbo, which supported the skirts of his coat. His eyes were directed obliquely towards a company at the other end of the room, and his lips were apart with a smile, disclosing his clenched teeth. The whole expression of his countenance was that of extreme and provoking contempt for the persons at whom he continued to gaze.

On our first entrance into the room, Gregory and I had turned to the left, concluding from the partial darkness in that quarter that that portion of it was unoccupied, as indeed was the case.

"Come, Merchant," said Gregory, calling to him, when we had taken our seats. "Come this way, man. Shall we order a bowl of punch?"

"Come *this* way," he returned, beckoning us towards him, but still with his impudent stare upon the company; "and having seen whom we have got here, order what you please; only take care to order some asafœtida along with it, to purify the room."

"I suspect Merchant will get his nose slit," whispered Gregory to me; "don't go near him. We can the better assist him if we take no part with him, should he get into trouble."

Moved by curiosity, however, (the place, as well as Merchant's speech had awakened it,) I arose. What was my astonishment, when glancing at the company, I observed Sinclair and Lemery a portion of it.

And here, to make what follows the easier intelligible, I must mention from my after knowledge, of whom the party consisted. There was Sinclair and Lemery, and a brother of the latter, whose wife, a strong masculine woman, was seated by the side of Sinclair, and a huge ferocious ruffian, well dressed, however, to whose ill-favoured aspect a broken nose added an expression of extreme pugnacity.

Sinclair recognized me in an instant, and turned pale. The colour presently returned to his face, and his eye encountered mine, and returned its wrath boldly.

"Mr. Sinclair," said Merchant, with a formal bow, "your most obedient. Mr. Lemery, your servant. Mr. Seth Lemery, yours. Madam, (how could I fail so egregiously of the polite point?) your faithful slave. Mr. Nuttal, when I next purpose to enjoy the diversions of the bear-garden I shall be happy in your company.

Having said this, he burst into a loud derisive laugh, and tossed his hat into their empty punch-bowl.

Nuttal sprang out of his chair.

"By the soul of man, Mr. Sinclair, I don't know why I should put up with this fellow's insolence, if you are disposed to do so. You seem to know the other fellow. Who is he?"

"Get out of the way," cried Gregory, thrusting Merchant aside, and walking towards the table to Nuttal. "Hound! what do you mean by the other fellow? This gentleman is Mr. Savage, and my friend."

"I don't care who he is," returned Nuttal, laying back the cuffs of his coat. "You are all disposed for a quarrel, I can see. Sinclair, Lemery, Seth, we are enough, I should think, to kick these three blackguards out of the room: I've borne with Merchant's insolence before, but he shall have it now."

He was advancing, encouraged by the woman, Mrs. Lemery, with "That's right! that's a brave lad! kick the three rascals out!" when Gregory fetched him such a blow upon the face with the back of his open hand as for the moment staggered him.

"Back, fool!" cried Gregory. "Sinclair, whistle your dog off. Dick, keep an eye upon Sinclair, he looks mischievous. Where's Merchant?"

This was no time to satisfy ourselves as to the last point.

"By the soul of man, sir," cried Nuttal, drawing, "I'll have your heart's blood out of you, for that."

Sinclair's sword also flamed forth.

"I am for you, sir," said he to me; "remember, I owe you one. Look to yourself."

"You lie, Sinclair, you owe me two. You have most need of caution. Look to *yourself*." My sword was out.

At this juncture the brothers Lemery and the wife retreated into a corner of the room, setting up loud cries of "Murder!" cries that were taken up by Mrs. Edersby, the landlady, and another woman outside. A trampling overhead—a hurrying along passages—a whirl of uproar and confusion.

Gregory swore a great oath.

"D—n you all; I'll have your swords. Give up your sword, you ugly face-making rascal," to Nuttal, "unless you wish to be laid by the heels in Bridewell."

"When it has done its work, not before," cried the fellow, flourishing his rapier like a broad-sword. "I shall be through you, my gentleman, if you don't make haste to lug out."

In the meantime, Sinclair had come from behind the table, and had advanced upon me.

"Base-born impostor!" he said, running his sword along mine, (he was a skilful fencer, but knew not that I also was master of my weapon,) "base-born impostor, I have you now."

"Well-born blockhead, you *shall* have. Ha! ha! Sir!"

Three or four men ran into the room at this instant.

"Swords out," cried one; "playing at gentlemen, eh? Don't part 'em: fair play's a jewel, say I. The tall one, with his sword broken, 'll strangle old broken-nose, I'm thinking. Go it—give it him."

Sinclair had made several passes at me, which I parried; but out of no design, I confess it, of acting merely upon the defensive. It was sport to dally with him awhile. What followed, whatever has been said to the contrary, was not altogether chance-medley. At length he made a desperate push at me: which I put aside so smartly as caused him to swing round. Gregory, at that moment rushing forward upon Nuttal, drove Sinclair's sword entirely from its guard. But, before this, if it can be said to be before—the two actions being almost instantaneous—I had run him through the body.

Then arose such a hubbub—such a hellish noise, before, beside, behind, around—it is as impossible to describe as it was terrible to hear, even to those who contributed to it. Be sure I was one of these. Transfixed with horror, remorse, pity, I was "grown cool too late." That face—malicious, revengeful, grinning like a wild cat, the eyes a-start—life looking blood and death—in a moment, in a glimpse of time as it were—how changed! "Oh!" from the very depth of the bosom—that one word told me, and all that heard it,—and who, spite of the cursed clamour, that did not hear it!—that he had got his death. The muscles of the face relaxed, and of the body; the jaw fell, the darkening lids sank upon the eyes, the stony whiteness overspread the face and lips—he fell upon the floor as only a dying man can fall.

Pass we on to the "Tale of the Vaudois;" a fiction "designed for Young Persons;" and allied thus far in character to "Richard Savage," that the authoress has made use of many realities which she has either interwoven into her narrative, or made the points for whatever relieving of character, incident, or scenery she has thought proper to introduce. "Several works," she says, "have recently appeared which have excited much interest for this pure race of primitive Christians (the Vaudois); and the author of this little story considered that it would not be unpleasing or unprofitable to her own children and those of her Protestant countrymen, if she made them acquainted with the manners and mode of life of the people from whom we have reason to believe the doctrines of our reformed church first spread into England."

On the present occasion, we do not think it necessary to say anything about the fitness of fiction for the inculcation of religious sentiments. Whatever objections apply to this mode of communicating principles, seem to strike still more strongly against religious history, when treated in partnership with imaginary events and persons. However, although Mrs. Webb's tale, in so far as fiction goes, is that of a Protestant, it is not bitter in tone towards the *persecutors*. Neither does it deal in horrors or monstrosities of any kind. Indeed, with many good and motherly lessons of piety for the young, it has a truth of colouring for the Waldenses.

Who are the Waldenses? Where do they dwell? Are they natives of the Swiss cantons, or are they French or Italian borderers? Are they Calvinists or Lutherans? Are they descendants of adventurers and innovators from the East, or are they aborigines? These questions Dr. Gilly, the author of "Waldensian Researches," has thus answered:—The Waldenses are neither Swiss nor French, they are Italians, and are so named (by a corrupt change of the *v* into a *w*) from the mountain valleys which they inhabit, on the eastern side of the Cottian chain of Alps, between Mount Viso and Mount Genevre. Pinerolo is their nearest provincial town; Turin is their nearest capital, and they are subjects of the king of Sardinia. The terms Vaudois in French, Vallenses in Latin, Valdesi in Italian, and Waldenses in English ecclesiastical history, signifying nothing more or less than Men of the Valleys; and as the valleys of Piedmont have had the honour of producing a race of people, who have remained true to the faith introduced by the first missionaries who preached Christianity in those regions, the synonyms Vaudois, Valdesi, and Waldenses, have been adopted as the distinguishing names of a religious community, faithful to the primitive creed, and free from the corruptions of the church of Rome.

For a considerable number of years, during which the press had been teeming with accounts of excursions made to almost every part of the known world, the picturesque valleys at the eastern foot of the Cottian Alps, with the magnificent mountains which surrounded them, and the extraordinary race of people who inhabit this romantic region, seemed, from the little notice that was taken of them, to have escaped the researches of the tourist. Even to this day, it appears, from the comparatively small number who visit this region, that the considerations which should chiefly attract travellers thither, particularly those from Protestant states, have not been generally entertained. Again, to quote Dr. Gilly,—"It was here that the Reformed Religion had its birth, and that its martyrs and champions made the first effectual resistance to Papal tyranny; and here too may yet be found that primitive Christianity, those simple manners, and noble traits of character, which must have distinguished the natives of a district, where the corruptions introduced elsewhere by the Roman hierarchy, were never tolerated." At the same time, according to the statement of a Piedmontese nobleman, Count del Pozzo, in an exposition of the wrongs of these people, submitted to the Duke of Wellington, several years ago, "no Protestants now exist in Europe in so low, so degraded a condition as the Vaudois;" and that "never did they stand in more urgent need of England's interference, never could England interfere with greater justice and efficacy." Nor has our country been neglectful of the interests of this singular people; for, during the space of two hundred years, their cause was frequently espoused by our monarchs and by the

nation; pensions having been granted to them, and collections at sundry times made in their behalf. While Cromwell was Protector, and in the year 1655, a sum of more than £38,000 was raised, in order to dispense immediate assistance to the Waldensian sufferers, and for relieving their future necessities, by establishing a permanent fund. The collection on this occasion was parochial; cash, corn, bedding, clothes, &c., between June 1655 and January 1658, having been paid to the amount of nearly £22,000; the remainder in the treasurer's hands, being seized at the Restoration by Charles II.

Mrs. Webb's tale has for one of its principal incidents in her picture of the simple and pious affections of the Vaudois, and in the train of the oppressions and persecutions to which they have been exposed, the abduction of the hero, when but a boy, by the servants of a monastic establishment. "This horrible system,"—she has too good grounds we believe for saying it,—"was frequently pursued towards the children of the unfortunate Vaudois; and an edict had been passed, rendering it lawful for any Papist to decoy or seize a Protestant child, whenever an opportunity occurred, and carry it off to some Catholic asylum to be brought up in the (*mistaken* is her adjective) faith its forefathers perilled their lives rather than embrace. At Pinerolo, a town not far distant from their valleys, on the road to Turin, there was an hospital especially dedicated to the reception and education of such Vaudois children as could by any means be brought within its walls; and where the poor little creatures, torn from their parents and companions, and committed to the care of strangers, were frequently induced by persuasions, or threats, or sufferings, to abandon the Protestant religion; while no entreaties of the distracted parents, who sometimes discovered the child's place of confinement, or tears of agony shed by the little victim, ever induced the cruel governors to give up their prey."

But we are not going into the tale, or to pronounce upon the religious differences which the history of the Vaudois may offer. One or two passages, however, may be cited descriptive of the scenery of the country, and of the habits or character of the people; these being consistent with reality as far as they go:—

In most countries a superiority of fortune implies that the possessor has been better educated, and brought up in a style of greater refinement than others, and this causes men to separate into classes and degrees; but in the Vaudois country all are equal or nearly so, in those points constituting real superiority, for all receive the best education that can be procured in these remote vallies, and all live in the most simple and primitive manner. It is rare indeed to meet a Vaudois peasant who cannot write and read, and is not also well versed in the Bible, and the few other books they are able to procure, relating as well to the history of his own country, as also to the fortitude and faith of his ancestors. * * * When not assailed by persecution, and forced either to defend their lives and liberties, or to hide from the fury of the oppressor in wild

caverns, and almost inaccessible vallies, the lives of the Vaudois run on in an even, unvaried course, chiefly occupied in cultivating their sandy fields and vineyards, and attending to their flocks. They have very few trades among them, and hardly any manufactures. Charcoal is prepared on some of the hills, and carried to the nearest towns; and many of the peasants rear silk-worms, and add to their small stock of comforts by the produce of these insects; these, however, are trifling resources, and the generality of the Protestant population lead humble and pastoral lives. When the snows of winter are partially melted, and the herbage has sprung up—on the verdant meadows nearer the summit of the mountains, nearly all the inhabitants of the villages forsake their cottages, and remove with flocks and herds to the chalets erected for that purpose, near the pasturage. These chalets are rude huts built of logs of wood laid lengthwise, and frequently without windows or chimnies; but during the summer months these inconveniences are little regarded by the hardy mountaineers. * * * He (the spiritual pastor) was a man of exemplary piety and much learning; and contented to bury his talents (how truly might this be said of the, nevertheless, celebrated Felix Nieff!) among these mountains. Like the rest of the Protestant ministers of these vallies, his income was extremely small; and even that was derived chiefly from the charitable grants bestowed by different foreign governments, particularly the English, for this purpose; but these grants are very trifling, and when divided among the thirteen clergy, afford them a bare subsistence, to which a small addition is occasionally made by those of the flock who can afford it. No fees are given for the performance of any of the rights (rites!) of the church, and the presbyteries or parsonage houses are, in general, little superior to the cottages of the peasantry.

With this small remuneration for their labours, the duties of these devoted men are arduous and incessant. The hamlets are widely scattered over a sterile and mountainous country, often very difficult of access, and even if poverty did not compel them, the nature of the country would generally render it necessary for them to perform all their journies on foot. In winter they are frequently exposed to avalanches and sudden inundations; and in summer their labours are increased by the necessity of visiting and preaching to those of their flocks who have gone to reside in the mountain huts. Added to all this, they are frequently obliged, for the maintenance of their families, to work in their gardens and fields like the commonest labourers; so that theirs are indeed lives of toil and hardship, and frequently of fear and tribulation, when the hand of persecution is extended over their land.

In a word, the country, the character, and the annals of the Waldensian Protestants, are rife with scenes and events, that are as extraordinarily interesting as they are emphatically instructive; so that it needeth not the aid of fancy to garnish or exalt them; although we admit that Mrs. Webb has, by a series of pictures and incidents, contrived, with considerable success, to present in the form of a tale, calculated to arrest the attention of young readers, the divers features and conditions of her abounding theme.

And Madame Dudevant too, the celebrated Georges Sand, has a story about priests, monks, and the well-being of the soul. This

writer's works are many-shaped, ever-striking, and always aiming at some distinct end, the impressment of startling novelty, either of opinion or delineation. Her fecundity is wonderful; but not so much in respect of abundance as of variety; while each phase of this again appears to be but a definite part of her exhaustless self, albeit the feature may not be always invitingly feminine, or unquestionably healthy. Still her versatility and variety are extraordinary, while her originality is ever bold and unsparing. In one capacity she seems to be almost unrivalled,—that of giving vitality and individuality to all her pictures and personages.

The purpose of Spiridion, now translated into English, looks as if it had been one of her sudden conceptions, and that feared not even to storm the monastic orders with a single engine wielded and pointed by one hand. One would say on reading the story, that the writer not only believed every word of it, but that she honestly thought it would accomplish all she contemplated, and then that she would have nothing else to long for; so earnest and deep-seated appear to be her convictions, and so determined her assault. These convictions and this assault are directed with unwavering intent against what the writer declares to be the abuses,—the tyrannies, superstitions, and falsehoods that are fostered and practised within the walls of monastic establishments. True or the contrary,—imaginary quite, or essentially just and descriptive,—the character given of convents and monasteries by the learned and speculative Father Alexis of the story, the account which he deals out to his pupil, arrests the reader with a strong and vivid power, leaving a lasting conviction, such as the writer appears to have fully experienced. But we shall not go into particulars with regard either to the nature and cast of the story, or of the sort of free-thinking and half Christian system of doctrine which the book sets forth. We only quote a few samples, such indeed as will send readers to the cheap little volume itself, in order to hear the whole, and in order too to make a study of the author's mind, whatever may be the notions entertained of her fidelity as a reporter, and her wisdom as a reformer.

Father Alexis thus discourseth to the novice, his pupil:—

> They [the monks] will make of thee, what they have made of me;—they will fill thy mind with poignant doubts, with childish remorse, and imbecile terrors; they will make thee sick; old, before old age; infirm of mind; and when thou shalt have shaken off all the bonds of ignorance and imposture; when thou shalt feel thyself enlightened enough to tear away the veils of superstition, thou wilt no longer have strength. * * * They wish to efface in thee, by persecution, all notion of justice or injustice; to blunt, by useless sufferings, all generous energy. By mysterious and vile conspiracies, by enigmas without solution, and by chastisements without object, they would accustom thee to live brutally, in the love and esteem of thyself alone: to do without sympathy, to lose all confidence, despise all friendship; they will make

thee despair of the goodness of God; they would disgust you with prayer, force thee to lie, or to betray thy brethren in confession; render thee envious, sullen, a calumniator, or informer; they would render thee perverse, stupid, and base; they would teach thee that intemperance and idleness are the best blessings; that, in order to give thyself up to them in peace, thou must abandon every thing, strip away all remembrance of greatness, destroy every noble impulse; they would teach thee hypocritical hatred, patient revenge, cowardice and ferocity; they would slay thy soul for having been fed with honey, for having loved gentleness and innocence; in a word, they would make a monk of thee.

After running on for some space and at divers times in this wise, giving a shockingly bad character to monastic conduct and life, and after numerous discourses and imaginary scenes, wildly enough conceived, during all which the novice becometh more attached to the philosophical and free-thinking old Father, we have a powerfully drawn passage which we copy out. The monks of the convent, as well as the superiors, have deep suspicions of Alexis; in fact, his strange ways, his chemical pursuits alone, have exposed him to something like the charge of sorcery as well as of infidelity; and when he is shaken in constitution and sick well nigh unto death, they seek to persecute him, and if possible to draw out the secrets of his soul. We thus read:—

In the evening (says the novice,) as Father Alexis was quietly going to sleep, and as I was finishing my prayer at his bed-side, the door opened hastily, and a terrific figure appeared in front of me. I stood so terrified that I was not able to move or to articulate a sound; my hair stood on end, and my eyes remained fixed on this horrible apparition, like those of the bird fascinated by a serpent. My master did not awake, and the odious *thing* remained motionless at the foot of the bed. I shut my eyes, that I might no longer see it, but seek within myself for my reason and my strength. I opened my eyes again, it was still there; then I made an effort to cry out, and, giving utterance to a low rattling sound, my master awoke; he saw *that* before him, and instead of expressing horror or fear, he merely said in the tone of a man a little astonished, "Ha! ha!" "Behold me, for thou hast called for me," said the phantom. My master raised his shoulders, and, turning to me said, "Thou art afraid; thou takest that for a spirit, for the devil, dost thou not? No, no, spirits take not that form; and if they were so hideously ugly, they would not have the power to show themselves to man. The human reason is guarded by the spirit of wisdom. This is not a vision, he added, rising and approaching the phantom, this is a man of *flesh and bone*. Come, drop the mask," he said, seizing the spectre by the throat, "and think not that this drunken masquerade can frighten me." Then shaking the phantom with an iron hand, he made him fall on his knees, and Alexis tearing off his mask, I recognised the lay brother, Dominie, who had drawn me from the church.

"Take the lamp," said Alexis to me, in a strong voice, and his eye sparkling with ironical joy, "Walk before me; I must have a reason for this abomination. Let us go, make haste! Obey! Hast thou less strength and courage than a hare?"

I was still so overcome, that my hand trembled, and I could not hold the lamp. "Open the door," said my master, in an imperious tone. I obeyed; but, seeing him drag the miserable Dominie along the pavement, like a bundle of rags, I was seized with horror, for, in fits of indignation, Father Alexis had moments of frenzy, and I thought he was going to precipitate the pretended demon over the balustrade of the dome. "Pardon, pardon, my father," I said, placing myself before him, "stain not your hands with blood." Father Alexis raised his shoulder, and said, "Thou art a fool! since you will not go before me, follow me!"

And continuing to drag along the lay-brother, who was a robust man, but seemed to be held to the ground by a superhuman force, he rapidly descended the staircase; I took courage, and followed him. At the noise he made, some persons, (who were doubtless awaiting, at the foot of the stairs, the result of the confessions the false demon expected to draw from my master) made their appearance; but, seeing so different a scene from that which they expected, they enveloped themselves in their hoods, and escaped with the darkness. We had time to notice, by their robes, that they were lay-brethren and novices. None of the fathers had compromised themselves in this sacrilegious farce, which was directed, nevertheless, as we afterwards knew, by superior orders.

Alexis continued to walk with long strides, dragging on his prisoner; from time to time the latter made some efforts to disengage himself from the formidable hand; but the father, stopping, clutched his throat as if he would strangle him, and shook him on the stairs. The nails of Alexis were dyed with blood; the eyes of his victim were starting from their sockets; I still followed them, and thus we arrived at the foot of the great staircase which led to the cloister. There was suspended the great bell which was rung only at the death of the monks, and which was called the *articulo mortis*; still grasping with one hand the prostrate demon, with the other he began to ring with such vigour that the whole monastery was shaken. Soon we heard the cell doors open precipitately, and all the stair-cases were filled with noise; the monks, the novices, the servitors, all the house, were in motion, and soon the cloister was full of people. All these scared and disordered figures, lighted only by the trembling light of my lamp, looked like the inhabitants of the valley of Jehoshaphat, awaking at the trumpet of judgment from the sleep of death. The father continued to ring, and in vain they overwhelmned him with questions, and wished to snatch from his hands the unfortunate Dominie. He was animated with supernatural strength; he faced the crowd, and swaying it with the sound of his alarm, and his voice of thunder, "One man I want," he said, "when he is here, I will speak, I will submit, but I will not cease to ring till he has come down like the rest." At length the Prior appeared the last, and Father Alexis ceased to sound the bell. He looked so strange and so beautiful at that moment, as he stood with sparkling eyes and a victorious air, holding beneath his feet that monstrous figure, that he might have been taken for the arch-angel Michael, vanquishing the demon. Every one stood motionless, gazing at him; not a breath was heard beneath the deep vault of the cloister. Then the old man, raising his voice amidst this gloomy silence, said, addressing himself to the Prior:—

"My father, listen to my story! While I am dying on my bed, men belong-

ing to this holy house, men who call themselves my brethren, come to beset me in my last moments with their base curiosity and an infamous imposture. They send into my cell this man, this Dominie!" Saying this, he raised the head of the lay-brother high enough for all the assembly to be able to recognise him; "they send him, muffled up in this hideous disguise, to place himself at my pillow, and to shout furiously in my ear, to startle me from my sleep —perhaps my last sleep. What did they expect? to frighten me? by a terrific apparition to break my spirit, which they supposed already weakened, and to wrest from my delirium disgraceful words and horrible secrets? My father, what is the meaning of this new and unheard-of persecution; and when was it forbidden to the sinner to pass his last hour in silence and in peace? If they had had a feeble mind to deal with, and if they had killed me by this infernal vision, without giving me time to recollect myself, and to call upon the Lord, upon whom, tell me, should have fallen the weight of my damnation? O all of you, all ye men present here, whose will it is to do right, it is not for myself that I speak, for myself who am a dying man, it is for you who survive; it is that you may drink in tranquillity the cup of death, that I ask you, all of you, to demand, with me, justice from our spiritual father who is before us, and if need be, from our other Father who is above us. Justice, then, my father! I wait for justice! execute justice!"

And the well-disposed men, who were present, cried all together, "Justice, Justice," and the roused echoes of the cloister repeated Justice."

The Prior bore his part in this scene with an unmoved countenance, only he seemed to me paler than usual. He remained some moments without making a reply, his brow slightly contracted; at length he raised his voice, and said, "Son Alexis, pardon this man!"

"Yes, my father, I pardon him, on condition that you will punish him," replied Alexis.

"Son Alexis," replied the Prior, "are these the sentiments of a man who professes himself ready to appear before the tribunal of God? I beg of you to pardon this man, and take away your hand from off him."

Alexis hesitated a moment, but he felt that if he did not repress his anger his enemies would triumph. He took two steps forward, and pushing his victim to the prior's feet, without leaving his hold of him, "I forgive him, your reverence," he said, bowing, "because it is my duty to do so, and because you wish it; but, as it is not I, as it is God, who has been offended, as it is your vesture, your wisdom, and your authority which have been outraged, I bring the guilty to your knees, and prostrating myself with him there, I supplicate your reverence to pardon him, and pray that Eternal Justice will pardon him also."

My master's enemies had hoped, from his passion and his resistance, that he was going to injure his cause, but this act of submission baffled all their designs; and those who were favourable to him, gave such tokens of approbation of his conduct, that the Prior was compelled to espouse his cause, at least in appearance. "Son Alexis," he said, raising and embracing him, "I am touched with your humility and your energy, but I cannot pardon this man as you pardon him: it is your duty to intercede for him, it is mine to chastise him severely, and it shall be done to him as heavenly justice and the statutes of our order ordain."

At this severe sentence, a shudder of fear passed from one to another, for of all punishments those of sacrilege were the most severe, and no monk knew their extent before being subjected to them; besides, it was forbidden to reveal them, under pain of suffering them a second time. The condemned came out of the dungeon, only in a pitiable state of suffering, and many had died shortly afrer receiving their pardon.

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ART. IX. — *History of Hydur Naik, otherwise styled Nawaub Hydur Ali, &c. &c. &c.* Translated from an Original Persian M.S. By Col. W. MILES. Allen and Co.

A VALUABLE and very curious publication, "printed for the Oriental Translation Committee of Great Britain and Ireland;" the original manuscript being in the Library of her Majesty. It appears to us that Col. Miles has by this translation contributed a work, that is entitled to rank with those of Orme and Wilks, on the history of Mysore and the wars of the Karnatic. At any rate, it not only has a completeness in itself, as to compass, definite boundaries, and details, but it is the only book in which the English reader has yet met with any extended account of what the people of Hydur Ali and Tippoo's nation have said of these their own princes. At the same time, there is a tone of fairness and high respect prevailing in it, at least towards the English, and also such a general agreement on important points with our own historians, that it must command regard. In fact, when compared and combined with the English works just mentioned, a tolerably good guide, as the translator remarks, may be obtained for the student of history; although there can only be expected to be a partial resemblance and consistency between them,—merely a small part of the present publication having a relation to the English wars in the Karnatic, while, on the contrary, the English histories contain very little else.

The name of the author of the manuscript is Meer Hussein Ali Khan Kirmani, a "student," he tells us, "in the school of ignorance," who "remained in the service of Tippoo Sultaun in a highly honourable rank, about five years;" and "having spent two or three years in a search for information, respecting the forefathers of this illustrious family, which was with great difficulty obtained, he reduced it to writing, and formed it into a book," "and has left it a memorial inscribed on the page of time." "He is certain that nothing but fact and truth has found an entrance into his work; and some circumstances, to which the author was an eye-witness, are stated without hesitation or the shadow of a doubt, simply as they occurred;—in order, also, to bind together the leaves of this newly written book, he has turned over the pages of months and years, and the leaves of night and day; and he has, moreover, adorned the

olden of its colouring and chapters with chosen words teeming with meaning, and watered and refreshed it with the streams of perspicuity and truth."

This introductory sample will have already prepared those of our readers who may be unacquainted with Persian inflation, extravagant imagery, and pompous epithets, for a treat in the pages of Meer Hussein Ali Khan Kirmani, the son of Synd Abdul Kadir Kirmani; nor will another passage from the preface of the self-complacent and apparently simple as well as candid author be unacceptable. "Although this book, agreeably to the saying of the learned that 'every beginning has an ending,' is finished; yet, according to the author, it is still incomplete; but when men of exalted understanding, candid linguists, learned historians, wise and liberal encouragers of learning shall look over his pages with the eyes of scrutiny, and see the painful task he has made agreeable to himself; and that he has not foolishly thrown away his precious time, but has clothed the bride of fugitive recollections with the marriage garment of junction and union, and seated her on the nuptial throne of the coloured pages of his book." &c.; it will then, and then only, "by their approval be completed."

Such is a sample of the columns and chapters of the history, adorned, as it is, *with chosen words teeming with meaning, and watered and refreshed with the streams of perspicuity and truth.*

It is obvious that when the affection of a language and the taste of a people admit of such inflation and floridity as this, and when a writer's genius chooses to carry it to its extremity, there will result a great difficulty to be dealt with on the part of the translator who undertakes to turn it into the speech of another people whose scale is quite different, and who regard all such pomp of sound and figurative expression as unmeasured absurdities.

The rule proposed to himself by the present accomplished translator has been to "soften these peculiarities when very wild, and retain them when deserving to be kept." Nor has he been without efficient aid; for he expresses acknowledgments to the late Earl of Munster, Sir Gore Ousely, and others.

The principal point, however, is, whether or not this history of Hydur Ali, (the Colonel writes Indian proper names as he has found them written in the Persian M.S.) is worthy of reliance. Now, we think there are many internal proofs of honest intent, and even of exemplary candour, independently of direct corroborations in regard to facts, dates, names, and events. No doubt there are manifest leanings in the book towards the Prince, whose deeds he principally commemorates. Still, to adopt the translator's words,—"it is but fair to remark, that, unlike other Mahommedan authors, he has seldom spoken disparagingly of the British troops, whom, on the contrary, he admits to have been Hydur's most gallant opponents, and whom

Hydur himself, according to him, with the frankness of a brave soldier, describes as 'lions ranging over the face of the earth.'" To be sure, we find the Nizam of Hydurabad addressing the Nawaub, and setting forth that a body of English merchants "had taken into their heads a vain desire of chieftainship and rule;" soliciting and obtaining at the same time the assistance of the "pride of the house of power and good fortune" to crush those who had "raised the standard of usurpation in that quarter." But ere long Hydur was constrained to tell this chief of a large army, that "with such troops, strong only in numbers and show, it was evident they could never expect to conquer the stormy, warlike English."

Indeed, it would appear that even Hydur's superior tactics and great conquests were attributable to his clear perception and ready adoption of the advantages of European discipline; for we find in the pages before us, that the oriental author makes mention not only of the names, but of the great services of certain French officers, on whom the Nawaub principally depended.

As to the historian's own testimony to British valour, gallantry, and fidelity, we have numerous examples of candid statement and even of hearty approval. If a British colonel acted on one occasion according to the saying that "Whosoever strikes his naked hand on steel,"—"is sure to bruise his knuckles,"—he obtains at least the credit of having in the given circumstances not only done wisely, but to have yielded to inevitable circumstances. Again, speaking of Colonel Baillie's proceedings in 1780, during the advance of the English army, under the command of General Munro, from the vicinity of Madras towards Gunjee, and when "Prince Tippoo, terrible as a lion," fell in with him, "and blocked up the road of safety to his detachment," we are told that "the colonel, notwithstanding the number and constant attacks of Hydur's brave men, showed no apprehension of them, but marched on, fighting;" although, "from the superiority in numbers of the conquering army, he was reduced to great difficulties, to which was added the total want of wood and forage." Again, "On all sides deep trenches were dug, batteries raised, and approaches by sap pushed on; and, with continual firing, the walls were soon battered down, and breached, and, moreover, by throwing the colonel's shot and shells into the town, the inhabitants were cast into the greatest consternation and confusion. Yet, notwithstanding all this discomfort and misery, the defenders of the city held out gallantly for some months, and manfully withstood the assaults of the rank-breakers of Hydur's army."

But General Coote "was unequalled among his compeers in ability and experience in war." "Determining to chastise the brave soldiers of the Nawaub, the general now, by prudent management, gradually restored the confidence of the before frightened, dismayed army." But we need not follow Sir Eyre's steps, which so signally

ested those of Hydur, as to be supposed by the translator to have stened his death. However, it will be acceptable to have here a ort extract which contains an anecdote as well as a statement.

At that time the country of Bengal being a new conquest, and requiring gulation and settlement, he (General Coote) was ordered from England, at he might himself carry the necessary arrangements into effect. Hearing, wever, of the march of the Nawaub's army to the conquest of the Karnatic, e taking of the Arkat, and most of the other forts, and the defeat of the nglish troops, through the pride and insolence of young officers, this commander postponed till a further time the regulation of affairs in Bengal, and with x hundred Europeans, &c., "arrived safe at Madras. On the following day, e visited Muhammud Ali Khan, and asked him, "What have you done with our troops?" Muhammad Ali replied, "I have been deceived in putting too much reliance in the aid of your troops; and, in consequence, have fallen in ank and respectability. The reason of this is that certain English gentlemen trongly asserted and insisted, that one European or man of their country was qual to twenty of this country, that is of my servants, as had been often seen; nd why should money be thrown away in employing such useless men? Relying on deceiving words like these I have disbanded my troops, and their monthly pay I hand over to you, and consequently I expect you to provide for ny defence." The General smiled at hearing this story, and said, "Some wag has told you this out of fun or in joke; but it is necessary that powers should maintain forces and states to the extent of their means, otherwise they nay soon expect to become beggars."

The first chapter of the present history professes to give an account of the ancestors of Hydur Ali, but does not set the question at rest. Indeed, the point is obscure; for although Hydur claimed a descent from the kings of Bejapoor, Colonel Miles says, that this appears to rest solely on his own assertion; intimating at the same time that the term Naik is a surname assumed by or given to inferior classes. But passing from all questions of the sort, and also over every military and political detail in the book, we shall cite a few paragraphs that will interest the popular reader, both by the nature of the facts and the manner of narration. Take this concerning the birth of Hydur:

In the year 1134 H., A.D, 1721, while he dwelt there, a son of auspicious presage and exalted good fortune was born to him; who from the glory of his person shed splendour on the lap of the nurse of him. The sun being in the sign Aries when he was born, he was named Hydur Ali Khan.

A historian who has sought for historical documents, states that, after the birth of the child, certain astrologers cast his nativity, and disclosed that although this boy would certainly arrive at the dignity of the crown and throne, and rise to be the sovereign of the two Karnatics; yet, that he would, in a short time, suffer the pain and grief of becoming an orphan; that is, his father would be taken from him. On hearing this prediction, his relatives, with one accord, determined that the child should be fed with the milk of death and laid to sleep in the cradle of eternity.

His father, however, on being informed of this intention, said, "If the auspicious omen attendant on his birth rests on me, well and good, be it so; for good and bad proceed alike from God's decrees. In consequence of this, the mother and relatives of this light of prosperity and good fortune spared no pains in his nurture and preservation.

The birth of Tippoo Sultan we find to be described in the following "chosen words teeming with meaning:"

Praise and gratitude to God! who, after so much desire and anxiety, caused the rose tree to produce the bud of hope, who caused Hydur Ali's house and fortunes to be illumined by the lamp of prosperity, also the night of his desire to be succeeded by the morning of its fulfilment; that is to say, the rising of the bright star of the constellation of power and dignity, in the village of Dewun Hulli, on the morning of Saturday, the 20th of Zi, Huj, year 1163, H., shedding its light on the field of his father's wishes for progeny, dispelling the dark gloom obscuring his hopes, and rejoicing the heart of both friend and stranger. The brave Khan on the bestowal of this great gift, rubbed his forehead on the earth in acknowledgment, and offered up the thanksgiving and praise due to the Creator of all life; and for forty days likewise he kept his house for feasting and enjoyment, and opening wide the doors of his treasury, made all his servants and friends rich with his gifts.

The rose buds of his friends' hearts expanded and blossomed in this breeze of pleasure; day by day, the Nagaras of rank and fortune were beaten at his gate, and the blessings accompanying the propitious steps of that fortunate child increased in number, for even from the day of his birth, riches and power, it may be said, came in person to meet and do him honour; and as his advent was owing to the secret inspiration and intercession of the Saint Tippoo Mustan, he was named Tippoo Sultan, and no care was omitted in his nurture and preservation.

Our next concerns the marriage, *marriages* rather, of Tippoo, which occurred in 1771:

When the Nawaub Bahadúr was freed from the war with the English, and his arrangements with the Poligars, &c., and had returned victorious to his capital, he determined to celebrate the nuptials of the Princes and Princesses; and therefore with the greatest pleasure, demanded for his son the daughter of Imám Sáhib Bukhshi, Nayut, whom he had brought from Arkat, and he ordered the preparations for the banquet, &c., to be made. The ladies of the curtain of chastity and purity, that is, the mother of the Prince, and the wife of Hydur Sáhib, the elder, would not, however, agree to the marriage of this lady; but agreeably to the choice of the bridegroom himself, and that of their family, selected Rukha Banoo, the daughter of Lala Mean, (who was killed at Churkoli,) and the sister, by both parents, of Búrhan-ud-diú Sipahsalar. The Nawaub, being angry at the rejection of his choice, gave orders that the Prince should be married to both ladies the same night. Those, therefore, to whom charge was given to prepare the banquet for this happy occasion, commenced the music of congratulation on both sides, and the feast was spread, and the customary forms of rejoicing, agreeably to the usages of the Dukkanees, were

l celebrated in royal style and fashion; and, for nearly a month, the streets id markets of the city were ornamented, like the nuptial chamber of the bride id bridegroom, and the fame and noise of the royal banquet extended to all irts of the world. The joyful entertainments, music, and all other appliances delight, were provided so abundantly, that, during the whole time, little and reat, low and high, either among the servants of the government, or the inabitants of the city, never dosed their hands from eating and drinking, the iief officers of the army, the brave men of the body guard, the servants of the ousehold, and the dancing girls, with countenances lovely as Venus, like rides and bridegrooms, arrayed in their various coloured raiment, excited by neir beauty the envy of the ever blossoming rose garden; and the poor and eedy of the world, by the gifts of pearls and jewels, made on this marriage, rere placed independent of poverty and want.

At length, at the fortunate and blessed moment, after the ceremony of riding n procession, the bridegroom was first taken to the gate of the Nayut's house, ınd, after the reading of the Klotha and Nikah, and the performance of other narriage customs, the bridegroom was again mounted, and taken to the resected gate, of Lala Mean, where all the ladies of the Nawaub's family, and ıll his relations assembled, and gave their sanction to the Klotha and Nikah and with the assistance of able bride's-women, the ceremonies of galwak, &c., were performed to their perfect satisfaction, and the sun and moon were placed in auspicious conjunction. In truth, it is the nature of most men and women, that although women of their own tribe may be the poorest in the country, still they hold them in respect and honour, and disparage the women of other tribes by hints and allusions, even when allowing their claim to lineage and nobility. But, to return,—when they had finished all this celebration and congratulation, the two honourable ladies were placed in the serai of the Prince, and there remained.

Our last extract of all gives "an account of the Nawaub's last expedition, that is to say, his departure for his eternal abode in Paradise."

After an accidental scratch on his shoulders, the support of the world, a deadly boil or abscess made its appearance, and when this was shown to an able physician, he having examined it, conceived it to arise from a disordered stomach, and endeavoured to remedy it by depletion and purgative medicines. No relief, however, followed this practice; and the abscess becoming larger daily, the pain broke down Hydur's strong frame, and the physician having afterwards ascertained the distinctive signs of the disease, stated in private to the Nawaub, that it was a disease called Surtan, and that the best remedy was the application of a sheep's liver.

The translator supposes, that *cancer* was the disease meant.

Of a sudden it assumed great malignity, and completely prostrated his strength and spirits; and he was at last obliged to take to his bed. Yet, notwithstanding his ministers frequently represented the necessity of sending for his son Tippoo,—for that prince had long desired to pay his duty to his father,—he in reply merely said "Why do you trouble me in this manner?"

At length, however, he sent for his Moonshi, (secretary) to the presence, and ordered him to write to his son. • • • The next day the Nawaub then open the doors of his treasury, and gave all the soldiers of his army, each Katcheri or regiment separately, the amount of one month's pay as a gift. On the last day of Mohurrum il Huram, he asked his attendants what was the date of the month, they replied, "this is the last day of the month Zi Huj, and to night is the first of Mohurrum." He then directed that water might be made ready for him to bathe, and, although the physician objected to his bathing, they turned him out of the tent, and the Nawaub bathed. Then, having put on clean clothes, he repeated some prayer or invocation on his finger, rubbing his face; and at the same time despatched two thousand horse to plunder and ravage the country of the Palijars north of Arkat, and two thousand horse towards Madras, for the same purpose, and to alarm the people there. He next sent for some of his officers, and gave them strict orders for the regulation of their departments, and afterwards swallowed a little broth and laid down to rest. The same night his ever victorious spirit took its flight to Paradise,— Verses, "Be he a beggar or a conquering King,"— "both must depart from this pleasant abode (the world)"—"When death follows any one,"—"He allows not a moment's delay,"—"In this chapter all are powerless; lovers and friends,"—"Wife and children."—"The body which has been nurtured in wealth and luxury"—"must at last sleep in the cold grave."—"The soldiers of death fear no armies;"—"They do not fear the warrior."—"A revolution of this round empty world,"—"And at once Hydur, and what belonged to Hydur, passed away."

The author winds up his history in a manner similar to the fashion that prevails nearer home, with a character of Hydur, notices of his habits and person, and sundry anecdotes illustrative of his temperament, as well as of the reciprocal bearing between him and his ministers and officers. Even from this eulogistic and flattering acount, he appears to have been as thorough a despot as ever ruled in the East. With regard to his political perfidy and treachery, towards friends who put their trust in him, there exists no doubt, although condemnation may be qualified when we consider the nature of his position, and the sort of necessities which parts of his policy and conduct imposed upon others. On the score of greatness, however, we do not see that he stands forth in very extraordinary dimensions in the pages before us, when you strip them of their flowers of speech and verbal exaggerations, reducing the described facts to their real shape and measure. To be sure, like Nicholas of Russia, his activity was boundless, while his observation and retentiveness, as well as promptitude and decision, had something of Napoleon's genius about them.

To those persons who take a particular interest in the main actor and subjects of the present volume, the paper by another than the historian whom we have been quoting, which Colonel Miles has judiciously appended, should be particularly consulted, in order to balance the extravagances of the more prolix writer and witness. Nor must we omit to mention that the large and elaborate map of the

ingdom of Mysore and adjacent provinces, which is bound up with ie volume, is a very desirable coutribution to the historical and topo-raphical student's library. Taking the publication altogether, we ay safely pronounce it to be one of the most valuable, also one of ie most curious and characteristic volumes, that the Oriental Transla-ion Committee have yet patronised and issued; giving us a very high lea of the judgment which the Society exercises, and of the in-luence which it possesses. A better proof than Colonel Miles's ervice need not be sought for.

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ART. X.

1. *Notices on Chinese Grammar.* By PHILO-SINENSIS. Batavia. Printed at the Mission Press.
2. *The Encyclopedia of the Chinese Language.* By J. M. CALLERY. Didot.

BITTER has been the discussion with regard to the war which England is at present waging with China. One party contemptuously, and with the view of exciting disgust, styles it the Opium War; denounces it as most impolitic as well as unjust, as a disgraceful and inhuman violation of the law of nations, as disastrous in itself, and as fraught with ruin and overthrow. The other party, of course, exactly reverses these terms and this picture; complaining of the lateness of the measure and the lesson, and exulting in the prospects which it opens for the march of civilization, the world's unimpeded intercourse, and the reciprocities of knowledge.

It is quite unnecessary, however, for our present purpose, to utter a word with regard to the political character of the war, or the necessity of making inroads upon the Celestial Empire in the way of reprisal, chastisement, or of effecting conquests. But one point is at least clear,—and its magnitude is enough to occupy the public mind and the foreseeing eye, with an unsurpassed earnestness and breadth of hope,—the war, the events which are at this moment in the course of action and of fulfilment, are not only beginning to inundate China with European civilization, and to break through its most curious exclusive system, but to open to Christendom the floodgates which have so long been denied a sluice, so as to let out for the benefit of the nations, the arts, the science, and the literature, which long before the commencement of our era had been in vigorous growth, and depositing vast riches. While then England appears to have become the appointed agent to unlock the ancient barrier, which turned back the waves of European knowledge and power from the largest empire in the world, and hemmed in with religious jealousy its own peculiar fantastic streams, we may reasonably look

for a new era in civilization, and the interchanges of thought and mental wealth, such indeed as can hardly be paralleled, unless the day-spring of Christianity be regarded in its paramount majesty and beneficence.

But there is one most important and obvious truth which clings to, and is even elementary as respects the promise which we are now contemplating; it is impossible that the intercourse and reciprocities, that healthy births in the way of knowledge and humanity, can ever take place, unless there be a mutual understanding of speech, of language, and of literature between the givers and receivers. How manifest is this in regard to commercial dealings; and how much more pressing is the principle or truth, when one comes to consider the necessities of refined and exalted thought, in the regions of exact science, pure arts, moral codes, and religious systems! Steam may neutralize the obstacles which geographical remoteness interposed; the mistress of the ocean may domineer in the Yellow seas; and war may level and sweep clean away the great wall of China, or let free the waters of her enormous canals. But unless mind can hold familiar intercourse with, and ignite mind; unless the grand key be held in perfect command that unlocks not only the market for manufactures and the fruits of the earth, but the language of a nation,—its history, its opinions, its arts, philosophy, and worship,—no certainly permanent or truly generative end has been achieved; no grand era worthy of the aspirations of philanthropy can be realized.

It is with hope and pleasurable confidence then that all reflecting persons must regard the signs that distinctly point to the study and culture of the Chinese language; and at present it is not necessary for us to notice other than the publications named at the head of this paper. The first in order, which has been handed to us by Messrs. Madden and Co., contains a great number of manifestly pertinent and informing notices on Chinese Grammar, by Mr. Medhurst. The suggestive nature as well as the direct instruction of these notices must strike any person who has ever made a study of language of any sort; how much more then when it is that of the original people of China,—an ideographic system in so far as its written symbols are concerned, and essentially imaginative.

Relative to sounds, the subject which first engages Mr. Medhurst, it is noticed, for instance, that on examining the great mass of those in the Chinese language, "they appear as if they were the first effort of articulation made by a child, which just commences to pronounce;" simple monosyllables being the stock of which the greater part of the words consist. "The student must therefore be prepared to deal with monosyllables in all their imperfections. If he merely wishes to study Chinese literature, this subject need not engage much of his attention, but if, on the contrary, he intends to speak the language, he must from the very first, bestow much care upon

repeating after the teacher, with a shrill voice, every sound; endeavouring to assimilate his enunciation as much as possible to the Chinese drawl." It is confessed that great difficulties attend the acquisition of the language, although as regards pronunciation, it is stated that many stupid Malays and Negroes have learned to do so, whilst well-educated men, who have confined themselves to their teachers, have found great difficulty of utterance whenever they came in contact with the common people. And mark, intonation, we are told, is a very essential part of the language, to which a student from the very first must accustom his ear, but which no written rules can teach.

Next, with regard to characters, the Chinese began by tracing an outline of the objects the ideas of which they wished to convey. The tradition is that two worthies, in high antiquity, discovered this art, "on beholding the lines on the back of a tortoise, and the streaks with which beautiful insects are adorned. But as everybody cannot paint, and the process in itself is a very tedious one, some more easy representation of ideas became necessary; the forms were contracted and remodelled, so as to suit the convenience of the writer." But how many ideas, abstract ones for instance, are there for which no imitative representations can be made; so that arbitrary signs had to be invented. In this way did the present system of the Chinese characters come into being, and attain completion after many changes and improvements; constituting the most stupendous work of human genius of which the literary world can boast; having been brought to "perfection by the incessant exertion and ingenuity of thousands of the most intelligent persons, chosen from a nation counting millions; and this after the labour of many centuries." And mark one result worthy of this stupendous creation: It is by the use of these characters, (numerous and difficult of acquisition though they be,) that this great nation has remained one whole; for how great soever the dialectical differences, the literature has remained the same; intelligible to the inhabitants of the most distant provinces throughout all ages.

The elements of the characters, (we are merely taking a remark here and there that occurs in the Notices,) are very simple, consisting "of a horizontal and a perpendicular line, two oblique ones drawn in different directions, one with a hook at the end, and a point or dot." It is of these few strokes that the vast variety of Chinese symbols have been framed. And yet how multitudinous may be their combinations, and how crowded, confused, and undistinguishable their characters, at least to the learner's eye. Why, it seems only to require a glance into Mr. Medhurst's volume to impress the belief that to decipher or write them correctly must be all but impossible. True, the radicals under which the Chinese characters are classified, are few,—214 being the number mentioned;

while, we are told, it is by no means necessary that there should be so many. But then think of the host of characters arranged under each radical; that signifying grass, for example, having 1423. If, however, each Chinese character had but a single meaning, it would be tolerably easy to acquire a sufficient number of them; "but besides the reasons that multiply in other languages the signification of words, there is in Chinese the similarity of sound with other characters, that leads to the confounding two or more symbols to convey a single idea, which renders the acquisition more difficult."

If the student pass on to the chapter which treats of words, he will find more reason for believing the author when he says, that it is only by hard labour and undivided attention that real progress can be made in the language. Just bear in mind that every character expresses an idea,—that the language is a system of symbols. It is therefore exceedingly dissimilar to our western tongues; so that Mr. Medhurst says, the European student at every step finds discrepancies if not the utmost contrariety, as compared with all that he has been hitherto accustomed to. "The sooner, therefore, such a learner can divest himself of his former ideas of Grammar the better. A new scene here appears before his eyes, and the more completely he can localize himself in this new sphere, the more easily will he comprehend the structure of the Chinese tongue."

But although the Chinese have no idea of our grammatical distinctions, Mr. Medhurst has made the attempt to place the language under such rules, in order to facilitate the study to Europeans. It is unnecessary, however, for us to accompany him; our only purpose by the few striking notices which we have cited, being to call attention to the practical nature of many of his directions, which are particularly illustrated with examples. The authorities and elementary works which he recommends to the student, on particular points, render the suggestions still more valuable. The only drawback to the publication which a person ignorant of the Chinese language can discover, attaches to the typography, or rather the texture of the paper, which is made the vehicle of information. Surely there was need in such a work for the utmost degree of mechanical distinctness and clearness, and why was not good English material provided for it, especially when it was necessary to employ the Mission Press?

One can hardly look into an account of the singularities and character of the Chinese language without having the idea impressed, that it must be all but a perfectly hopeless enterprise for a foreigner to undertake its acquisition, and that only a few who have an extraordinary aptitude for such learning are ever able to master its anomalies and make use of its riches. And when it comes to be considered that there are no existing aids of the nature of lexicons, similar or analogous to those which may with the utmost readiness

be consulted as regards every European tongue, the student must be repelled from undertaking the Herculean task. It is true there are Chinese dictionaries, while some of them have been compiled by Europeans. But mark their peculiarity: the Chinese language being created for the imagination, to quote M. Callery, "and grounded, we may also say, on the picturesque, admits an infinite number of meanings, indirect and inverse, with allusions, metaphors, allegories, strange comparisons, and other figures peculiar to itself; which no foreigner can understand, till he has acquired a competent knowledge of the facts, customs, and tenets, which are the origin of all these tropes; whereas the languages of Europe employ words and roots which admit of very precise definition of an abstract nature, being adapted for reasoning rather than imagination. But, besides, "the Chinese, not being endowed with that spirit of order and method which characterises human genius, have never thought of establishing in their dictionaries a system of classification which assigns to each word and phrase a particular place where it is sure to be found." The consequence of this is, that when there are five hundred phrases under a word, the learner is compelled to go attentively over the whole several times, before he is certain that the phrase or word he is looking for, is not there. If any one will but just consider what the consequence must be when there is no alphabet, and therefore no arrangement to be regulated by the sequences of letters, some of the puzzlings attendant on consulting a Chinese dictionary will be perceived.

A Chinese lexicon cannot closely be assimilated to that of any European language; in fact, it must partake very much of the character of an Encyclopedia; because from the "singular character of the language, it must embrace not only all the philological explanations and discussions necessary for the understanding of each word and locution, it must also comprise an infinity of details, equally curious and diversified, on facts, usages, and natural phenonema, &c., &c." So that a Chinese dictionary may not altogether inappropriately be entitled an Encyclopedia of the Chinese Empire. The truth is that a "universal dictionary of the Chinese language, which shall supply all that is required by sinologists, and shall make known in Europe the inexhaustible riches of the idiom of the Celestial Empire, must not be composed of definitions merely, but must contain all the details above enumerated." Accordingly, the great lexical mine of the empire extends to *one hundred and thirty thick volumes;* and it occupied seventy-six of the most distinguished literati of China eight years, under the daily superintendence of *Kang-hi*, "the greatest emperor, and perhaps the most learned man that China ever knew."

Here are formidable and astounding statements for you; and how is M. Callery to grapple with such a colossal undertaking, as not only to make these 130 volumes the basis of his work, whose accu-

mulated wealth shall be laid before the European world, but greatly to add to it, and improve it?

Now, we think that in the advertising specimen before us we have a plan sketched, and resources pointed out, which promise to realize all that can be produced, and in the given circumstances desired, in relation to such a gigantic work; nor does it appear to us that the compiler speaks unadvisedly when he ranks the undertaking among one of those great works "which make an era in the history of science. Indeed, it has been only on reading his Advertisement, and after an examination of the specimen before us, that we fancy we now perceive how a foreigner may become a profound Chinese scholar; nay, and acquire an enthusiasm for its study that has never been surpassed in the history of philology or of learning of any sort.

"There is one doubt," observes M. Callery, "which will naturally arise within the minds of thinking men on the perusal of this sketch of our projected work: they will ask whether we have at our disposal auxiliary means proportioned to our object; or whether we rely altogether on our own individual erudition for endowing the republic of letters with a work so vast and complete as we here venture to announce." Now, he is not to depend on his own resources alone, which, however, are of a rare order, as we believe his "System Phoneticum Scripturæ Sinicæ" has demonstrated to the learned world. Indeed, he tells us that his application to the study of the Chinese language has been unremitting from his youth, and that he has derived peculiar advantages from a seven years' residence in China. But, besides, he is to receive great assistance from friends whose names occupy a conspicuous place in the annals of learning, several of whom he particularises, conjointly with that of the "celebrated monument of linguistical science, by which Chinese philologists have shown themselves so superior to the lexicographers of all other nations."

As it at present stands, that monument, however, is not accessible in as far as European sinologists are concerned: first, because, having been printed at the public expense and distributed gratis, either among the grandees of the empire, or the literati who assisted in compiling it, it therefore never came into the book-market. "At the present time it is only found, even in China, in the private libraries of a few mandarins and literati, whom hardly any consideration would induce to part with it." But secondly, "before a person can make any use of the *Chinese Stephanus*, he must be already conversant with the Chinese language and literature." What then are to be the distinguishing and facilitating features of M. Callery's Encyclopedia, and which he asserts will render it "far superior to the Chinese original?" A number of his projected improvements are pointed out in the Advertisement, several of them, manifestly of a simplifying nature as to arrangement, intelligible system, and readily-consulted classification; and others again of a character that will

give translations, such as of plants, animals, &c., corresponding to the names in Western science; it being manifestly of the utmost importance to know the corresponding terms in the nomenclatures admitted in Europe, and thus to lay open also many of the principal secrets, say of a medicinal kind, which the Chinese have possessed for centuries. We quote several of the explanatory particulars at the close of the Advertisement, in order that we may give the utmost publicity in our power to the nature and promises of this gigantic enterprise, and in justice too to the publisher, M. Didot, who already occupies a highly distinguished rank in the trade, and whose "Bibliotheca Græcorum Scriptorum" alone will transmit his fame to posterity, along with that of the most celebrated bibliopoles. The "Encyclopedia of the Chinese Language," however, when completed, will be a far greater triumph than any that he has yet heralded. Now for our quotation.

The two first volumes will be devoted to a general dissertation on the subjects we have briefly discussed in the introduction to the *Systema phoneticum*, as well as some other interesting questions, relating to the affinities of the Chinese language, which for want of sufficient data we were compelled to pass over unnoticed in the above-named publication. That we may enrich this dissertation with all the discoveries which shall result from our further researches in the course of our long labours, we shall not publish these two first volumes until the body of the work is completed.

The last volume will present several tables, which will render the use of the work extremely easy to every body. In the first, for instance, Sinologists unacquainted with the phonetic system will find all the characters classed according to the Chinese keys, with a reference to the volume and page where each is to be found. In the second, persons who can speak Chinese, and the Chinese themselves, will find the characters arranged according to the pronunciation, so that a person who remembers the sound of a character but has forgotten the form, can readily find it. In the third, we shall enumerate in alphabetical order all the principal subjects treated of in the body of the work, so that persons totally ignorant of Chinese may instantly find the encyclopedian articles which may interest them. As to the general table of the phonetic system, we shall give it at the very beginning of the work, and, as nearly as possible in a synoptical form.

Such is the plan of the colossal monument that we purpose erecting to Sinological science. We will not conceal the fact that its execution presents great difficulties, and that a whole life, perhaps, will not be too much to devote to such a purpose. But the experience we have acquired in our previous labours, the perseverance with which we prosecute our researches, and the assistance we shall derive from the friendship of an extensive circle of English, Portuguese, and American Sinologists of established reputation, give us the courage necessary to the enterprise, and the inward conviction that we shall honourably fulfil our promises.

The typographical execution, as may be seen by the type and paper employed for this specimen, will be very superior. The Chinese characters will be engraved under our own immediate superintendence by the first engravers in

the province of Canton, who are the cleverest in China. We can refer to the Chinese part of our *Systema photenicum* for a proof of the unexpected success that has attended our efforts in this particular.

From calculations which we have every reason to believe accurate, we have ascertained that, by adopting the size and type of the accompanying specimen, the whole work will be comprised in about twenty volumes, each of 600 pages. In order to satisfy as soon as possible the anxiety of our readers, and to keep up the interest that our work must excite, we shall not stay for the completion of a volume before we publish, but shall issue every three months as much as we have been able to get done during that time, leaving it for our subscribers to divide the different parts into equal volumes.

It is easy to conceive that so vast a publication executed in a country where silver is of so little value, will require a large outlay, and that the price will consequently not be such as to place our work within the reach of narrow means. However, as we have no other object but to be useful, and as our individual necessities are easily supplied, we shall be satisfied with covering the expenses of printing.

The number of copies printed will therefore be only 250, which will be delivered to subscribers at the rate of 30*s*. the volume.

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## Art. XI.—*Life and Remains of Margaret Davidson.* By Washington Irving. Tilt and Bogue.

Margaret had a sister, and between the two there was such a twinship that the biography of the one might almost stand for that of the other. This remarkable fact requires that we should give a sketch of the history of each of them; with a few of their Remains, which we are enabled to do, there having been more than one Life of the elder sister. We follow that by Samuel F. B. Morse, M.A., published at New York, in 1839. Miss Sedgwick has also, but more recently, performed a similar service.

Lucretia Maria Davidson was born in September, 1808, at Plattsburgh, on Lake Champlain; and was the second daughter of Dr. Oliver Davidson, and Margaret his wife. Her parents were far from being in affluent circumstances, and therefore it was necessary that their daughter should attend pretty constantly to household affairs, which she did in an exemplary manner, although she cherished an uncommon love for mental and literary pursuits, even from such an early period as her fourth year. She had an extraordinary taste for retirement, in order to devour her little books, and not less to make a lavish use of pen, ink, and paper; at the same time anxiously concealing even from her parents what she did with these materials. In fact, she destroyed them rather than the discovery should be made; and when pressed to tell how she had been occupied, silent tears were her answer. At length her mother made the discovery, on

finding a quantity of little books carefully secreted, which had been made of the paper which she had obtained, the leaves being covered with child-like drawings, and, on first looking at them, of rude characters, utterly confused and unmeaning. On further examination, however, they were found to be meant for the letters of the alphabet, in imitation of their printed form, and to be arranged so as to constitute verses; these being for the most part descriptive of the accompanying drawing. When the child became acquainted with the fact of the discovery, she manifested great distress, and seized the very first opportunity to destroy them. It is no uncommon thing for true genius and the most retiring modesty to be allied.

None of these very early efforts were preserved or copied; and the very first specimen of her composition that remains, but which the editor has not given to the public, is an epitaph on the death of a robin red-breast, that died in an attempt to rear it. This was written in her ninth year. In her eleventh, having been taken to see a splendidly decorated room, in which the birth-day of Washington was to be celebrated, neither her eye nor fancy was at all affected by what she beheld; her whole soul being wrapt up with emotions about the patriot-hero, whom she made the subject of a funeral urn and a few verses, when she returned home. But while extremely modest, she was equally sensitive; for when a kinswoman seemed to think that Lucretia had copied the stanzas, her heart was like to burst. However, as soon as she could command composure, she wrote a remonstrance in verse; and this settled the question.

She was a great reader; and by the time she was twelve years old, had perused a great number of the best English works, historical and fictitious, as well as poetic. There seems to have been no interference exercised with regard to her choice of authors; being, however, guided by a very decided taste and principle of selection of her own. She was a great observer, having been frequently known "to watch the storm, and the retiring clouds, and the rainbow, and the setting sun, for hours."

Lucretia's mother was a woman of very delicate health; and was confined to her bed for a series of months, when the girl was about twelve years old. And a more affectionate and assiduous nurse could not exist; at the same time that she with great considerateness acted the part of her parent in the domestic management. It was during her mother's illness that a gentleman who had seen some of Lucretia's poetry, sent her a bank-bill for twenty dollars, along with a complimentary epistle. Her first joyful thought was that now she had the means of increasing her little library. But it was but a transient idea, for as she turned her eyes to her sick parent, thay were filled with tears; then putting the bill into her father's hand, she said, "Take it, father; it will buy many comforts for mother; I can do without books."

It has been already stated that Lucretia's parents did not control her taste in regard to selection of authors; neither did they strive to check her studies. But it was not without having meddling and injudicious *friends* to counsel them to adopt another course. Indeed some of them would have had them to deprive the wonderful girl even of pen, ink, and paper; and to force her to attend solely to household business. This was harsh advice, but found not a response in the hearts of the doating parents. They even strove to keep it as a secret from Lucretia. She, however, somehow became aware that such counsel had been tendered. And what think you was the effect upon such a sensitive nature? Did she not display resentment, and entertain dislike towards the meddling parties? No; neither of these. On the contrary, she thought that they were in the right, and determined to acquiesce. Accordingly she laid aside her books as well as her pen. And what next? Why, her physical strength as well as her spirits began to give way. She grew dejected; often burst into tears while at her household work; and seemed to be sinking. She was a lovely girl; as beautiful in person as she was gifted and graceful in mind. But she was also fragile as a lily, and the eye of fond solicitude dreaded that her sojourn on earth might be brief. "Lucretia," said her mother one day, "it is a long time since you have written anything." Tears, were the first reply; she then added, "O mother, I have given that up long ago." "But why?" said the mother. With much emotion she returned, "I am convinced from what my friends have said, and from what I see, that I have done wrong in pursuing the course I have. I well know that the circumstances of the family are such, that it requires the united efforts of every member to sustain it: and since my eldest sister is now gone, it becomes my duty to do everything in my power to lighten the cares of my parents." Matchless girl! is the exclamation that must be ready to burst from the reader's lips. How must her parents have loved her! But their love was linked with prudence and considerate judgment; for her mother persuaded her to take a middle course; and then she became comparatively happy.

We have already noticed Lucretia's sensitive modesty; and it was manifested in diverse unmistakeable ways. For example, the idea of rewards, sometimes tendered by admiring friends, by no means excited her pride or fostered her genius; on the contrary, in her thirteenth year, she versified her feelings on this subject, declaring that such promises and worldly motives quenched her muse.

Lucretia's was a tender and fragile frame, but the tenement of a mind and imagination which would have required robust health and a strong physical constitution to sustain the eagerness and stretch of her thoughts and efforts. Alas! that frame was evidently destined to be consumed by the fire within; external circumstances also, and the position in which she was planted and fixed, all combining to feed

the flame, and to stimulate her spirit. Even the labour of her hands was that of an exhausting ardour.

She composed with great rapidity; as fast as most persons usually copy. There are several instances of four or five pieces on different subjects, and containing three or four stanzas each, written on the same day. Her thoughts flowed so rapidly, that she often expressed the wish that she had two pair of hands, that she might employ them to transcribe. When "in the vein," she would write standing, and be wholly abstracted from the company present and their conversation. But if composing a piece of some length, she wished to be entirely alone; she shut herself into her room, darkened the windows, and in summer placed her Æolian harp in the window. In those pieces on which she bestowed more than ordinary care, she was very secret; and if they were, by any accident, discovered in their unfinished state, she seldom completed them, and often destroyed them. She cared little for any of her works after they were completed. Some, indeed, she preserved with care for future correction, but a great proportion she destroyed: very many that are preserved, were rescued from the flames by her mother. Of a complete poem in five cantos, called "Rodri," and composed when she was thirteen years of age, a single canto, and part of another, are all that are saved from a destruction which she supposed had obliterated every vestige of it.

She was often in danger, when walking, from carriages, &c., in consequence of her absence of mind. When engaged in a poem of some length, she has often forgotten her meals. A single incident illustrating this trait in her character is worth relating. She went out early one morning to visit a neighbour, promising to be at home to dinner. The neighbour being absent, she requested to he shown into the library. There she became so absorbed in her book, standing, with her bonnet unremoved, that the darkness of the coming night first reminded her that she had forgotten her meals, and expended the entire day in reading.

Now, when one connects this eagerness and ardour in intellectual pursuits, and the recklessness of personal health and bodily comfort which resulted, with the other fact, that her nature was so sensitive and nervous that whenever she listened to Moore's song, the Farewell to his Harp, she became pale and cold, and was like to faint, what else will be expected than that we should soon hear of her withering away, and being speedily translated to a sphere where sickness and death shall never enter? But this is not all; for while constituted of such frail and such susceptible elements, there was positive disease in her temperament, as is proved by the fact, that although Moore's song made her vibrate, she yet yearned to hear it *at twilight;* and consequently added fuel to her inherent disease. Another of her excitements and resources was to place the wind harp in the window, when she was composing; the fancy as well as the effect being evidence of a sensibility that was morbidly acute. Will our readers marvel when they hear that the exquisite Lucretia was the victim of headaches? In her fifteenth year she thus complains and apostrophizes:

Head-ache, thou bane to pleasure's fairy spell!
Thou fiend! thou foe to joy! I know thee well;
Beneath thy lash I've yearned for many an hour;
I hate thee, for I've known and dread thy power.

Even the heathen gods were made to feel
The aching torments which thy hand can deal;
And Jove, the ideal king of heaven and earth,
Owned thy dread power, which called stern Wisdom forth.

Wouldst thou thus ever bless each aching head,
And bid Minerva make the brain her bed,
Blessings might then be taught to rise from woe,
And wisdom spring from every throbbing brow.

But always the reverse to me, unkind,
Folly for ever dogs thee close behind;
And, from this burning brow, her cap and bell
For ever jingle Wisdom's funeral knell.

Her stanzas to a Star, written in her fifteenth year, have in them a longing and a looking forward that were almost prophetic.

Thou brightly glittering Star of Even—
Thou gem upon the brow of Heaven!
Oh! were this fluttering spirit free,
How quick 'twould spread its wings to thee!

How calmly, brightly, dost thou shine,
Like the pure lamp in Virtue's shrine;
Sure the fair world which thou may'st boast,
Was never ransomed, never lost!

There, beings pure as Heaven's own air,
Their hopes, their joys, together share;
While hovering angels touch the string,
And seraphs spread the sheltering wing.

There, cloudless days and brilliant nights,
Illumed by Heaven's refulgent lights;
There, seasons, years, unnoticed roll,
And unregretted by the soul.

Thou little sparkling Star of Even—
Thou gem upon an azure heaven!
How swiftly will I soar to thee,
When this imprisoned soul is free!

This longing for departure, as well as this presentiment of death, were not symptoms of health and long life. Still, her eager pursuit of knowledge not only did not abate, but it grew with her years; and her exertions to gather it kept pace with her desire. And yet,

independently of these exhausting efforts and desires, which were quite passionate, she was consumed by the thought that she knew and could acquire so little. "I am now sixteen, she said on one occasion, "and what do I know? Nothing, nothing compared with what I have to learn. Time is rapidly passing by; and how dark are my prospects in regard to this favourite wish of my heart!" At another time she said,—"How much there is to learn!—If I could only grasp it at once!"

Lucretia was sixteen years old, when a gentleman, (Moss Kent, esq., as Miss Sedgwick has informed the public,) having perused some of her writings, and learning also what were the circumstances of the family, resolved to afford her the means of obtaining the best education which schools could supply; the tidings of which generous and beneficent offer transported the wonderful creature almost overwhelmingly. She was soon placed at the "Troy Female Seminary;" and without delay she set to study and to hasten improvement with a perilous eagerness; sometimes, as her letters and other writings show, with exulting hope and abounding satisfaction; on other occasions with gloom and despair. Even prior to her going to Troy, she at times manifested despondency, and a feeling that hers was not a happy, wholesome state; as these verses to a friend show:

And thou hast mark'd in childhood's hour
The fearless boundings of my breast,
When fresh as Summer's opening flower,
I freely frolick'd and was blest.

Oh say, was not this eye more bright?
Were not these lips more wont to smile?
Methinks that then my heart was light,
And I a fearless, joyous child.

And then did'st mark me gay and wild,
My careless, reckless laugh of mirth;
The simple pleasure of a child,
The history of man on earth.

Then thou hast seen me in that hour,
When every nerve of life was new,
When pleasures fann'd youth's infant flower,
And Hope her witcheries round it threw.

That hour is fading; it has fled;
And I am left in darkness now,
A wanderer tow'rds a lowly bed,
The grave, that home of all below.

Her letters while at school exhibit the extreme alternations to which her spirit was subjected. In one of these epistles she says,—

"Oh! I am so happy, so contented now, that every unusual movement startles me. I am constantly afraid that something will happen to mar it." In another, she thus writes to her mother,—"I hope you will feel no uneasiness as to my health and happiness; for, save the thoughts of my dear mother and her lonely life, and the idea that my dear father is slaving himself, and wearing out his very life, to earn a subsistence for his family—save these thoughts, (and I can assure you, mother, they come not seldom,) I am happy. Oh! how often I think, if I could have but one half the means I now expend, and be at liberty to divide that half with mamma, how happy I should be!—cheer up and keep good courage."

There was a vacation, and she returned home to spend it there, but had a serious illness, which added to the sensitiveness of her nature. On her recovery she repaired to a school in Albany; but here, soon after, had a more alarming attack; which, however, abated so far as to allow her to be taken back to die under her parent's roof. "The hectic flush of her cheek told but too plainly that a fatal disease had fastened upon her constitution, and must ere long inevitably triumph." And yet there was something sadder and more alarming than this. Listen to the last, and unfinished lines which she wrote:—

There is a something which I dread,
It is a dark, a fearful thing;
It steals along with withering tread,
Or sweeps on wild destruction's wing.

That thought comes o'er me in the hour
Of grief, of sickness, or of sadness;
'Tis not the dread of death,—'tis more,
It is the dread of madness.

Oh! may these throbbing pulses pause
Forgetful of their feverish course;
May this hot brain, which, burning glows
With all a fiery whirlpool's force,

Be cold, and motionless, and still
A tenant of its lowly bed;
But let not dark delirium steal—
* * *

Indeed, had her life been much prolonged, the probability is that madness would have been the issue; the very fear of it preying upon such a nature being more than it could bear.

It will be seen from our specimens of poor Lucretia's compositions, and indeed from the entire account we are giving, that it is a sketch of her life, not a criticism of her works, nor even a selection of what is most remarkable in them, that we are laying before our readers.

Neither have we paused to make remarks, or to point out the lessons which her history suggests. With regard, however, to her literary performances, we must allow Mr. Morse to be heard. He thus modestly and feelingly expresses himself:

> That she should have written so voluminously as has been ascertained is almost incredible. Her poetical writings which have been collected, amount in all to two hundred and seventy-eight pieces of various length; when it is considered that among these are at least five regular poems of several cantos each, some estimate may be formed of her poetical labours. Besides these were twenty-four school exercises, three unfinished romances, a complete tragedy, written at thirteen years of age, and about forty letters in a few months, to her mother alone. To this statement should also be appended the fact, that a great portion of her writings she destroyed. Her mother observes, "I think I am justified in saying that she destroyed at least one third of all she wrote."
>
> Of the literary character of her writings it does not, perhaps, become me largely to speak; yet I must hazard the remark, that her defects will be perceived to be those of youth and inexperience, while in invention and in that mysterious power of exciting deep interest, of enchaining the attention, and keeping it alive to the end of the story; in that adaptation of measure to suit a sudden change of sentiment; a wild and romantic description; and in the congruity of the accompaniment to her characters, all conceived with great purity and delicacy,—she will be allowed to have discovered uncommon maturity of mind, and her friends to have been warranted in forming very high expectations of her future distinction.

To this we may add a sentence or two from the article in the Quarterly Review, on Lucretia's Biography and Remains, which was written, we understand, by Dr. Southey. He says, speaking of her compositions, "In these immature buds, and blossoms shaken from the tree, and green fruit, there was as fair a promise of future excellence as ever genius put forth. * * * In these poems, there is enough of originality, enough of inspiration, enough of conscious energy, enough of growing power, to warrant expectations, however sanguine, which the patron, and the friends, and parents of the deceased could have formed." But we must now undertake a similar sketch of the other precocious girl, abiding by the purpose which has been kept in view in the preceding pages of our paper.

Margaret Miller Davidson was born in March, 1823. The first time that Mr. Irving saw her was in 1833. Mrs. Davidson was then at New York, and had expressed a desire to consult him about a new edition of Lucretia's works. He accordingly waited upon her,—a feeble sickly person, and interesting woman, as she had been represented in her daughter's biography. While he was conversing with her, he observed a little girl, whose intellectual and personal beauty struck him, as she gently moved about, and occasionally adjusted the pillow for her frail and ailing mother. He also noticed that the girl earnestly listened to the conversation. And this was Margaret. On

her leaving the room, "the mother spoke of her as having evinced the same early poetical talent that had distinguished her sister;" and then showed to him some of her verses, remarkable for such a child. He also found that she had "nearly the same moral and physical constitution, and was prone to the same feverish excitement of the mind and kindling of the imagination which had acted so powerfully on the fragile frame of her sister Lucretia." It was natural therefore that he not only should caution the mother with regard to her studies, so as to encourage those that would strengthen her judgment, address themselves to her common sense, and allay her sensitiveness. Mrs. Davidson's views were in exact accordance with Mr. Irving's. But there were special difficulties to encounter; for not only was the girl's natural disposition to be controlled, but the example of Lucretia had a remarkable power over her, while the enthusiasm with which she thought of, and cherished everything that related to her departed sister, poignantly affected her sensibilities, and seemed to threaten a like issue.

Mr. Irving had not an opportunity of again seeing Margaret for three years, during which the powers of her mind had been rapidly developed, and the loveliness of her person heightened; but his apprehensions had been verified,—the soul was wearing out the body.

> Preparations were making to take her on a tour for the benefit of her health, and her mother appeared to flatter herself that it might prove efficacious; but when I noticed the fragile delicacy of her frame, the hectic bloom of her cheek, and the almost unearthly lustre of her eye, I felt convinced that she was not long for this world: in truth she already appeared more spiritual than mortal. We parted, and I never saw her any more.

Mr. Irving goes on to say that within three years afterwards, a number of manuscripts were placed in his hands, "as all that was left of her." These were accompanied by copious memoranda, furnished by her mother; and from which he has digested the particulars of poor Margaret's life.

This lovely creature's tendency to "lisp in numbers," was observed when she was six years years old. "She frequently made little impromptus in rhyme, without seeming to be conscious that there was anything peculiar in the habit."

> On one occasion, while standing by a window at which her mother was seated, and looking out upon a lovely landscape, she exclaimed,—
>
> "See those lofty, those grand trees,
> Their high tops waving in the breeze;
> They cast their shadows on the ground,
> And spread their fragrance all around."

Her mother, who had several times been struck by little rhyming ejaculations of the kind, now handed her writing implements, and requested her to write down what she had just uttered. She appeared surprised at the request, but complied; writing it down as if it had been prose, without arranging it in a stanza, or commencing the lines with capitals The notice attracted to this impromptu, however, had its effect, whether for good or for evil. From that time she wrote scraps of poetry, or rather rhymes, every day.

We shall give another of her ejaculatory effusions, but at a later period. The reader cannot fail to discover the kinship which the two verses now to be cited, bear to a specimen of Lucretia's. It is not necessary to call it an imitation; although while it sprang from a twin-like soul, probably the idea had been kindled by her sister's lines.

After an evening's stroll along the river bank, we seated ourselves by a window to observe the effects of the full moon on the waters. A holy calm seemed to pervade all nature. With her head resting on my bosom, and her eyes fixed upon the firmament, she pointed to a particular bright star, and said—

"Behold that bright and sparkling star
Which setteth (sitteth) as a queen afar;
Over the blue and spangled heaven
It sheds its glory in the even:

Our Jesus made that sparkling star
Which shines and twinkles from afar;
Oh! 'twas that bright and glorious gem
That shone o'er ancient Bethlehem!

It is proper here to mention, that Margaret from the earliest period of her mental development exhibited not only a loveable and affectionate disposition, but a religious sentiment that might be called seraphic.

Margaret too had an extraordinary yearning for home, which no enticements that New York contained could balance. She was not to be weaned from her first love. We must take some wide strides in her history. Here are touching expressions of her filial piety and quenchless attachments.

I would fly from the city, would fly from its care,
To my own native plants and my flow'rets so fair!
To the cool grassy shade and the rivulet bright,
Which reflects the pale moon on its bosom of light.
Again would I view the old mansion so dear,
Where I sported a babe without sorrow or fear;
I would leave this great city, so brilliant and gay,
For a peep at my *home* on this pure summer-day.
I have friends whom I love, I would leave with regret,
But the love of my home—oh, 'tis tenderer yet!

There a sister reposes, unconscious in death,—
'Twas there she first drew and there yielded her breath;
A father I love is away from me now—
Oh could I but print a sweet kiss on his brow,
Or smooth the grey locks to my fond heart so dear,
How quickly would vanish each trace of a tear!
Attentive I listen to pleasure's gay call,
But my own darling *Home*, it is dearer than all.

We must not tarry to tell of the admiring stranger who felt such a deep interest in Margaret's welfare, or of the intense response which his friendship and attention drew forth; furnishing a striking parallel to Lucretia's benefactor. Let us hasten to the spring of the last year of her life, when she rallied, having been subject, as is ever the case, to coughs and convalescent states, relapses and revivals, but each attack with insidious and sure steps making fatal inroads.

"The moment, however, that she began to take daily exercise in the open air, I again," says her mother, "heard with agony the prophetic cough. I felt that all was over! She thought that she had taken cold, and our friends were of the same opinion. 'It was a slight cold, which would vanish beneath the mild influence of spring.' I, however, feared that her father's hopes might have blinded his judgment; and upon my own responsibility consulted a skilful physician, who had on many former occasions attended her. She was not aware of my present alarm, or that the physician was now consulted. He managed in a playful manner to feel her pulse, without her suspicions. After he had left the room, 'Madam,' said he, 'it is useless to hold out any false hopes; your daughter has a seated consumption, which is, I fear, beyond the reach of medical skill. There is no hope in the case: make her as happy and as comfortable as you can; let her enjoy riding in pleasant weather, but her walks must be given up; walking is too great an exertion for her.' With an aching heart I returned to the lovely unconscious victim, and found her tying on her hat for a ramble. I gently tried to dissuade her from going. She caught my eye, and read there a tale of grief which she could not understand and I could not explain. As soon as I dared trust my voice, I said, 'My dear Margaret, nothing has happened, only I have just been speaking with Dr. —— respecting you, and he advises that you give up walking, altogether. Knowing how much you enjoy it, I am pained to mention this, for I know that it will be a great privation.' 'Why, mamma,' she exclaimed, 'this cold is wearing off, may I not walk then?' The Doctor thinks you should make no exertion of that kind; but riding in fine weather may have a happy effect.' She stood and gazed upon my face long and earnestly; then untied her hat, and sat down, apparently ruminating upon what had passed: she asked no questions, but an expression of thoughtfulness clouded her brow during the rest of the day. It was settled that she was to ride out in fine weather, but not to walk out at all; and in a day or two she seemed to have forgotten the circumstance altogether. The return of the cough, and profuse night perspirations, too plainly told me her doom; but I still clung to the

hope, that, as she suffered no pain, she might by tender judicious treatment continue yet for years."

Just so; "I still clung to the hope!" And how can maternal solicitude but hope, until death hath closed the eyes of her child? But what are the strivings of the sick one? Yet how gradually she is brought to the gates of everlasting bliss!

She was much wasted, and could hardly walk from one room to another; her cough was very distressing; she had no pain, but a languor and depression of spirits, foreign to her nature. She struggled against this debility, and called up all the energies of her mind to overcome it: her constant reply to inquiries about her health, by the friends who called, was the same as formerly, "Well, quite well; mother calls me an invalid, but I feel well." Yet to me, when alone, she talked more freely of her symptoms; and I thought I could discern from her manner that she had apprehensions as to the result. I had often endeavoured to acquire firmness sufficient to tell her what was her situation; but she seemed so studiously to avoid the disclosure, that my resolution had hitherto been unequal to the task. But I was much surprised one day, not long after her return from New York, by her asking me to tell her, without reserve, my opinion of her state. The question wrung my very heart: I was wholly unprepared for it, and it was put in so solomn a manner that I could not evade it were I disposed to do so. I knew with what strong affection she clung to life, and the objects and friends which endeared it to her; I knew how bright the world upon which she was just entering appeared to her young fancy, what glowing pictures she had drawn of future usefulness and happiness. I was now called upon at one blow to crush these hopes, to destroy the delightful visions which had hovered around her from her cradle until this very period: it would be cruel and wrong to deceive her: in vain I attempted a reply to her direct and solemn appeal, and my voice grew husky; several times I essayed to speak, but the words died away on my lips; I could only fold her to my heart in silence, imprint a kiss upon her forehead, and leave the room to avoid agitating her with feelings I had no power to repress.

The last thread of hope,—the final decision:

Many of our friends now were of opinion that a change of climate might benefit, perhaps restore her. Heretofore, when the suggestion had been made, she shrunk from the idea of leaving her home for a distant clime. Now her anxiety to try the effect of a change was great. I felt that it would be vain, although I was desirous that nothing should be left untried. Feeble as she now was, the idea of her resigning the comforts of home and being subject to the fatigues of travelling in public conveyances was a dreadful one: yet if there was a rational prospect of prolonging her life by these means, I was anxious to give them a trial. Dr. Davidson, after much deliberation on the subject, called counsel. Dr. —— came, and when, after half an hour's pleasant and playful conversation with Margaret, he joined us in the parlour, oh how my poor heart trembled! I hung upon the motions of his lips as if my own life depended on what they might utter. At length he spoke, and I felt as if an

ice-bolt had passed through my heart. He had never thought, though he had known her many years, that a change of climate would benefit her. She had lived beyond his expectations many months, even years; and now he was convinced, were we to attempt to take her to a Southern climate, that she would die on the passage. Make it as pleasant as possible for her at home, was his advice. He thought that a few months must terminate her life. She knew that we had confidence in the opinion of this her favourite physician. When I had gained firmness enough to answer her questions, I again entered the room, and found her composed, though she had evidently been strongly agitated, and had not brought her mind to hear her doom. Never, oh never to the latest hour of my life, shall I forget the look she gave me when I met her. What a heart-rending task was mine. I performed it as gently as possible. I said the Doctor thought her strength unequal to the fatigue of the journey; that he was not so great an advocate for change of climate as many persons; that he had known many cases in which he thought it injurious; and his best advice was, that we should again ward off the severity of the winter by creating an atmosphere within our house. She mildly acquiesced, and the subject was dropped altogether.

Her occupations were still those which showed the ruling passion; reading according as her strength would allow, and a piece of paper generally resting in the book, upon which she occasionally marked the reflections which arose in her mind, either in poetry or prose.

But such a heavenly creature was not to depart without some little incidents, the more poignantly touching the nearer we approach the hour of death; and Margaret could invest them with a poetic halo. Here is an instance.

Her hair, which when a little child had been often cut to improve its growth, was now very beautiful; and she usually took much pains with it. During the whole course of her sickness I had taken care of it. One day not long before her death, she said, evidently making a great effort to speak with composure, "Mother, if you are willing, I will have my hair cut off: it is troublesome; I should like it better short." I understood her at once—she did not like to have the idea of death associated with those beautiful tresses which I had loved to braid; she would have them taken off while living. I mournfully gave my consent; and she said, "I will not ask you, my dear mother, to do it; my friend Mrs. F—— will be with me to-night, and she will do it for me." The dark rich locks were severed at midnight. Never shall I forget the expression of her young faded face as I entered the room. "Do not be agitated, dear mamma; I am more comfortable now. Lay it away, if you please, and to-morrow I will arrange and dispose of it. Do you know that I view my hair as something sacred? It is a part of myself, which will be reunited to my body at the resurrection."

And now for the end:—

My husband and Mrs. H. were both of them anxious that I should retire and get some rest; but I did not feel the want of it; and, impressed as I was with the idea that this was the last night she would pass on earth, I could not go

to bed. But others saw not the change, and to satisfy them, I went at twelve to my room, which opened into hers. There I sat listening to every sound. All seemed quiet. I twice opened the door; and Mrs. H. said she slept, and had taken her drink as often as directed, and again urged me to go to bed. A little after two I put on my night-dress, and laid down. Between three and four Mrs. H. came in haste for ether. I pointed to the bottle, and sprang up. She said, "I entreat, my dear Mrs. Davidson, that you do not rise: there is no sensible change, only a turn of oppression." She closed the door, and I hastened to rise; when Mrs. H. came again and said, "Margaret has asked for her mother." I flew—she held the bottle of ether in her own hand, and pointed to her breast. I poured it on her head and chest. She revived. "I am better now," said she. "Mother, you tremble; you are cold; put on your clothes." I stepped to the fire, and threw on a wrapper; when she stretched out both her arms, and exclaimed, "Mother, take me in your arms." I raised her, and seated myself on the bed, passed my arms round her waist: her head dropped upon my bosom, and her expressive eyes were raised to mine. That look I never shall forget; it said, "Tell me, mother, is this death?" I answered the appeal as if she had spoken. I laid my hand on her white brow—a cold dew had gathered there. I spoke, "Yes my beloved, it is almost finished: you will soon be with Jesus." She gave one more look, two or three short fluttering breaths, and all was over—her spirit was with its God; not a struggle or groan preceded her departure. Her father just came in time to witness her last breath.

Such was the close of the brief and brilliant life of this angelic and gifted creature, cut off in her sixteenth year by consumption, whose victims so often are the young, the fascinating, the prematurely developed, and the etherial in temperament and aspiration. Margaret was unquestionably a wonderful child, a precocious girl,—a meet sister for Lucretia. True, the literary Remains of neither of them are destined to occupy a high rank as poems, or to produce any permanent effects on the public mind and taste. It is not to be expected that genius or any sort of excitement, without experience of the world, much observation of nature and society, and a long course of reflection and reading, will ever present that substance of thought, compactness of sentiment, and culture of imagination that bequeath enduring, yet frequently original beauties and riches. At the same time, how extraordinary the facility, the fancy, and the inspiration of these loving girls. Their sentiments flowed always in the most graceful streams, whether in relation to domestic duties and affections, or of poetic ecstasies; but while the loveliness and instinctive fluency of the former display, would no doubt have uniformly characterized their holy natures, and perhaps acquired greater depth and tension as they advanced to middle or old age, it is a question whether an analogous degree of maturity and ripened fruit would have been realized in their literary performances. The precocious do not often fulfil the promise which they give out; they do not even generally live to have that promise tested.

And yet both sisters had that within them that rose, and, we may add, triumphed with the demands which happened to be made upon their imaginative powers, and acquired resources,—and this too almost without the semblance of an effort, or the experience of difficulty. Take as an example Margaret's "Leonore," a tale of the Rhine, which had its origin in a conversation with the mother, with regard to her ability to acquit herself well on a theme of greater compass and requirement than such subjects of a domestic or occasional character as she had usually adopted. We quote a specimen of this poem, taken from its opening.

"'Twas nightfall on the Rhine! the day
In pensive glory stole away,
Flinging his last and brightest glow
Full on the restless waves below,
As if an angel's hand hath dyed
With hues from heaven the sparkling tide!
The fleeting ray an instant beam'd;
O'er hill and vale and rock it stream'd;
Till the dark time-defying cliff
Seem'd glowing, melting into life;
Then, swiftly fading, glided o'er,
And left it lonelier than before.

"The distant hills of sombre blue,
Tinged with that rich and varying hue,
Now darker and more mingled grew;
The Rhine, enrobed in shadows gray,
Roll'd on its giant path,
Lashing the rocks which barr'd its way,
Now curling graceful as in play,
Now roaring as in wrath!
While trembling in the tinted West,
The fair moon rear'd her silver crest;
And fleecy clouds, as snow-wreaths pale,
Twined on her brow their graceful veil;
And one by one, with tiny flame,
Night's heavenly tapers softly came,
And toward their mistress trembling stole,
Like pleasing memories o'er the soul.
And shade by shade her brilliance grew,
As past away that sunset hue,
Till o'er the heaving Rhine she stood,
Bathing in light its sleeping flood;
Pouring her full and melting ray
Where rock and hill and forest lay,
And where, in clust'ring trees embower'd,
An ancient castle proudly tower'd:
O'er the gray walls her glances play'd,
O'er drawbridge, moat, and tower they stray'd,

As striving with that holy light
To pierce the works of earthly might,
And cast one heavenly beam within
The abode of human toil and sin."

It is true, that this description, both as regards rhythm and fancy, points out pretty distinctly the author imitated, or into whose style she had unconsciously and easily dropped; but still, as a poetic tale, written by such a girl, and this too in about three months, the performance approaches a prodigy. And then, when we come to examine the extracts from her letters or her journal, we find a clearness of perception, a soundness of judgment, and an intellectual vigour, which are hardly less remarkable than her brilliancy and fluency of fancy. Take a modest criticism on Mrs. Hemans.

I will endeavour to answer your question about Mrs. Hemans. I have read several lives of this distinguished poetess, by different authors, and in all of them find something new to admire in her character and venerate in her genius. She was a woman of deep feeling, lively fancy, and acute sensibilites; so acute, indeed, as to have formed her chief unhappiness through life. She mingles her own feelings with her poems so well, that in reading *them* you read *her* character. But there is one thing I have often remarked—the mind soon wearies in perusing many of her pieces at *once*. She expresses those sweet sentiments so often, and introduces the same stream of beautiful ideas so constantly, that they sometimes degenerate into monotony. I know of no higher treat than to read a few of her best productions, and comment upon and feel their beauties; but perusing her *volume* is to me like listening to a strain of sweet music repeated over and over again, until it becomes so familiar to the ear that it loses the charm of variety.

Now, dear H., is not this presumption in me, to criticise so exquisite an author? But you desired my opinion, and I have given it to you without reserve.

With regard, however, to the volume before us, its chief and most touching interest attaches to the Life, rather than to the poetical Remains of its extraordinary subject. There were,—there could be but few stirring incidents in her history; but then it was distinguished by such guilelessness and intense affection, such filial duty and willingness, such seraphic ardour and etherial beauty, that from the moment that the reader hears Mr. Irving first speak of her, then about eleven years of age, "moving quietly about her mother, occasionally arranging a pillow,"—of the "intellectual beauty about this child, that was heightened by a blushing diffidence,"—to the last scene in her earthly race, the interest is continuous and accumulative.

Nor must we omit to state that much of this interest arises from the notices one obtains of the mother, and even from the elegant and tasteful memoranda which she has supplied. Without a doubt Mrs. Davidson, when narrating Lucretia's or Margaret's story, was

only, without being at all aware of it, giving out her own; with this difference, that while God translated them to mansions in the skies, the mother remained on earth, to do good, were it but by an exemplary submission to His will amid afflictions of body and mind of no ordinary kind. We conclude in Mr. Irving's own words: "The narrative will be found almost as illustrative of the character of the mother as of the child; they were singularly identified in taste, feelings, and pursuits; tenderly entwined together by maternal and filial affections, they reflected an inexpressibly touching grace and interest upon each other by this holy relationship; and, to my mind, it would be marring one of the most beautiful and affecting groups in the history of modern literature, to sunder them."

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ART. XII.—*American Notes for General Circulation.* By CHARLES DICKENS. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

WE dip at once into these pages, and begin with the beginning:—Boz is on board the tender that is hastening with passengers to the *Britannia* steamer, which is anchored at the mouth of the Mersey.

And there she is! all eyes are turned to where she lies, dimly discernible through the gathering fog of the early winter afternoon; every finger is pointed in the same direction; and murmurs of interest and admiration—as "How beautiful she looks!" "How trim she is!"—are heard on every side. Even the lazy gentleman, with his hat on one side and his hands in his pockets, who has dispensed so much consolation by inquiring with a yawn of another gentleman whether he is going "across"—as if it were a ferry—even he condescends to look that way, and nod his head, as who should say "No mistake about *that*:" and not even the sage Lord Burleigh in his nod, included half so much as this lazy gentleman of might who has made the passage (as everybody on board has found out already; it's impossible to say how) thirteen times without a single accident! There is another passenger very much wrapped up, who has been frowned down by the rest, and morally trampled upon and crushed for presuming to inquire with a timid interest how long it is since the poor President went down. He is standing close to the lazy gentleman, and says with a faint smile, that he believes She is a very strong ship; to which the lazy gentleman, looking first in his questioner's eye and then very hard in the wind's, answers unexpectedly and ominously, that She need be. Upon this the lazy gentleman instantly falls very low in the popular estimation, and the passengers, with looks of defiance, whisper to each other that he is an ass, and an impostor, and clearly don't know any thing at all about it.

We can hardly omit giving our fresh-water sailor's account of a gale, during his "voyage out:"—

"Will it ever be worse than this?" was a question I had often heard asked,

when everything was sliding and bumping about, and when it certainly did seem difficult to comprehend the possibility of anything afloat being more disturbed, without toppling over and going down. But what the agitation of a steam-vessel is on a bad winter's night in the wild Atlantic, it is impossible for the most vivid imagination to conceive. To say that she is flung down on her side in the waves, with the masts dipping into them, and that springing up again, she rolls over on the other side, until a heavy sea strikes her with the noise of a hundred great guns, and hurls her back—that she stops, and staggers, and shivers, as though stunned, and then, with a violent throbbing at her heart, darts onward like a monster goaded with madness to be beaten down, and battered, and crushed, and leaped on by the angry sea—that thunder, lightning, hail, and rain and wind, are all in fierce contention for the mastery—that every plank has its groan, every nail its shriek, and every drop of water in the great ocean its howling voice—is nothing. To say that all is grand, and all appalling and horrible in the last degree, is nothing. Words cannot express it. Thoughts cannot convey it. Only a dream can call it up again, in all its fury, rage and passion,

And yet Boz's sense of the ridiculous got the better of his alarm in the very midst of these terrors. About midnight they shipped a sea, which having forced its way through the skylights, and burst open the doors above them, "came raging and roaring down into the ladies' cabin, to the inexpressible consternation of my wife and a little Scotch lady." He bethought of some restorative, and chose a tumbler full of hot brandy-and-water. The ladies were heaped together in one corner of a long sofa; and "when I approached this place with my specific, and was about to administer it, with any consolatory expressions, to the nearest sufferer, what was my dismay to see them all roll slowly along down to the other end! And when I staggered to that end, and held out the glass once more, how immensely baffled were my good intentions by the ship giving another lurch, and their all rolling back again! I suppose I dodged them up and down this sofa for at least a quarter of an hour, without reaching them once; and by the time I did catch them the brandy-and-water was diminished by constant spilling, to a tea-spoonful." The reader will observe that it is Boz who describes; and a *leetle* allowance is to be made for artistic exaggerations. The morning picture is striking and complete :—

Of the courageous antics performed by that ship next morning—which made bed a practical joke, and getting up by any process short of falling out, an impossibility—I say nothing. But any thing like the utter dreariness and desolation that met my eyes when I literally "tumbled up" on deck at noon, I never saw. Ocean and sky were all of one dull, heavy, uniform, lead colour. There was no extent of prospect, even over the dreary waste that lay around us; for the sea ran high, and the horizon encompassed us like a large black hoop. Viewed from the air or some tall bluff on shore, it would have been imposing and stupendous, no doubt; but seen from the wet and rolling decks, it only impressed one giddily and painfully. In the gale of last night, the

life-boat had been crushed by one blow of the sea like a walnut-shell, and there it hung dangling in the air—a mere faggot of crazy boards. The planking of the paddle-boxes had been torn sheer away! The wheels were exposed and bare; and they whirled and dashed their spray about the decks at random. Chimney, white with crusted salt; topmasts struck; stormsails set; rigging all knotted, tangled, wet, and drooping. A gloomier picture it would be hard to look upon.

But it is time that we should set foot upon the Transatlantic shore; and here we are in the Unitarian city of Boston. There is novelty in the sketch; but it looks as if there had been a straining after it.

When I got into the streets upon this Sunday morning, the air was so clear, the houses were so bright and gay; the signboards were painted in such gaudy colours; the gilded letters were so very golden; the bricks were so very red, the stone was so very white, the blinds and area railings were so very green, the knobs and plates upon the street doors so marvellously bright and twinkling; and all so slight and unsubstantial in appearance—that every thoroughfare in the city looked exactly like a scene in a pantomime. It rarely happens in the business streets that a tradesman, if I may venture to call anybody a tradesman where everybody is a merchant, resides above his store; so that many occupations are often carried on in one house, and the whole front is covered with boards and inscriptions. As I walked along, I kept glancing up at these boards, confidently expecting to see a few of them change into something; and I never turned a corner suddenly without looking out for the clown and pantaloon, who I had no doubt, were hiding in a doorway or behind some pillar close at hand. As to Harlequin and Columbine, I discovered immediately that they lodged (they are always looking after lodgings in a pantomime) at a very small clock-maker's, one story high, near the Hotel; which in addition to various symbols and devices, almost covering the whole front, had a great dial hanging out—to be jumped through, of course. The suburbs are, if possible, even more unsubstantial-looking than the city. The white wooden houses (so white that it makes one wink to look at them), with their green jalousie blinds, are so sprinkled and dropped about in all directions, without seeming to have any root at all in the ground; and the small churches and chapels are so prim, and bright, and highly varnished, that I almost believed the whole affair could be taken up piecemeal like a child's toy, and crammed into a little box.

We must again "go ahead," and are on to New York, where Mr. Dickens finds abundance of curiosities; and this may be said, whether we have our thoughts directed to the positive or the negative, to what is or to what is not; for the pencil of the sketcher produces many of his best effects by the contrasts of happily selected opposites. As thus—

But how quiet the streets are! Are there no itinerate bands; no wind or stringed instruments? No, not one. By day are there no Punches, Fantoccinis, Dancing dogs, Jugglers, Conjurors, Orchestrinas, or even Barrel-organs? No,

not one. Yes, I remember one. One barrel-organ and a dancing monkey—sportive by nature, but fast fading into a dull, lumpish monkey,—of the Utilitarian school. Beyond that, nothing lively; no, not so much as a white mouse in a twirling cage. Are there no amusements? Yes. There is a lecture room across the way, from which that glare of light proceeds, and there may be evening service for the ladies twice a week, or oftener. For the young gentleman, there is the counting-house, the store, the bar room: the latter, as you may see through these windows, pretty full. Hark! to the clicking sound of hammers breaking lumps of ice, and to the cool gurgling of the pounded bits as, in the process of mixing, they are poured from glass to glass! No amusements? What are these suckers of cigars and swallowers of strong drinks, whose hats and legs we see in every possible variety of twist, doing, but amusing themselves? What are the fifty newspapers, which those precocious urchins are bawling down the street, and which are kept filed within, what are they but amusements? Not vapid waterish amusements, but good strong stuff, dealing in round abuse and blackguard names; pulling off the roofs of private houses, as the Halting Devil did in Spain; pimping and pandering to all degrees of vicious taste, and gorging with coined lies, the most voracious maw; imputing to every man in public life the coarsest and vilest motives; scaring away from the stabbed and prostrate body-politic, every Samaritan of clear conscience and good deeds; and setting on with yell and whistle and the clapping of foul hands, the vilest vermin and worst birds of prey.—No amusements!"

Mr. Dickens found squalid poverty and loathsome vice even in New York. He plunged into the Five Points, having first with due precaution taken as an escort, two heads of the police, whose characteristics were as distinctly stamped, as if they had "been begotten, born, and bred in Bow-street." The subject of the sketch which we now present is quite in Boz's school.

"What place is this, to which this squalid street conducts us? A kind of square of leprous houses, some of which are attainable only by crazy wooden stairs without. What lies beyond this tottering flight of steps, that creak beneath our tread? a miserable room, lighted by one dim candle, and destitute of all comfort, save that which may be hidden in a wretched bed. Beside it sits a man, his elbows on his knees, his forehead hidden in his hands. "What ails that man?" asks the foremost officer. "Fever," he sullenly replies, without looking up. Conceive the fancies of a fevered brain in such a place as this!

Ascend these pitch-dark stairs, heedful of a false footing on the trembling boards, and grope your way with me into this wolfish den, where neither ray of light nor breath of air, appears to come. A Negro lad, startled from his sleep by the officer's voice; he knows it well; but comforted by his assurance that he has not come on business, officiously bestirs himself to light a candle. The match flickers for a moment, and shows great mounds of dusky rags upon the ground; then dies away, and leaves a denser darkness than before, if there can be degrees in such extremes. He stumbles down the stairs, and presently comes back shading a flaring taper with his hand. Then the mounds of rags

are seen to be astir, and rise slowly up; and the floor is covered with heaps of Negro women, waking from their sleep: their white teeth chattering, and their bright eyes glistening and winking on all sides with surprise and fear, like the countless repetition of one astonished African face in some strange mirror.

Mount up these other stairs with no less caution (there are traps and pitfalls here for those who are not so well escorted as ourselves) into the house-top, where the bare beams and rafters meet over head, and calm night looks down through the crevices in the roof. Open the door of one of these cramped hutches, full of sleeping Negroes. Pah! They have a charcoal fire within; there is a smell of singeing clothes or flesh, so close they gather round the brazier; and vapours issue forth that blind and suffocate. From every corner as you glance about you in these dark retreats, some figure crawls half-awakened, as if the judgment-hour were near at hand, and every obscene grave were giving up its dead. Where dogs would howl to lie, women and men and boys slink off to sleep; forcing the dislodged rats to move away in quest of better lodgings.

Here too, are lanes and alleys, paved with mud knee-deep; under-ground chambers, where they dance and game; the walls bedecked with rough designs of ships, and forts, and flags, and American eagles out of number; ruined houses, open to the street, whence, through wide gaps in the walls, other ruins loom upon the eye, as though the world of vice and misery had nothing else to show; hideous tenements, which take their name from robbery and murder; all that is loathsome, drooping and decayed is here.

The prison system, the solitary experiment, the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia, are exhibited with fearful force by Mr. Dickens. We abstain from arguments of our own on the subject, and only cite descriptions of scenes and sufferings, mystery and brimful cups of woe, that can hardly be exceeded by any under Italian despotism. If the flesh be not torn, the bones broken, and red-hot irons applied, the heart is consumed by the most anxiously contrived species of refined and slow-working fire.

Between the body of the prison and the outer wall, there is a spacious garden. Entering it by a wicket in the massive gate, we pursued the path before us to its other termination, and passed into a large chamber, from which seven long passages radiate. On either side of each is a long, long row of low cell-doors, with a certain number over every one. Above, a gallery of cells like those below, except that they have no narrow yard attached, (as those in the ground-tier have,) and are somewhat smaller. The possession of two of these is supposed to compensate for the absence of so much air and exercise as can be had in the dull strip attached to each of the others, in an hour's time every day; and therefore every prisoner in this upper story has two cells, adjoining and communicating with each other.

Standing at the central point, and looking down these dreary passages, the dull repose and quiet that prevail is awful. Occasionally, there is a drowsy sound from some lone weaver's shuttle or shoemaker's last; but it is stifled by the thick walls and heavy dungeon-door, and only serves to make the general

stillness more profound. Over the head and face of every prisoner who comes into this melancholy house a black hood is drawn; and in this dark shroud, an emblem of the curtain dropped between him and the living world, he is led to the cell, from which he never again comes forth until his whole term of imprisonment has expired. He never hears of wife or children, home or friends; the life or death of any single creature. He sees the prison-officers, but with that exception he never looks upon a human countenance or hears a human voice. He is a man buried alive; to be dug out in the slow round of years; and in the meantime dead to every thing but torturing anxieties and horrible despair.

His name, and crime, and term of suffering, are unknown even to the officer who delivers him his daily food. There is a number over his cell-door, and in a book of which the governor of the prison has one copy, and the moral instructor another: this is the index of his history. Beyond these pages, the prison has no record of his existence; and though he live to be in the same cell ten weary years, he has no means of knowing, down to the very last hour, in what part of the building it is situated; what kind of men there are about him; whether in the long winter nights there are living people near, or he is in some lonely corner of this great gaol, with walks, and passages, and iron doors, between him and the nearest sharer in its solitary horrors.

We must also give a sketch or two of the imprisoned:—

The first man I saw was seated at his loom at work. He had been there six years, and was to remain, I think, three more. He had been convicted as a receiver of stolen goods, but even after this long imprisonment, denied his guilt, and said he had been hardly dealt by. It was his second offence. He stopped his work when we went in, took off his spectacles, and answered freely to everything that was said to him, but always with a strange kind of pause first, and in a low, thoughtful voice. He wore a paper hat of his own making, and was pleased to have it noticed and commended. He had very ingeniously manufactured a sort of Dutch clock from some disregarded odds and ends; and his vinegar bottle served for the pendulum. Seeing me interested in this contrivance, he looked up at it with a great deal of pride, and said that he had been thinking of improving it, and that he had hoped the hammer and a little piece of broken glass beside it, "would play music before long." He had extracted some colours from the yarn with which he worked, and painted a few poor figures on the wall. One, of a female over the door, he called "The Lady of the Lake." He smiled as I looked at these contrivances to wile away the time; but when I looked from them to him, I saw that his lip trembled, and could have counted the beating of his heart. I forget how it came about, but some allusion was made to his having a wife. He shook his head at the word, turned aside, and covered his face with his hands. "But you are resigned now?" said one of the gentlemen, after a short pause, during which he had resumed his former manner. He answered with a sigh that seemed quite reckless in his hopelessness, "Oh yes, oh yes! I am resigned to it." And are a better man, you think?" "Well, I hope so: I'm sure I hope I may be." "And time goes pretty quickly?" "Time is very long, gentlemen, within these four walls." He gazed about him—heaven only knows how wearily!—as

he said these words; and in the act of doing so, fell into a strange stare, as if he had forgotten something. A moment afterwards he sighed heavily, put on his spectacles, and went about his work again.

Here are two more of these sad pictures; and how impressive the pencilling!

There were three young women in adjoining cells, all convicted at the same time of a conspiracy to rob their prosecutor. In the silence and solitude of their lives, they had grown to be quite beautiful. Their looks were very sad and might have moved the sternest visitor to tears, but not to that kind of sorrow which the contemplation of the men awakens. One was a young girl; not twenty, as I recollect; whose snow-white room was hung with the work of some former prisoner, and upon whose downcast face the sun in all its splendour shone down through the high chink in the wall, where one narrow strip of bright blue sky was visible. She was very penitent and quiet; had come to be resigned, she said (and I believe her,) and had a mind at peace. "In a word, you are happy here!" said one of my companions. She struggled—she did struggle very hard—to answer yes; but raising her eyes, and meeting that glimpse of freedom over head, she burst into tears and said, "She tried to be; she uttered no complaint; but it was natural that she should sometimes long to go out of that one cell: she could not help *that*," she sobbed, poor thing! I went from cell to cell that day; and every face I saw, or word I heard, or incident I noted, is present to my mind in all its painfulness. But let me pass them by, for one more pleasant glance of a prison on the same plan, which I afterwards saw at Pittsburgh. When I had gone over that, I asked the governor if he had any person in his charge who was shortly going out. He had one, he said, whose time was up next day; but he had only been a prisoner two years. Two years! I looked back through two years of my own life—out of jail, prosperous, happy, surrounded by blessings, comforts, and good fortune—and thought how wide a gap it was, and how long those two years passed in solitary captivity would have been. I have the face of this man, who was going to be released next day, before me now. It is almost more memorable in its happiness than the other faces in their misery. How easy and how natural it was for him to say that the system was a good one, and that the time went "pretty quick—considering;" and that when a man once felt he had offended the law, and must satisfy it, "he got along somehow," and so forth! "What did he call you back to say to you, in that strange flutter?" I asked my conductor, when he had locked the door and joined me in the passage. "Oh! that he was afraid the soles of his boots were not fit for walking, as they were a good deal worn when he came in; and that he would thank him very much to have them mended ready." These boots had been taken off his feet, and put away with the rest of his clothes, two years before. I took the opportunity of inquiring how they conducted themselves immediately before going out; adding that I presumed they trembled very much, "Well, it's not so much a trembling," was the answer, "though they do quiver—as a complete derangement of the nervous system. They can't sign their names to the book; sometimes can't even hold the pen; look about 'em without appearingto know why, or where they are; and sometimes get up and sit down again, twenty times in a minute. This is done when they are in the office, where they are

taken with the hood on, as they were brought in. When they get outside the gate, they stop, and look first one way and then the other: not knowing which to take. Sometimes they stagger as if they were drunk, and sometimes are forced to lean against the fence, they're so bad: but they clear off in course of time."

Washington supplies us not only with a glimpse of the President, but of the social character and life of the Americans.

The President's mansion is more like an English club-house, both within and without, than any other kind of establishment with which I can compare it. The ornamental ground about it has been laid out in garden walks: they are pretty, and agreeable to the eye; though they have that uncomfortable air of having been made yesterday, which is far from favourable to the display of such beauties. My first visit to this house was on the morning after my arrival, when I was carried thither by an official gentleman, who was so kind as to charge himself with my presentation to the President. We entered a large hall, and having twice or thrice rung a bell which nobody answered, walked without further ceremony through the rooms on the ground floor, as divers other gentlemen (mostly with their hats on, and their hands in their pockets) were doing very leisurely. Some of these had ladies with them, to whom they were showing the premises; others were lounging on the chairs and sofas; others, in a perfect state of exhaustion from listlessness, were yawning drearily. The greater portion of this assemblage were rather asserting their supremacy than doing anything else, as they had no particular business there, that anybody knew of. A few were closely eyeing the moveables, as if to make quite sure that the President (who was far from popular) had not made away with any of the furniture, or sold the fixtures for his private benefit. After glancing at these loungers; who were scattered over a pretty drawing-room, opening upon a terrace which commanded a beautiful prospect of the river and the adjacent country; and who were sauntering, too, about a larger state room called the Eastern Drawing-room; we went up stairs into another chamber, where were certain visitors, waiting for audiences. At sight of my conductor, a black in plain clothes and yellow slippers, who was gliding noiselessly about, and whispering messages in the ears of the more impatient, made a sign of recognition, and glided off to announce him. We had previously looked into another chamber fitted all round with a great bare wooden desk or counter, whereon lay files of newspapers, to which sundry gentlemen were referring. But there were no such means of beguiling the time in this apartment, which was as unpromising and tiresome as any waiting-room in one of our public establishments, or any physician's dining-room during his hours of consultation at home. There were some fifteen or twenty persons in the room. One, a tall, wiry, muscular old man, from the west; sunburnt and swarthy: with a brown-white hat on his knees, and a giant umbrella resting between his legs; who sat bolt upright in his chair, frowning steadily at the carpet, and twitching the hard lines about his mouth, as if he had made up his mind "to fix" the President on what he had to say, and would'nt bait him a grain. Another, a Kentucky farmer, six-feet-six in height, with his hat on, and his hands under his coat-tails, who leaned against the wall and kicked the floor with his heel,

as though he had Time's head under his shoe, and were literally "killing" him. A third, an oval-faced, bilious looking man, with sleek black hair cropped close, and whiskers and beard shaved down to blue dots, who sucked the head of a thick stick, and from time to time took it out of his mouth, to see how it was getting on. A fourth did nothing but whistle. A fifth did nothing but spit. And indeed all these gentlemen were so very persevering and energetic in this latter particular, and bestowed their favours so abundantly upon the carpet, that I take it for granted the Presidental housemaids have high wages, or, to speak more genteelly, an ample amount of "compensation," which is the American word for salary, in the case of all public servants. We had not waited in this room many minutes, before the black messenger returned and conducted us into another of smaller dimensions, where, at a business-like table covered with papers, sat the President himself. He looked somewhat warm and anxious, and well he might: being at war with everybody—but the expression of his face was mild and pleasant, and his manner was remarkably unaffected, gentlemanly, and agreeable. I thought that in his whole carriage and demeanour, he became his station singularly well.

Boz on the Mississippi:

But what words shall describe the Mississippi, great father of rivers, who (praise be to Heaven) has no young children like him! An enormous ditch, sometimes two or three miles wide, running liquid mud six miles an hour; its strong and frothy current choked and obstructed everywhere by huge logs and whole forest-trees; now twining themselves together in great rafts from the interstices of which a sedgy lazy foam works up, to float upon the water's top; now rolling past like monstrous bodies, their tangled roots showing like matted hair; now glancing singly by the giant leeches; and now writhing round and round in the vortex of some small whirlpool, like wounded snakes. The banks low, the trees dwarfish, the marshes swarming with frogs, the wretched cabins few and far apart, their inmates hollow-cheeked and pale, the weather very hot, mosquitoes penetrating into every crack and crevice of the boat, mud and slime on everything; nothing pleasant in its aspect, but the harmless lightning, which flickers every night upon the dark horizon.

For two days we toiled up this foul stream; striking constantly against the floating timber, or stopping to avoid those more dangerous obstacles, the snags, or sawyers, which are the hidden trunks of trees that have their roots below the tide. When the nights are very dark, the look-out stationed at the head of the boat knows by the ripple of the water if any great impediment be near at hand, and rings a bell beside him, which is the signal for the engine to be stopped; but always in the night this bell has work to do, and after every ring there comes a blow which renders it no easy matter to remain in bed.

We drank the muddy water of this river while we were upon it. It is considered wholesome by the natives, and is something more opaque than gruel. I have seen water like it at the filter-shops, but nowhere else.

We last of all give his impressions of British-Americans, as received in Canada:

Canada has held, and always will retain, a foremost place in my remembrance. Few Englishmen are prepared to find it what it is. Advancing quietly; old differences settling down, and being fast forgotten; public feeling and private enterprise alike in a sound and wholesome state; nothing of flush or fever in its system, but health and vigour throbbing in its steady pulse; it is full of hope and promise. To me (who had been accustomed to think of it as something left behind in the strides of advancing society, as something neglected and forgotten, slumbering and wasting in its sleep) the demand for labour and the rates of wages—the busy quays of Montreal—the vessels taking in their cargoes, and discharging them—the amount of shipping in the different ports—the commerce, roads, and public works, all made *to last*—the respectability and character of the public journals—and the amount of rational comfort and happiness which honest industry may earn—were very great surprises. The steam-boats on the lakes, in their conveniences, cleanliness, and safety, in the gentlemanly character and bearing of their captains, and in the politeness and perfect comfort of their social regulations, are unsurpassed even by the famous Scotch vessels, deservedly so much esteemed at home. The inns are usually bad, because the custom of boarding at hotels is not so general here as in the States; and the British officers, who form a large portion of the society of every town, live chiefly at the regimental messes: but in every other respect the traveller in Canada will find as good provision for his comfort as in any place I know.

From these copious specimens, a fair judgment may be arrived at of the merits and characteristics of "American Notes for General Circulation." More vivid description, more life-like scenes, more distinct colouring, a happier collocation of words, and a more strikingly felicitous use of images for the writer's particular purposes, it is impossible to find or to desire in any book. One necessary result is, that the most familiar things, that subjects that have been handled hundreds of times by voyagers and travellers, present in these pages new points, and set the mind upon trains of cogitation and reflection that never were suggested before. And then Mr. Dickens's essential nature must be changed, or you must be inhuman and obdurate beyond melting, if he does not evoke your finer sympathies, and awaken swelling generosities in your bosom, that amply repay yourself, although you have no outgoing for them towards the objects whose condition smote the writer's heart. Nor does this writer seek for what the fastidious and the florid would call tasteful and romantic topics, incidents, and scenes. No; his pencil has a fancy for the vulgar, often ignorantly so called,—for reality in any shape, even for the back-slums of society. But then he is the least vulgar of painters and thinkers, for all that; for instead of creating within you aught that is grovelling or depraving, any monstrous notion or horribly repulsive sentiment, such as the objects described would readily produce in weaker and coarser minds, he warms and refines, and inspires you with the honest desire that it were in your power to purify, exalt, and save the wretched and the all-abandoned. Let

him but conduct you to the Five Points,—to that region of wallowing and vice,—to the dismal abodes of the offscourings of the black population of New York,—to the locality where destitution, nakedness, filth, drunkenness, and deep-spotted crime lodge, huddle, and litter,—one mass of unrelieved abomination; and say if your sympathies be not melted and mended.

All this and other remarkable effects result from the reading of these volumes; they are the effects that might have been confidently predicted of his American tour. Not alone that he went out to be tolerant of national peculiarities, or even questionable and positively objectionable manners; but because he cannot deal with humanity in any shape or condition without making his readers more humane. Perhaps the highest compliment that can be paid to him is, that the public expected much that is good and singularly excellent from him, and that this said public has, instead of being disappointed, found cause for surpassing admiration.

The public expected much, but not everything, and everything has not been brought back. Mr. Dickens travelled in the United States, and filled two very moderately sized volumes, (he might have given us a couple more, according to his method and principle of reporting,) but not with what is generally understood to be the staple of travels. No doubt there are notices and descriptions of cities, towns, and places; but these and almost everything else in the work, consist merely of what may properly be called graphic sketches of the external, together with what the tourist's imagination chose to associate or to draw forth in the way of sentiment. And then, even as sketches, however lively and individualized these may be, one hardly ever finds himself sure that there is reality in all that is told.

Mr. Dickens merely snatched those bits of life and of the actual which suited him, and then seems, not always with a spontaneous impulse, to have set himself to the delineation of one *piece* after another, so as to render the whole the most effective possible; just as he must have done in "Pickwick," or "Oliver Twist." Accordingly, the Notes are amusing, they are humanizing; but they convey little positive and direct instruction. They may make you laugh or shed tears, may arouse your repugnance or win your favour, in relation to particular objects, manners, and events; but they do not tell you much of the character of the Americans,—not even of their social habits, and but little of the country. Of science, of course there is nothing. Of speculation or of searching philosophy, he is immeasurably distant from Miss Martineau. In respect of knowledge, information, and practical details, he cannot be named in company with Buckingham. Nay, he must not only yield to Marryat, in regard to worldly wisdom, breadth, and solidity of judgment, but of quiet humour. In a word, although Charles Dickens landed at Boston, and thence travelled along much of the common route of tourists in

the United States,—even crossing the Alleghanies, and reaching St. Louis,—touching at sundry noted places and cities both on going and returning that must be rife with objects which one would think were calculated to set the mind of any intelligent traveller upon inquiry and consequent description; yet, as already stated, we have little but the pictures which an eye of uncommon quickness and closeness of observation would at once detect; and absolutely nothing that can be called the result of matured reflection and of deep penetration, in this anxiously-looked-for publication.

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# NOTICES.

## Art. XIII.—*Life in the West.*

"Life in the West; Backwood Leaves and Prairie Flowers; Rough Sketches on the Border of the Picturesque, the Sublime and the Ridiculous," purport to be "Extracts from the Note-book of Morleigh in Search of an Estate." Mr. M., after giving an account of his voyage to the United States, details the observations and occurrences during sundry trips in the country and to Canada; his field having been in the recent settlements in the West and among the far-off lakes. The book forms a good, and sometimes a corroborative companion to that of Mr. Clavers, which we recently noticed; our author, as he characterizes himself, being a rough sketcher, with a ready pencil; who, however delineates little else than the outside of things as they present themselves to the passer-by; with a plenteous supply of the makings-up, which a literary craftsman naturally supplies on a lack of novelty and of incident. The work, however, is entertaining, and we should say faithful in so far as it goes; conveying a good picture of the new settler's condition and life in untamed districts, or what was lately only a wilderness according to nature's workmanship, —sometimes deeply solitary and silent, and sometimes howling. Accordingly the Red race come in for their share of notice. We copy out a specimen or two, the first relating to an anomalous sort of pedlars:—

"Walking by the lake side this evening, I found a regular encampment of hoosiers. The hoosiers are a genus of the pedlar tribe, having a dash of the tinker and freebooter in their veins. Having heard the word hoosier pronounced with respect mingled with fear in the Eastern States, I was happy to fall in with those respectable ogres. Their large covered waggons were drawn up in hollow squares on the lake-shore; and their horses, tethered and harnessed, browsed upon the stunted grass. Here and there fires were blazing, pots boiling, pork toasting. The gaunt uncouth figures of the hoosiers, as they strode about their waggons, puffing clouds of smoke from pipes, and even cigars, reminded me of the tall cavaliers and muleteers lounging about a Spanish bivouac. They (the hoosiers, not cavaliers) had sold the wheat they had collected through the country to the corn-factors and speculators of Chicago for six York shillings per bushel, realising some two or three shillings per bushel more than they had paid for the same; and the empty sacks being piled upon

the waggons, formed convenient beds, upon which some half-dozen hoosiers were already wrapped in the arms of Morpheus. Some of the horses were tall and well-shaped, combining blood, bone, and sinew enough for English carriage-horses. I noticed particularly a span or team of well-matched roans, snorting about one of the waggons; till the hoosier thrust his head from under the cover, and regarding the horses with a sour countenance, gravely asked them what they wanted—what they meant by keeping up 'such a 'tarnal blowin' about the waggon?' The horses thus rebuked, backed till the hoosier pulled in his head, and then they advanced, and began snorting and pawing as before. This roused the hoosier's indignation; and this time his head, shoulders, and half his lank body was thrust forth from under the waggon-cloth. 'Haven't ye had your oats?' he exclaimed, shaking his fist at the steeds; 'a bushel between ye! and what do'ee want, zay?' The horses had recoiled as before; but now the off-wheeler advanced, stretched out his neck and stared at his master, while he shook himself so violently that the heavy saddle (in which the hoosiers ride like the French postillions) and harness rattled again. 'Ho, is that all you want?' said the hoosier: and, speaking to a boy at one of the fires, he bade him unsaddle the horse, and 'let him roll to h—ll if he pleased.'"

The march of circulating libraries, reading-rooms, and back-wood taste:—

"Here I could record once more the obligation I am under to the Young Men's Association; for, *sans ceremonie*, I entered their reading-rooms several times during my *sejour* at Chicago, and read newspapers and periodicals to my heart's content. Chicago also furnishes a circulating library, where strangers will find the recent publications and standard works, novels, &c. of the day. Looking over books one day, I was rather amused to hear a tall, gaunt farmer, from a distant prairie, ask for the last part of *Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon*. The man of books demurred: it was out—he could not find it. 'Well, I'll wait, and put up my team till you find him,' quoth the farmer. 'I'll not face the girls at home without the *The Irish Dragoon*.'

"The demand for *Ten Thousand a Year* was likewise made in my hearing, if not ten thousand times, often enough to show how anxiously those works are looked for in the West."

An Indian Council:—

"On Saturday another council was held, which was conducted with greater regularity than the last. The bills of the traders were considered, and claims for compensation for services done to the Indians, and damages done by the Indians, brought before the house, or wigwam. Fifty dollars claimed by a settler near the Little Cocaloo for a cow slain by them. Not allowed; 'because,' said the Indians, 'the White man sold the flesh of the cow, which was shot by accident, therefore he lost nothing by it.' One hundred dollars claimed by a doctor at the Bay for attending a sick Indian family during the small pox. His claim rejected, but afterwards he was allowed fifty dollars. One hundred dollars claimed by one Boyd, an ex-agent, for having taken care of an old Indian he found frost-bitten on the ice; loud laughter, and claim rejected. A claim by a merchant of Astor, who had buried an Indian, and incurred considerable expense at the funeral, was at once allowed.

Sundry minor claims being allowed and rejected, Osh Cosh made a speech to the chiefs, which was not interpreted; but the purport of it was, that one

of the Grignons should receive half a dollar a head from the whole tribe; and after a little delay, the agent was directed to transfer some fifteen hundred dollars to this lucky wight for services rendered; in fact, it was a liberal present, and nothing more or less. I could not believe it till I saw the boxes opened and the dollars transferred to the safe-keeping of a gaunt, yellow, ill-conditioned man.

"'What has he done for the Indians?' said I.

"'Oh, he has been always their friend: his father is the old trader, but he is the gentleman of the family,' said my informant. 'He has lost a great deal by the Indians: he always gives them good advice, and is glad to see them.'

"As to his losses I cannot speak, but as to his gains I can bear witness: the Indians had given him a large tract of land near the Winnebago lake; they had worked for him, supplied him with game, fish, flesh, and fowl; planted his corn, built his lodges. But still he had lost a great deal by the Indians, said his friends; but it was easier to say so than to prove the fact. At a later hour I saw this gentleman throwing away dollars with great *sang froid* at a faro-table—a hazard and thimblerig concern, which a nest of blacklegs got up at the Striped Apron, in the hopes of pleasing such gentlemen as had their claims allowed by the Indians. Finally, Osh Cosh rose up and made a long harangue: he said 'There is a man here present to whom we are all indebted: he draws up our papers, and sees justice done to us; he is our attorney; and in consideration for his services we will allow him fifty dollars.'

"This half-breed of an attorney stood watching the money-boxes, and the moment he heard fifty dollars his countenance fell—never was man more disappointed: and the Indians seemed surprised when he was doled out fifty dollars for his two years' services. It was a mistake, a *lapsus linguæ* of Osh Cosh, who had used the word fifty instead of five hundred; and the delighted man of quips and quirks was soon handed a box of five hundred dollars."

These Councils were held on the Government-allowance-money being paid to the Indians, and for the distribution of such a harvest.

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ART. XIV.—*A Catechism of Geology.* By JAMES NICOL.

THIS is one of Oliver and Boyd's Catechisms, and which is not only cheap and neatly got up, but good in respect of plan and execution. It comprehends a great deal, given in an attractive style of plainness, and of fulness of illustration; Mr. Nicol making use of the most recent facts, and best authenticated discoveries. We quote a question and answer, as a sample of the accuracy and practical instruction which characterize the catechism. The subject is the chalk formation.

"Q. How do these rocks seem to have been formed?

"A. It was long known that flint in general contained some organic body, which was supposed to have attracted the siliceous matter to it, and to have given to it its peculiar character. The recent investigations of Ehrenberg prove that this formation consists almost entirely of the remains of microscopic animals, with calcareous and siliceous shells,—the former composing the chalk, the latter the flint. The separation of the two substances is illustrated by what often happens in the manufacture of porcelain. When the mixture of

fine powdered flint and clay is allowed to stand too long, the flint is found to have collected into small balls or knots, and the mass cannot be used in the manufacture."

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ART XV.—*The Dirge of Westminster, or Founder's Day: Rhyme and Rhapsody, with Notes.*

ON returning from the Orient, the author appears to have given away to lamentation over what he considers the decay and decline of Westminster School. He sees that a sort of sacrilege has been perpetrated in all the changes that have taken place in the vicinity and even in the character of the Thames. But neither Notes nor Dirge were worth printing. It might be right to mention in passing, that the slender publication presents to us one of the most *extravagant* instances of the note-swelling propensity. The verse occupies about twenty pages, the notes about forty; while the *nugæ*, &c., the author being lavish with his Latinity, fill about forty more.

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ART XVI.—*Attica and Athens. Translated from the German of K. O. Müller, Grotefend, and others.* By JOHN INGRAM LOCKHART.

"AN Inquiry into the Civil, Moral, and Religious Institutions of the Inhabitants, the Rise and Decline of the Athenian power, and the Topography and Chorography of Ancient Attica and Athens, with a Map and Plan." This is an indispensable book for the student, not less than to the classical tourist. Its minuteness and accuracy are extraordinary; presenting to us a notable example of German learning, enthusiasm, industry, and care; at the same time that the whole inquiry has been regulated by a philosophical spirit, and so as to elicit and produce philosophical views and perceptions. The clearest idea of what is intended and professed to be given over the wide and diversified field mentioned, is conveyed by this book. We know of no other work, in which the principles as well as the facts inseparable from the subjects handled, are so satisfactorily and briefly disclosed and arranged. The production is a model of its kind in every particular and sense.

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ART. XVII.—*The Criminal Law, and its Sentences in Treasons, &c.* By PETER BURKE, Esq. Barrister-at-Law.

MR. BURKE'S "Criminal Law and its Sentences, in Treasons, Felonies, and Misdemeanors," has been published in order to supply the want of a ready reference to "the exact penalty attached to each offence;" for, says the author, Criminal Courts "not unfrequently pass an incorrect sentence," owing to the crime and the punishment not being brought at once and readily under the eye of the magistrate. Mr. Burke's plan and codification are remarkably simple and clear, conducting the law down to the latest period, and so as to embrace the offences defined in the Property and Income Tax Act. Most of the information found in this small volume, of course, is to be got at in other books and synopses, but, nowhere, we believe, in such a condensed and easily-consulted shape.

ART. XVIII.—*How did England become an Oligarchy?* By JONATHAN DUNCAN, Esq.

ADDRESSING himself to "Parliamentary Reformers," Mr. D. has, in very narrow limits, given a review of English history, pointing out the great features of the constitution, and the developments that have grown out of it, as well as the changes which have occurred in it. A short "Treatise on the First Principles of Political Government" is added to the summary. Mr. Duncan's opinions are extremely liberal, and put forward with great confidence. Our only other remark is, that in so far as an abstract view is taken of England, it certainly has become an Oligarchy; but that, practically, the same judgment cannot in truth be so positively pronounced.

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ART. XIX.—*A Complaint.*

SO modestly does this little book, containing twenty-two Spenserian stanzas, besides a few of a different measure, make its appearance, that it has neither the name of a publisher attached to it, nor even a word of preface; nay, it is without a title-page. We find, however, that it has been printed in Liverpool, and this is some information for those of our readers that may wish to have the whole which the gentleman pours forth, who can hold converse with himself in this wise:—

"Spirit of lightning! that I feel within—
Thou power that rend'st my soul to find a vent—
Thou struggling sense of mightiness, akin
To greatness in the outward element,
Or rather lord of *that*—can'st thou not win
Thy way? or must thou still lie inly spent?
The fulness of the time is come—thou must
Burst from my soul, or waste me into dust."

The only distinct grievance in this *Complaint* is the distress which is alleged to have been the cause of the late disturbances in the North and manufacturing districts.

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XX.—*Whistle-Binkie.* Glasgow.

THE fourth series of a collection of Scottish lyrics for the social circle, consisting of pieces for every mood of mind and tuneful measure,—humorous and convivial, sentimental and plaintive. A variety of poetic souls have contributed to the collection, each being commemorated and honoured by having his name appended to his effusions. The melange appears to be popular, and is deservedly so; for the pieces have strongly impressed upon them a thorough nationality, besides being stamped in the mint of sterling poetry. Perhaps there is not an exception; while some of the effusions possess a high excellence; especially the humorous, perhaps.

ART. XXI.—*Phonography; or the Writing of Sounds.* By V. D. DE STAINS.

THIS is a second edition, considerably augmented, with seventeen plates, of an ingenious system of reducing spoken sounds to a universal alphabet. But the author not only proposes a universal method for writing of speech, but in a second part of the volume, he suggests and recommends a symbolical writing of music; giving a Short-hand for both.

Unquestionably the scheme in each part of the work is the result of patient reflection, and we may add, of philosophical principles as well as logical analysis. But still we despair of ever finding people and nations coming to one mind, or even troubling themselves much about the abstract principles of speech; much more of giving up their old ways and associations for the sake of establishing uniformity and philosophic system throughout the world. Nay, we go farther, and give it as our opinion, that the time and toil required to overcome the difficulties of our author's phonographic scheme, would not be repaid by any practical benefits thence to be reaped. Perhaps to individuals and certain professionals it may be worth while to study a method of writing all languages by one alphabet, composed of signs that represent the sounds of the human voice; especially if by such a method a speaker can be followed verbatim.

With regard to a new system of writing music, we think there can be no pressing need. Surely the signs which have been so long and uniformly in use are simple, distinct, and generally understood enough to serve every purpose of utility, and to resist novel invention.

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ART. XXII.—*Apostolic Christianity.* By the Rev. JAMES GODKIN.

"THE People's Antidote against Romanism and Puseyism," as the title more fully setteth forth. Mr. Godkin is a skilful controversialist, and has the talent of marshalling his arguments and sentiments in a manner at once popular and forcible.

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ART. XXIII.—*The Sepulchre of Lazarus, Recollections of Scotland, &c.* By SARAH H. MOULTON.

"THE 'Sepulchre of Lazarus' was originally intended to form one book of a poem drawn from the last days of the Lord Jesus Christ upon earth. Of the sufficient quantity of good poetry already in print—of the failure of all present attempts—the author heard much; the arguments proved so far effectual, that instead of sending the whole to press, one part has been prepared. If *this* succeed, the remainder will be improved by revision; if not, the whole, doubtless, would have shared its fate." So Sarah H. Moulton prefaceth her principal poem; and we add, it does not *succeed*. No, no; a Milton might well have faltered here, and for this lady to dream of the theme was rash almost to

profanity. Not that she is without imagination, excellent feeling, and considerable culture in regard to versification. But where is the lofty thought, the oriental knowledge, the harmony of the pipe for the heavenly song? No, no; we must read it in the matchless simplicity and truthfulness of an Evangelist; and, we believe, nowhere else, without offence.

Let Sarah Moulton abide by minor matters, and make them the subjects of occasional pieces, and then she will please and at times inspire. Take a few verses from the "Abbey and Palace of Holyrood."

"In Scotland's palace stay,
And sit for the tramp of steeds;
The pagentry of a court array
No answering echo heeds.
The forms of other days are past,
Or but on the arras seen,
When the moonbeam's fitful light is cast
On the fading warrior's mien.

"They keep Queen Mary's room
Safe from the breath of time,
You never think the darkling tomb
Shrouds the light of that olden line;
But gaze still on the opening door,
For she must enter soon,
And rest on that low couch once more,—
See, there is night's rising moon.

"On the seats of ebony
With crimson damask wrought,
Sit still—you are charmed to dream, or see
All that olden legends taught.
They will bring from a cabinet rare,
The form of the youthful queen—
Gaze on and sigh, for nought so fair
In life's wanderings shall be seen.

"Yet a shade of thought, full deep,
Flits o'er that beauteous brow,
As if the storms that should rise and sweep,
Troubled its quiet now;
And there's more of the power of woman's love
In that dark eye's shadowed light,
Than the separate mien all hearts above,
Of a queen in her sire's right.

"The dark fringe of her eye
Droops but as late time wet,
With tear-drops shining heavily,
As pearls on a jet robe set;

And let her weep for the sunny glance
Of France, beyond the sea;
For the tournament and glittering lance,
And her queenly destiny."

There is romantic sentiment, well sustained throughout the poem, in this, and true to the experience, of all susceptible souls. Let the authoress, we say, abide by themes of this kind, and she will maintain a creditable station amongst the *Minors* of the day.

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ART. XXIV.—*Proverbial Philosophy; a Book of Thoughts and Arguments, Originally treated.* By M. F. TUPPER, Esq., M.A. Second Series.

THE second series merits everything we said of the first. The thoughts are as striking, as originally and quaintly put, illustrated with as much verbal riches and poetical imagery, and inculcating truths as sterling, as what we admired in the earlier volume. No doubt, from the emphatic cast of the Philosphy, and the versified shape of the sentiments and arguments, each utterance requires digestion; so that page after page cannot be perused with the continuous interest which a compact narrative commands, or even of a regular disquisition, where the mind is carried by clear gradations and dexterous reasoning from one stage to another, and terminating obviously in the establishment of a triumphant principle. The philosophy here is Proverbial, and often of the nature of anxioms, each of which may cause the reader to close the book, and cogitate upon it, as upon a sententious text.

One inevitable consequence, we think, of this style of philosophizing and teaching morals, is this:—that it may be pursued to a fatiguing extent, and, therefore, that it should be sparingly employed. The food is too rich and strong, sometimes too tough and recondite for ordinary digestion. Besides, the similarity of form may become cloying—and the alluring garb of the sayings may cause weariness of mental vision; inducing practical injustice to the author. Even Mr. Tupper (his *Geraldine*, a "Sequel to Christabel," was but the labour of a "very few days,") may exhaust his originality if he too long run in one channel; so that he may find himself obliged for the sake of effect to have recourse to far-fetched thoughts that have no essential or inherent connection with the subject in hand; or the quaintness may reside in the words, not in the notions. We do not say that this second series is particularly faulty or defective in these respects; or that had we dipped into it first, it would not have caused us to insinuate the same objections when we came to test the other volume. But somehow we have not found the freshness in the second that we felt when going through the former series; although it cannot be denied that in each and both a strong and original mind is seen to be lavishly distributing its wisdom, its beauty, and its abounding moral sympathies, for the behoof of mankind; and this too with the power of confident genius,—the peculiarity of an original thinker.

ART. XXV.— *The Count de Foix.* By THOMAS POWELL.

WE have before us besides the "Count do Foix," "Poems by Thomas Powell," constituting a collection that fills a neat volume; but these must stand over for a future day. In the meanwhile we have to report that "The Count, a Tale of the Olden Time," has to cope with Froissart's graphic and touching story. This, with sundry variations and additions, is done with greater success than we anticipated. It is impossible, however, that by any selected passage, we can convey a proper notion of the spirit or incidents of the tale. Perhaps, if we were called upon to name the principal defect or fault of the piece, our opinion would point to the structure of the versification, in which the author seems to make needless experiments, conscious of his versatility and playful humour; as the larger volume appears to evidence and illustrate. In the meanwhile we copy out certain dedicatory or prefatory lines, "On Seeing Mr. Loughs' Statue of Ophelia;" that gentleman being declared by the author, to be the "First of Living Sculptors."

"Never before has sculptured marble brought
Tears to the threshold of my eyes; but now
I feel a touching wonder has been wrought,
And gaze with tender grief on that sweet brow
Which Loughs' miraculous hand has made to steal
Tears from those hearts which God hath framed to feel.
Beautiful creature of the truthful soul!
Fair flower whose dew was scattered by the hand
Of the unhappy Hamlet,—here I stand
And look intent on guileless eyes, that roll
In that immortal world which lies between
The memory and Reason,—realm serene,
Made up of joys which formed her life's sweet dream,
And hopes of heaven that in their dawning gleam."

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ART. XXVI.—*Athelwold, a Tragedy, in Five Acts.* By WILLIAM SMITH, Esq.

A STERLING drama; judgment, art, contrivance and passion, combining to embody a suitable and congenial representation of a chronicled passage of the Saxon times. The story of Athelwold is popularly known. Having been commissioned by Edgar, to see if Elfrida was as fame reported her, and fit to share the crown, the thane himself was captivated by her beauty and fascination, and forfeited his fealty. But we do not go into the drama, to sketch its plot, nor even to name its *dramatis personæ*. Suffice it to say that St. Dunstan figures nobly in the drama. Listen to him and Elfrida, when leading her to the body of Athelwold, upbraiding her and fortelling; and when she confesses, extenuates, and sentimentalizes thus:—

"*Dunstan.* Woman, with all thy vaunts
Thou still art young in wickedness, and weak.
*Elfrida.* I shall grow older in it, and more strong.
'Tis all that now remains to me. No love—
Never more love—no cause for weakness more.

*Dunstan.* Lost and insensate! what, can nothing wake thee
To natural horror of this monstrous deed?
Think on its dread eternal punishment,
Think upon him who on his bleeding cross
Thou by such sins dost crucify afresh.
*Elfrida.* Oh take thou me, and crucify me too!
I too could die!—for any noble cause
In pangs of martyrdom—die to redeem
The veriest wretch that crawls upon the earth.
Why, what care I for life?—or for myself?
What joy have I in this? what hope? what triumph?
None!—but tumultuous passions hale us on
To the mad sacrifice, and thrust the knife
Into our burning palms, and all the while
We are the victims, not the gods of it.
Oh, ye wise priests that have one constant song
For all men and all seasons, ye but know
Scantily the human heart. Ye weigh a sin
Ta'en in its final full accomplishment,
And weigh its penance out—but of the *sinner*
And how he came to stumble on the crime,
How little do ye reek!—But yesterday
I was a woman beautiful and vain,
The malice of the world could say no worse;
One little day, one angry fluttering thought,
And it has come to this!"

Go back, and listen to the priest and Athelwold, when the thane is in sorrow and sore disgrace:—

"*Dunstan.* But Time—
*Athelwold.* Oh do not din my ear with that poor, stale,
Consolatory stuff!—I know
What Time can do—it can make man a stone—
Can make this very stone walk, talk, perform
The punctual functions of a daily life
With most admired complacency. But Time—
Though it wrought on through ages numberless—
Can never bring the mind the truth it seeks,
Can never bring the heart the love it seeks;
And wanting these, what is the work of Time?

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*Serials.*

Thornton's "History of the British Empire in India;" "Le Keux's Memorials of Cambridge;" "Canadian Scenery Illustrated;" and "Scenery and Antiquities of Ireland Illustrated," come to hand every month with the strictest punctuality, giving the best assurance that these large and celebrated works will be completed in due time, and as promised; thus setting a good example of faith-keeping with the public.

THE

# MONTHLY REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1842.

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ART. I.—*Report of the East India Committee of the Colonial Society, on the Causes and Consequences of the Affghan War.* James Maynard.

THE committee engaged in drawing up this report were stopped at the very commencement of their labours by the absence of all the usual forms and documents relative to such matters. With the view of supplying this extraordinary deficiency, they petitioned both Houses of Parliament for the production of the required papers, but were refused (as were also the directors of the East India Company, who made a similar request), on the ground that such proceeding would be injurious to the public service. Thus destitute of all detailed information, the only course left to them was to form their decision on the question from the few known facts of which they were in possession, and upon broad and general views of international law. This they have most carefully done; and in their own report, together with those of three sub-committees,—on international law with respect to declaring war,—on the prerogative of the crown, as to making war and peace,—and on the law and practice of Anglo-Indian governments, respecting the levying of war,—they have given to the public a tolerably elaborate exposition of the folly and the injustice of the enterprise which now calls out our troops to perish in central Asia.

The law of nations is admitted as portion of the British constitution. It is of higher authority than any statute, and courts of justice have set statutes aside when interfering with the law of nations. To violate these forms is to violate the laws of Great Britain. We must, then, refer to the law of nations to ascertain what the laws of England are in respect to the declaration of war.

Now, by the law of nations, three points are necessary to be observed to constitute a just and legal war. It must originate on both sides from the sovereign authority,—it must be preceded by a formal

demand of satisfaction (the "rerum repetitio" of the civilians); after this demand, and before actual hostilities, there must be published a solemn declaration of war (denunciatio belli). Of these three essentials, the failure of any one degrades the attack from war to robbery: but, besides these, though not perhaps equally imperative, it is still the undoubted duty of the sovereign, when taking up arms, to make public his declaration of war for the information of his own subjects, as well as to explain to foreign powers the justifying causes of his conduct.

Not one of these requisites has been observed in our war with the Affghans. It is a war without pretence or apparent plausible cause, —for the Affghans, so far from having done or offered us any injury, were notoriously well disposed to our nation. It is a *secret war*—a war respecting which the people who wage it are entirely ignorant. It has even been carried on protected from the supervision of the Parliament or the Court of Directors,—the respective governing bodies of England and of India.

The plea put forth by the first minister of the crown for sending more troops into a country not ours, was that England had to vindicate the *laws of war*. There are rights flowing from the state of lawful war, but England has violated the law of nature and of nations, and her own laws, by entering Affghanistan. She is in possession of no right of war in that country.

Vattel, after saying that "war, void of form, and undertaken without right and without so much as apparent cause," is "more properly called robbery," proceeds to say "such a war can be productive of no lawful effects, nor give any right to the author of it. A nation attacked by such sort of enemies, is not under any obligation to observe towards them the rules of war in form, *it may treat them as robbers.*"

The first minister of the crown is bound to show that the war originally was lawful, just and necessary; or is bound to recognize in the Affghans the right to treat "as robbers" the British subjects he sends there.

The leaders of both the political parties having concurred in this war; before entering into the subject, it may be well for us to deal with the grounds upon which they rest their resistance to the production of the documents.

They say that no legal forms have hitherto been observed in declaring wars in India; secondly, they attest that over Indian wars the British Parliament has no control.

These grounds have not been declared in either House of Parliament, but they have been offered to the members of the two Houses to whom the petition has been entrusted, as the reasons upon which they founded their refusal.

Firstly, in examining the wars that have been carried on by the East India Company, we find, on the contrary, that they have been declared according to the usual forms.

Secondly, we are prepared to show that this is an English, and not an Indian war. Further, we are prepared to prove that the Parliament has a right of control over this war, were it exclusively an Indian one.

The idea of attempting to justify the present informal and illegal ruption into Affghanistan, by representing it as in conformity with ie usual custom of Anglo-Indian warfare, seems to spring from a istaken notion of the value and authority of precedent as a rule of ght or wrong. Precedent can only be decisive in the absence of ositive law. When the law on any point is known, and emanates om a party qualified to legislate upon the subject, there can be no oom for further question: but when there is no authenticative enctment by which to be guided, then precedent or custom is applied o, and judgment is given for that side which has, or seems to have, he greatest weight of concurrent testimony in its favour. The enactments of supreme legislative authority, or the deductions of pure eason from unquestioned principles, can never be in the slightest legree shaken by any acts in opposition to their dictates, however ong-continued may be their series, or however high the power whence they take their rise. Had the charge of a want of formality brought against our former Anglo-Indian wars been true, even in its widest and most extended sense, it would not have afforded the shadow of an apology for the same fault in the present. Happily, such has not been the case. Ever since England assumed the reins of government in the Indian empire, the instructions from home forwarded to the Indian ministers have been uniformly and strongly condemnatory of all acts of aggression.

Since the passing of the Indian Bill by Mr. Pitt in 1774, the governor-general has been unable to declare war without, at the same moment, incurring a weight of responsibility from which the boldest would shrink, except on the compulsion of the plainest and most obvious necessity. That these pacific instructions were not dead letters—that this responsibility was not fictitious—has been evinced to the world by the astounding spectacle of a governor-general of India,—a man to whom had been delegated over a country scarcely inferior in extent to the third of Europe,—over fifty millions of subjects,—a sway more despotic and uncontrolled than that exercised by the sovereigns of these realms, but who yet in the plentitude of his power continued the servant of that wondrous company whose merchants, like those of ancient Tyre, are among "the princes of the earth,"—arraigned as a criminal for "high crimes and misdemeanours," and impeached by the commons of his country for the prosecution of unjust, although successful war. From this cautionary tone of the mother country to our foreign agent—from this far-famed example, and from the consequent sense of a continually impending responsibility, it has followed that the conduct of our governors-general has been invariably marked by lenity and moderation, and that so far from allowing themselves to be urged into unjustifiable war by passion or caprice, they have been careful not only to have right and justice on their side, but in addition, to

make it evident to all neutral powers in manifestoes setting forth the causes by which they were forced into hostility.

The chief wars carried on by us in India have been the seven following:—

1. Against Tippoo Sultan, in 1789.
2. Against Tippoo Sultan, in 1798.
3. Against Dowlut Rao Scindia and Rajah of Berar, in 1803.
4. Against Jeswunt Rao Holcar, in 1804.
5. Against the Nepaulese, in 1814.
6. Against the Mahratta States, in 1817.
7. Against the Burmese, in 1824.

The first war with Tippoo arose out of an attack by him on the territory of the Rajah of Travancore. To prevent him from thus obtaining the whole of the Malabar coast, and with it the power of disturbing at pleasure our settlements on the coast of Coromandel, we had allied ourselves to the Rajah of Travancore, guaranteeing to him at the same time his possessions. Tippoo's first attack was repulsed by the Rajah, and was therefore unnoticed by the British. Being about to repeat the attack, and with a larger force, it was notified to him that his so doing would be considered as a declaration of war against our government. When word was brought to Calcutta that he had actually commenced hostilities, war was publicly declared against him in the name of the Company, and a proclamation issued to the native princes; and then, and not till then, were the orders sent that our troops in Madras should take the field. For this movement the Parliament afterwards passed, though not without opposition, a vote of thanks to the governor-general; thus showing the watchful control maintained over Indian affairs, by deeming it necessary to express their approbation or censure of each particular exertion of his authority.

The cause of the war of 1798, in which Tippoo lost his life, was the discovery by Lord Wellesley, the governor-general, of a secret treaty between Tippoo and the court of France, in violation of the treaty of Seringapatam. All endeavours to detach the Sultan of Mysore from this alliance, and to continue him in amicable relations with England, were found fruitless. It was therefore announced to him that unless within a specified time our conditions were complied with, war would be declared against him. At the expiration of the given period, no concessions from Tippoo having been obtained, war was publicly proclaimed in due form. At the same time a declaration was also put forth to the neutral states of India. This news did not reach Parliament through the official channels until it was accompanied by the announcement of the successful termination of the war. Still the duty of Parliamentary supervision was not neglected, and, in this case, a vote of thanks highly complimentary to Lord Wellesley was unanimously passed.

In 1803 we were at war with Dowlut Rao Scindia and the Rajah of Berar. An accurate account of its origin would involve a quantity of most intricate detail: but the direct cause was the treaty of Bassein, between the British government and the Peishwa; which Scindia affirmed to have been contracted without his consent, and therefore invalid; at the same time threatening hostilities. Notwithstanding this threat, Lord Wellesley waited till Scindia should have held a conference with the Rajah of Berar; leaving it in the power of General Wellesley, on the arrival of the Rajah, to take what steps he might consider necessary. It was soon seen that Scindia and the Rajah were endeavouring to form a confederacy against Great Britain. Major-general Wellesley therefore declared war in due form. On the same day he despatched a manifesto, declaring the whole grounds of the war, to all the native princes. When the news reached England, the papers relative to the war were at first refused to Parliament.

In consequence of this refusal of papers, the precedent was first introduced of separating the conduct of the war from its consistency with the law of Parliament,—Parliament thereby abdicating its powers over India, and violating its own constitution; but in this they were led away by the ability evinced in the conduct of the war, the brilliancy of the successes, and the importance of the results; and the unfortunate ambiguity of the minister may be further attributed to his having himself censured the policy whilst in progress. A vote of thanks to the governor-general was carried, though it met with great opposition. Mr. Francis declared that he did not know how he could approve of the conduct of that which he was not sure was in itself right; and Mr. (now Lord) Grey reminded the house that a vote of thanks had been passed to Mr. Warren Hastings for conduct on account of which the House of Commons had felt it its duty afterwards to impeach him.

In May the Court of Proprietors were called together, to pass a vote of thanks to Lord Wellesley. Imposed upon by the example set by Parliament, they thanked Lord Wellesley for his conduct, introducing into the vote of thanks a formal reservation of opinion regarding the justice and policy of the war, declaring that they were not in possession of the grounds on which it might be justified.

In the following month (June) the papers were produced.

There has been greater difference of opinion respecting this war than any other waged by us in India. It has been more severely censured than any other since 1784, but it appears to your Sub-Committee that it was strictly just, and moreover that there was no sinister intention in either of the belligerent parties. It arose out of misintelligence; the Mahratta chiefs not understanding our intentions, and the governor-general having interfered with rights of the existence of which he was unconscious.

Jeswunt Rao Holcar, with whom we were engaged in hostilities in 1804, was an illegitimate son of Trincogee Holcar, who, availing himself of the family disturbances consequent upon Trincogee's death, had expelled the lawful heir from his dominions, and seized upon

the government. He soon commenced a system of depredations beyond the territories of his family; and persisted in his course, notwithstanding the warnings of the British authorities. As he had no legitimate title to be classed amongst the princes of India, General Lake was instructed by Lord Wellesley to omit the usual formulæ of international war, and treat him and his dependents as common robbers and felons; and also to issue a proclamation to the effect that they would be considered as such, and treated in a corresponding manner. This omission on our part of the customary forms, because the attack upon us, not emanating from the true sovereign power, and not being preceded by a formal declaration, could not be considered a legal war,—gives the highest possible proof of the importance attached by our government to the due observance of the law of nations, and of their conviction that those who violate that law, thereby become *ipso facto* robbers, and can expect no other treatment than the punishment of the ordinary felon.

The year 1814 found us again at war in India, owing to frontier differences with the state of Nepaul. Finding it impossible to procure an amicable arrangement, our government declared war in due form, and gave forth to the other powers of the Indian world a proclamation stating the causes of the war, and justifying thereby their own conduct. The papers relative to the war were afterwards laid before Parliament, and a vote of thanks passed to Lord Hastings.

The war of 1817 was with the Mahratta states, and had its origin in the predatory incursions of the Pindarries, a lawless band of plunderers without any acknowledged head. While peaceful negotiations were being carried on, our forces were suddenly attacked, and an attempt made upon the life of a British envoy. There was no need therefore of any declaration or other ceremonial on our part, and the war immediately began.

The last war of much importance waged by us in India, was that with the Burmese in 1824. Differences between our government and the court of Ava, which had been gradually increasing for several years, at last rendered an appeal to arms inevitable. War was declared, with the observance of all due formalities, as in the preceding instances.

There have also been several military operations of minor importance carried on by us in India; with praiseworthy industry the sub-committee have carefully investigated all their attending circumstances, and find in them all an equally accurate observation of the laws of nations.

Thus, by a strict and laborious investigation of historical facts, the sub-committee has shown that the wars formerly carried on by the East India Company have been invariably just and legal, and distinguished by a strict adherence to all the forms and ceremonials of the laws of Great Britain and of nations.

The other point undertaken to be established was, that this is an English and not an Indian war; and that even were it exclusively an Indian war, our Parliament would still be responsible for its conduct and consequences. It was commenced, and is now being urged on, removed from the knowledge, and unsanctioned by the authority, of the Court of Directors: it belongs, therefore, not to the Indian, but to the English government. Its operations are not taking place in India. To reach the actual seat of war, our troops have crossed the Indus, the boundary of India Proper, and passed through a neutral territory;—and the assigned reason for the attack is an alliance between the Asiatic power against whom our efforts are directed, and an European power which is at the same time in alliance with England herself. The war, therefore, is European in origin, European in locality, European in design, and will be European in consequences.

But even had the war been in all its details and circumstances exclusively Indian, still would the responsibility of the British Parliament be undiminished. No one can authorise another to do that which he is not at liberty to do himself; because no one can delegate to another a power superior to that which he himself enjoys.

If our Parliament then had wished to transfer to the Indian authorities the full extent of its own powers, it then could only have transferred to them the right to make war when war was just and legal and necessary; because its own, or any earthly, authority could reach no further. But it never has resigned to another the whole of its own authority; and, consequently, however entirely Indian the war might be, still, our government, preserving as it has done a control over those to whom it has committed the management of its empire in India, preserves with it the responsibility attached to their actions. The servants of a nation are responsible to their employers, and the nation to the world at large. Having thus disposed of the absurd parliamentary assertions that accompanied the refusal of the papers, we shall endeavour to discover the cause—if cause there be —of this unprecedented war.

So far as we have been able to penetrate the mist of obscurity that shrouds the whole affair, it seems that there are two ostensible causes of war set up to suit the two countries:—the Indian cause being the setting-up of Shah Shoojah,—and the generally-imagined cause in England, a jealousy of the progress and influence of Russia in the East. It will be seen that, assuming either cause to be the real one, our actions have been equally unjust and absurd,—as contrary to all principles of equity as ill-calculated to bring about the required end. We will show in what light the sub-committee exhibits the setting-up of Shah Shoojah.

To veil the absence of justice and violation of forms on the part of the governor-general; to veil similar violations of right and of law, by the

government of this country sanctioning this act, or originally commanding it, a pretender was set up.

Had Shah Shoojah been a prince in arms, contending with opponents in his own country, the governor-general could have taken part neither with him nor against him, unless England's interests had been injured, and unless she had proceeded according to the forms, not of civilized only, but of all communities which have received the name and style of nations, to demand redress, to require atonement, and to proclaim war. But Shah Shoojah was a refugee in our territory, dependent on our bounty, put forward by us and us alone. Instead therefore of the pretext serving to excuse the omission of the legal forms, the use of such a pretext stamps a war, already the most illegal and the most unjust as against the people whom we have assailed, as no less deceitful and fraudulent in respect to the nation by whose government it has been waged. Had Shah Shoojah been the legitimate sovereign of the Affghans, we were committed against his rights by the recognition of the princes who were in possession; and had it been desirable for us to make Shah Shoojah strong, we took the very course which must have debased and degraded him in the estimation of his countrymen, by associating him with their political, religious, and detested foes, the Sikhs; and further, by exhibiting him as dependent upon British support, after we had made ourselves execrable to the Affghans. These remarks are made, not as touching in any degree the question between England and the Affghans, which is one of nations and not of sovereigns, but as showing in every point the falsehood of the pretext advanced as the motive of our acts, and the deviation of the steps which we took from the end which we professed to have in view.

Of the cause more prominent in England, the committee speak thus:

Before entering into the circumstances in Affghanistan which are assumed to be the grounds for the assault of that country, this committee have to state that it seems to them incredible that an invasion of any Asiatic country by Great Britain could have been adopted by the British government with a view of resisting Russia; and they can only account for the existence of such an impression throughout this country by the mystery in which the question has been shrouded, the remoteness of the regions, the variety of the objects, the division of responsibility, the suppression, mutilation, and admitted alteration of state papers,—which concurrently have rendered this subject so confused and so weighty that no one has been able to grapple with it; while interests so powerful, and individuals so authoritative, have been in various degrees committed, that discussion has been hitherto suppressed; and finally, disasters have been added to the means by which, on the one hand, the motives of the actors have been concealed, and on the other, the nation has been committed, through passion or fear, to a reiteration of the acts into which it had to examine, and on which it had to judge.

Assuming that Russia had injured England in Persia, and that England had come to the determination to right herself, the British government would have had to consider where England was strong, and Russia weak. England was strong at sea, and in Europe, both by alliances and by means of aggression. Russia, in fact, is powerless to resist England in Europe,

and England powerless to assault Russia in Asia. These were conclusions deliberately adopted by the British government itself, and actively spread under its sanction and authority. The course, then, for the English government to pursue, had Russia threatened India, was first to cease to cooperate with her; secondly, to call her to account; thirdly, to declare war against her; and fourthly, to bring that war upon the field where England had means to compel Russia,—that is to say, the Black Sea and the Baltic,—where, in fact, England's means of compulsion were so irresistible, that there could be no occasion for their employment. If Russia had done anything injurious to England, it was the duty of the government to pursue this course. It had no alternative left. But Russia has not been called to account; declaration of war has not been made against Russia; the means of England have not been employed against Russia; and the English government has continued throughout united in its political action upon other states with the government of Russia. That which the English government has done has been not only the reverse of that which had to be done, to resist Russia, but exactly that which was calculated to weaken England at once in Asia and in Europe, and to strengthen Russia at once in Europe and in Asia. Moreover, England has given to Russia the occasion for war, if she had required it; and provoked her to it by insult and injury, if peaceably disposed. England has sent armies to invade the wilds of Central Asia, and has then broken up the alliance with France, by which she was strong in Europe, by accepting the treaty of July 1840. And finally, this war, accepted by the British nation on the plea that it was made to resist Russia, was actually made three months after the voluntary explanations of the Russian government had been accepted, and six months after the raising of the siege of Herat.

We have, therefore, before commencing the examination of the subject, entirely to discard the idea that the assault upon the Affghans could spring from any necessity to repel danger on the part of the people; or from any intention on the part of the British Cabinet of resisting by such a measure the progress of Russia through Central Asia.

In 1814, England entered into a defensive alliance with Persia. In 1826, Persia was attacked by Russia, and therefore England refused to fulfil the conditions of the treaty. In 1834 our Government entered into a secret agreement with Russia to settle between them the affairs of Persia. It is at this point that the diplomatic correspondence laid before Parliament commences, so that the opening view of the affair to be drawn from it is, a union between England and Russia as concerns Persia. Matters remained in this state till 1838; Persia, in the meanwhile, having been incited by Russia, among other enterprises, to the attack upon Herat, which was therefore tacitly approved of by England. In July 1838, the British government comes to a rupture with Persia, on account of the siege of Herat, and refuses any longer to abide by the treaty of 1814. In October 1838, reciprocal remonstrances from England and Russia on their respective conduct in regard to Persia, cross each other; the

result being that England professes herself fully satisfied with the explanations of Russia; while Russia demands from England a proof of the fulfilment of her promises. England therefore was fully satisfied with the behaviour of Russia, at the very time that she was invading Persia for acting under Russian influence! Again,—the siege of Herat was raised on the 15th of August, 1838, and the fact announced publicly by the governor-general in November, 1838; and yet the British troops assembling against Persia, do not leave the Indies to proceed on their expedition till the 19th of February, 1839! Thus the pretended cause of our assault upon Persia, the siege of Herat, was bonâ fidé removed *seven months before* the commencement of our operations! From these premises, the committee declare themselves of opinion, that in 1838 the English government acted unjustly to Persia. That in its secret correspondence it advanced the ends of Russia by the sacrifice of the interests of England, while it practised a deception upon its own people; that the attack upon Herat, the subsequent pretext for the rupture with Persia, was with the tacit acquiescence of the English government; that by that rupture it only destroyed its own influence with Persia; that its charge against Persia of violating her treaties with England was false; that it had no right to annul its own treaty with Persia; that its subsequent occupation of Persian territory was an act of piracy; that its grievances were fictitious; that it expresses itself satisfied with the explanation of Russia, concerning acts on account of which it is at the same moment making war upon Persia; that Russia, though held blameless, is the real source of the acts for which Persia is attacked; and that England, while punishing Persia for her alliance with Russia, does it in a manner which must confirm the supremacy of Russian influence with Persia.

Thus England betrays Persia to Russia; then unites with Russia to influence Persia, and then assaults Persia, because she is under the influence of Russia; each separate act requiring a determination of the most vigorous and energetic character, involving violation of the laws of nations, of the laws of England, in direct opposition to the previous policy of the British Cabinet, and to the interests of the British nation. This is a course which would be intelligible on the part of the British cabinet, only on the supposition that it had mistaken the interests of Russia for the interests of England.

Persia, from a state protected by England against Russia, has been converted into a state protected by Russia against England, and this advance of the power of Russia, the result of the acts of the English government, is assumed as the pretext for the invasion of Affghanistan! This invasion of Affghanistan is the means of advancing further Russia's power into that region. If the invasion of Affghanistan was a legitimate mode for opposing Russia, the necessity of it arose solely from the acts of the English government. But the attack of Affghanistan was not the mode by which the

progress of Russia was to be resisted, but the mode by which it was to be advanced. But the British government has taken as a pretext for an unjust and unmeaning war, a phantom of its own setting up; and by pretending to combat that phantom, has converted it into a reality.

England could have lost her influence in Persia by no act of Russia. She could only lose it by showing herself united with Russia. Russia could gain influence among the Affghans by no act of hers; but England has expended millions, and poured forth the blood of thousands to render to her that service; converting their affection for England into hatred, their confidence into detestation.

*There were no means by which Russia could gain a position in Central Asia, save by gaining an ascendancy over the British Government.* Events, documents, results, in the most singular and consecutive manner, testify that that ascendancy has been obtained, and exhibit the effect with which it has been used; and so complete has that ascendancy become, that disasters do not check us, and that a change of administration only confirms us in the course. Passion completes what indifference had suffered, and the evidence of fatuity or crime is established not to arrest such deeds, but to serve as reasons on which they are justified and renewed.

In addition to all this, the committee have examined personally several witnesses most likely to be acquainted with the true state of affairs between England and Affghanistan; and the information obtained fully agrees with their former ideas. It appears that, previously to 1838, Russia had no influence in Affghanistan, while Persia has never acquired any,—and thus that the pretexts of Russian and Persian influence by which it was attempted to justify the war, were without any shadow of foundation.

With respect to the conduct of the war itself, the very first thing that appears, is the illegality of the treaty of June 1838, between the Governor-General, Runjeet Singh, and Shah Shoojah, to reinstate the latter, made, as it clearly was, in direct violation of the restriction placed upon the Governor-General's authority by the Bill of 1784, by which he is forbidden to engage in any undertaking of an aggressive tendency. When the war was actually commenced, our invasion of Affghanistan was of the same lawless and unintelligible character as our former attack upon Persia; without any declaration of war, Affghanistan was assaulted in consequence of the acts of Russia, and subsequently to our declaration of perfect satisfaction with the Russian government! The diplomatic correspondence with the Affghan chiefs was laid before Parliament, but even in the state in which they were exhibited, they failed to make out any case whatever against the Affghans; while they clearly show that if, under any circumstances, we could have been justified in assisting Shah Shoojah, we were in the present case completely "estopped" from allowing his claim by our previous recognition of the authority of Dost Mahommed. So far, however, were they from being advanced in an

authentic condition, that the English envoy in Affghanistan described them as "pure trickery and fraud," and afterwards sent to England the real documents.

The testimony here examined extends to two distinct countries, Persia and Affghanistan, in a long series of operations, every act of which is unaccountable, contradictory and criminal. The secrecy observed in respect to the war, the mystery which hangs over its motives, the reservation of the authority by which it was made, the suddenness and the boldness with which it was executed, in direct opposition to every opinion that would in the ordinary course of such transactions have been appealed to: the suppression of documents, the refusal of papers, the falsification of such as were suffered to appear, the facts that are brought to light by the documents just published, the facts presented by those documents, suppressed by the Government and made public through other channels, and the successive repudiation by the Court of Directors and the diplomatic agents immediately employed, of concurrence, or even of knowledge of the transaction until after it had actually been decided upon or carried into execution,—seem to this committee to constitute a case too grave and solemn for them to do more than to declare their conviction that it demands a public and parliamentary inquiry.

We have been at some pains to furnish our readers with a clear analysis of the matter of the report; but the report itself being but a digest of the information collected from various quarters by the labours of the committee, it is not to be expected that its contents can be compressed into a much less space than they already occupy.

The practical question to which an answer is naturally sought by every reader on his arrival at the end of this, or any other account of the facts relative to the war, is,—"under these circumstances, is the war to be continued or abandoned?" It is a question to which the government will, ere long, be necessitated to give an answer by their conduct; but upon which scarcely any individual would venture to decide at present. It is a choice between two evils, of which it seems almost impossible to determine the greater. Must we not either continue our operations against an innocent people, while every successive movement is a separate and additional act of robbery on the part of our government; or else leave men who have been taken prisoners while fighting the battles of their country, and women who have incurred captivity while attending upon their husbands, to the mercy of an exasperated foe? Between such perils who is to choose? Are we still madly and wickedly to persevere in a war which has been begun and carried on, and will be consummated —if at all—in folly, cruelty, and injustice; or are we to abandon to all the horrors of captivity in an uncivilized and justly infuriated country, soldiers and their wives who—whatever the guilt of the originators of the war—have met their doom while fulfilling their most

sacred duties,—the men, obeying the commands of their country,—the women, alleviating by their attendance the toils of their husbands? The question is beset with difficulty on every side; but we trust that we may rely on the prudence and integrity of the present ministry, with a fervent hope that they will be able to extricate, without dishonour, their country from the terrible and disgraceful dilemma into which she has been plunged.

And yet it must be admitted, after all these, as many will say, strong denunciations and unsparing insinuations, that Parliament, without regard to its *parties*, must take upon its shoulders any responsibility which may attach to the refusal of papers and documents, to imform the Committee relative to the origin, the history, and probable results of the Affghanistan war. It is certain, besides, that it was after the *event* that many eyes came to be illuminated,—it was after disaster unforeseen by any statesman who could make his voice be heard at all, that the national emotion was excited. It is also only but fair to state that there is doubt, deep and prophetic, with respect to Lord Ellenborough's measures, in the present emergencies; these measures, of course, having to be fathered on Sir Robert Peel's Government. In the meanwhile, and after the preceding *impugning* pages were in type, there have been news from the East, including China, Affghanistan, &c., which, while they yield a variety of encouragements and of heart-invigorating facts along with *reports* of promise, must leave the British public still to speculate and be at division.

There is hardly any doubt, with regard to this recent intelligence, of the decision of the government to send the armies, which have been in such jeopardy, and, we believe, disheartedness, towards Cabul; and also that it will be a temporary occupation only.

The facts and the prospect are calculated to allay discontent, and, it is to be hoped, farther disaster. The military movements have given increased confidence. General Nott, at the head of a chosen army, had left Candahar on the 10th of August, and proceeded in the direction of Ghuznee and Cabul, while General England, with the remainder of his troops lately stationed at Candahar, was marching, without encountering any obstacle worthy of notice, back to Quetta. Candahar has therefore been relinquished by the British. General Nott's progress or attempt is of great importance; for, while from Candahar to Cabul is above 300 miles, the accompanying dangers are peculiar; so that a successful march would be demonstrative of the value of Affghan valour and Affghan patriotism.

It is stated that General Pollock had made a successful movement to Gundamuck; that the son and heir of Shah Shoojah had effected his escape from the prison of Akhbar Khan, and had arrived in the camp of Futteh Jung. This event was considered of great importance; for that on his reaching General Pollock's tent, a salute of

welcome was instantly fired; proving the intentions of the general to be auspicious to the fugitive's right as sovereign of Cabul.

There are, as usual, abundance of reports and flying rumours. One went to say that Akhbar Khan had been seized by the Kuzzilbaches, who constitute a large portion of the inhabitants of Cabul; these worthies being said to be in the interest of the British alliance, and desirous to protect the British prisoners. Of an opposite character was the news of Sir Robert Sale's serious indisposition. At the same time, it is to be observed, the accounts respecting the prisoners were conflicting. Another report was that Ghuznee had opened its gates, without any great resistance, on the appearance of Nott's army.

A quarrel had taken place between the Ameers of Hyderabad and some of their neighbours, the result of which was calculated to be, that both parties, or at least the weaker one, was likely to appeal to the British authorities for protection; and therefore it was probable that the British government would, for its own sake as well as for the interests of civilization, be speedily induced to control the oppressive acts of the proverbially tyrannous Ameers.

Again, it appears to be looked for in India, that the British will have to take decided steps for introducing a proper system of government and the administration of justice into the Sikh country. Rumour asserts that the present chief, Shere Singh, had expressed to the supreme government, in consequence of a most difficult position, occasioned by the fanatics and his soldiers, his desire to become a subsidised monarch, and to place his country under the guardianship of the British.

Lord Ellenborough had arrived on the 10th of September at Simla, the proximity of which to Lahore, as well as many other indications, led people to believe that the occupation of the Punjaub is probable. The governor-general being in the vicinity of the Sikh capital, could easily learn how the British, during their passage through the Punjaub, ought to conduct themselves, so as to support the introduction there of a salutary government; there having been, it is asserted, such intelligible demonstrations recently of British efficiency and trustworthiness, that the whole of the Mahometans in Asia are not only beginning to be convinced that they are unable to cope with our armies, but to repose confidence in our policy. Nay, the clamour raised against the Affghan war, it is reported, is in some degree quashed; and the prospect thus held forth of forming India into a compact and easily-administered whole, is not perhaps so remote as was lately imagined by the Anglo-Indians. Indeed, the possession of the Punjaub and of the banks of the Indus, besides the right of regulating the commerce of that mighty river, may very soon enable the Indian government to make good any deficiency caused by the late expenditure of its finances.

Out of the facts, the statements, and conjectures which we have just been noticing as of most recent report at the moment we now write, it is manifest that the British empire in India, its relations and prospects, afford vast grounds for vigilance, the exercise of political wisdom, and therefore for leniency of interpretation when one comes to judge of the conduct and character of the statesmen concerned in its government.

Another consequence inevitable from the British position and relationships in India is, that although the doctrine of territorial enlargement and forcible aggrandisement is emphatically repudiated, yet that it is impossible for us, in dealing with faithless and turbulent Asiatics, to pursue our own just rights and to further the interests of civilization, without asserting as well as extending our supremacy. And let it not be forgotten that there are renewed reports and apparent confirmations of Russia's exciting against us the oriental powers; and that, in short, there is scope for honest ardour on either side of the question now occupying us, in our still imperfectly informed condition, or at least in the present imperfectly developed state of affairs, in reference to the East. One party may sincerely take this view of the subject:—

Why, they may say that even now, after disgraceful delays, months of languor, indecision, orders for retreat, and then retractations, Gen. Pollock is only *en route* for the Affghan capital,—Candahar having been abandoned; and that General Nott, with 7,000 men, is but in march towards Ghuznee, under the plan of combining with Pollock at Cabul. So far so well, there being something gratifying in the idea of an advance being at length made. But as to General Nott, he has an arduous portion of the enterprise to conduct, having to make his way through 320 miles of the enemy's territory, even although it be represented that he is in possession of every facility for the difficult undertaking. In the meanwhile, there is no clear intelligence of the restoration of the prisoners, the total submission of Akhbar, and the recovery of the lost possession of the Affghan country; but merely the tidings of a resolve to attempt these objects. Then, who knows but that there may be a repetition of the line of conduct which has already led to such grievous disasters?

Such is the view which those appear to take who have been heaping accusations upon Lord Ellenborough, and imputing to him incapacity as well as indifference to the fate of the prisoners, and also of a soldiery whom previous rapacity and something like judicial blindness had involved in the most disastrous and appalling difficulties. On the other hand, we are not without hopes that his lordship will not only redeem his character by vigorous and prompt measures, but satisfactorily account for the alleged issuing of certain orders, and otherwise afford explanation as of yet unexplained delays,—say that of General Pollock, at Jellalabad. This at least seems to be unques-

tionably imperative—the season of advance is not to be lost,—severe and prompt chastisement must be inflicted upon the lawless Affghans, together with a resistless demand of having the British prisoners delivered up,—and that, however unscrupulous may have been our encroachments upon the territories of the wild race who have so terribly punished the aggressors, we retire not from the land into which we never should have with hostile front entered, until we do so with a redeemed name that may prove to have its wonted majesty and virtue for the protection and civilization of millions in the East, whose fate is identified with the preservation of our supremacy.

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## Art. II.

1. *Narrative of the Expedition to China.* By Commander J. Elliot, R.N. 2 vols. Colburn.
2. *Two Years in China.* By D. McPherson, M.D. Saunders and Otley.

The latest news from China, relative to the war, at the moment we write, comes down to the 30th of July. After the arrival of the reinforcements, the expedition, on the 14th of June, entered the Yang-tze-Kiang, the most magnificent river of China, on the banks of which the Chinese had erected many strong fortifications, and garrisoned them with strong bodies of their best troops. The progress and result of the conflict which speedily ensued are represented by her Majesty's Plenipotentiary as amounting to highly important successes, affording grounds for forming hopes of an approaching termination of the war. By the bye, it is reported, that while Russia is busily occupied in exciting the Chinese against the just demands of Great Britain, and in assisting them with officers, the United States and France are described to have sent their ships of war to watch our proceedings against the exclusive race, and with the intention of demanding all the advantages that we may obtain by the expenditure of so much blood and treasure. What indeed more likely than that these great Christian powers will eagerly seize opportunities, from which, whatever be the other results, China must ere long be thrown open to the civilized world, and to all the interchanges of free states?

Still it may be doubted whether the war is approaching so closely as declared, to a termination; for, it appears, that the idea of making for Pekin, in the course of the present season, is to be postponed to a later period. Indeed, the only novelty apparent is that of the expedition having entered the largest river in the empire, while there has been another butchery, without, most probably, any solid result. To be sure the Overland Mail brings news from Pottinger down to

the 28th of July, telling us that the effects of the victory which had just been gained in the Yang-tze-Kiang were remarkable. According to one paragraph, the mandarins in the two most fertile provinces of China, were dreadfully alarmed lest Wang-chow-foo and Nankin should be taken and sacked, and the mouth of the Great Canal seized; sending a flying express for the son of some old Hong merchant at Canton, in order to interpret between them and the British. They exhibited a wish to make terms. The approach of the Expedition to the mouth of the Great Canal, and the other threatened dangers, would, it was thought, induce the Emperor to make an equitable arrangement; yet doubts were still entertained of his being exactly informed of the truth; while it is acknowledged that the efforts of the Chinese authorities to make resistance have been very great, and that a proclamation issued by the Emperor in the beginning of June breathed the most decided hostility to the "barbarians." The mandarins of the two most fertile provinces *exhibited a wish to make terms;* but it is added, "whether with the *wish* of merely gaining time, does not appear certain."

It is not, however, with political discussions, that we at present have principally to do; nor with the conduct and prospects of a war, that, whether just or unrighteous on the part of the British, has features and passages that are extraordinary in the history of national hostilities, even when between barbarous and civilized powers. So peculiar indeed is the want of warlike skill on the part of the Celestials, and at the same time so manly, on many occasions, their bravery, that it is with no small degree of horror and loathing that one reads of scenes of butchery described in the volumes before us; while the emotions referred to are not unaffected by considerations of the inhumanity that must be bred in the breasts of our soldiers and sailors by the kind of sport which this Chinese conflict affords to the subjects of Queen Victoria. We give as our first extracts a few passages from Dr. McPherson's book, which will indicate and support our meaning with terrible emphasis. Begin with a specimen of our midshipmen's pastimes and *amusements.*

On one occasion two middies, one fifteen the other thirteen years old—went out on a foraging-excursion for the benefit of their mess. They had taken the precaution to carry with them a double-barrelled gun, loaded with ball. Proceeding inland, they soon met a Fokee in charge of a flock of goats. The younger of the boys now tried to strike a bargain, and sporting his dollars rather too freely, advanced towards the latter; who however, instead of receiving the dollars, caught the boy in his arms, and was running away with him. His progress, however, was soon stopped; the elder boy having, on seeing his companion seized, advanced, and placing the muzzle of his piece to the Chinaman's ear, blew his brains out; whereupon some men who were looking on proceeded to seize the boys. The latter stood still till the foremost was within shot. The younger boy, snatch-

ing the gun out of his companion's hand, said it was his turn to have a shot. He fired, and lodged the contents of the second barrel in the man's chest. The remainder of the Chinamen, not much liking the aspect of affairs, took to their heels.

Next listen to a description of scenes which the hour of victory has supplied in the history of the Expedition:

The appearance of this flag of truce was very disheartening to all who, flushed with the success of yesterday, and not yet satisfied with the quantity of human bloodshed, were eager to dip their hands yet more deeply into it.

How little does a victorious army think, when reckoning on the numbers of the dead and wounded enemy, that these, too, had friends who deplore their loss and weep for their fate! To survey a battle-field after an engagement, and to behold the ground covered with the corpses of those who but a few hours before were in the full enjoyment of that health which our Creator has given us, but who now lie dead and cold, their bodies mangled and torn to pieces by shot and by shell, and the green grass dyed with their life's blood, would, it will naturally be supposed, excite feelings of compassion or remorse, more especially to those who have not been hardened and rendered callous by such sights, and have ever been accustomed to regard the dead body with fear and with awe: but with few only, I suspect, are such feelings present. At no time does man so nearly resemble the brute animal as in the field of battle, when two parties meet, each striving to obtain the mastery at the expense of life; then do all the finer feelings vanish; and the conqueror surveys his victim with a proud satisfaction, and he points to him afterwards as a fine specimen of one of God's created beings. Such are the effects of war; and such were the callous feelings of the majority who proceeded to survey the battle-field of Cheumpee, when disappointed in prosecuting the work of destruction.

The slaughter on the Chinese side, in the battle just mentioned, shocks the reader's sense the more and more awfully, as the author proceeds to add passage to passage, and incident to incident, in his account of the conflict.

The slaughter on the Cheumpee side was dreadful; independent of those bodies on shore, the sea was quite blackened with floating corpses, and the beach for miles around was strewed with them. On shore, the dead in many places lay heaped one upon another; at one place, where resistance had been greatest, the dead lay piled several feet high. It was here that the *heětac*, or brigadier, was found: he was a tall and powerful man, and was killed by a musket bullet through his chest. His son, who was observed to fight most manfully by his side, on finding that his father was dead, leaped into the water, and there perished. Many bodies were dreadfully scorched and disfigured from the burning of their garments padded with cotton, which were set on fire by their lighted matches as they fell wounded upon them. Some, indeed, had been literally blown up from the explosion of

their cartridge-boxes, which are always worn around their waists. The appearance inside the fort was horrifying in the extreme. There the round-shot and shell had done fearful execution. The walls in many places were bespattered with brains; and it was difficult to discover whether the mangled remains before you ever possessed the human shape. Close to the site of the explosion of the mine, many of the enemy must have secreted themselves; but now, a blent, blackened, smouldering, stinking mass, was all that remained to point out their mortal remains. About two hundred bodies were thrown into a deep pit immediately under the hill-fort, and about half that number in an adjoining one. Some careless thoughtless Jacks, employed in this operation, raised a board over the former, with the inscription —"This is the road to *gloary*," printed upon it.

Now combine these horrifying accounts with such instances of gallantry as the following:

The ramparts were all deserted; but in the centre of the fort an armed party, in strength equal to their own, were drawn up in good order. At the head of this party was a venerable-looking old man, with a blue button and peacock's feather in his cap, evidently a Mandarin of distinction. At first it was expected they were going to surrender. A shower of arrows and some matchlock bullets soon convinced our men to the contrary. The old chief himself advancing, and brandishing his double-hand sword, seemed to court death. A musket-bullet through the chest closed his career; immediately on which the party surrendered. It was now discovered that the chief above alluded to was Admiral Kwan, he who had two years before engaged her Majesty's ship Volage, at Cowloon Bay, and on a later occasion, with his fleet attacked the Volage, Hyacinth, and Larne, off Lantao.

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Every foot of this long line was contested with more than ordinary spirit by a very large force, led apparently by one of the principal mandarins. Many of the enemy who were retiring along a causeway, seeing our men enter the battery, quickly returned and joined the main body. For some time it was a fair stand-up fight, and the hardest hitters, holding out longest, had it. This, in a short time, proved to be the Royal Irish. The enemy took to their heels, but reassembled again close to some brass guns. In their haste, however, they fired too high to do much injury. Some of the officers in advance saved their lives by making good use of their pistols; and the men advancing, shot or bayoneted every one of the enemy. It was here that General Keo, the chief naval and military commander, was killed; and his officers and men, sticking to him to the last, also fell with him.

These passages have been taken from "Two Years in China." In our subsequent extracts, however, little regard will be paid to connexion, or even to the order in which the works before us stand at the head of our paper. In fact, there is a remarkable agreement in the views of their authors, or rather in the subjects of their books,—an identity, in short, to a great extent, of the things which they describe, and of the points from which they draw their sketches; proving this

one thing at least, that neither of them have had access to much beyond what were common objects for the observation of every officer in the Expedition. Still we must bestow a few words upon the general characteristics of each.

Commander Bingham's Narrative extends "from the commencement of the War to the Present Period; with Sketches of the Manners and Customs of that singular and hitherto almost unknown country," (China). Dr. McPherson's Two Years gives us a "Narrative of the Chinese Expedition from its Formation in April, 1840, till April, 1842; with an Appendix, containing the most Important of the General Orders and Despatches," &c. Both works bring down the accounts of events to April, 1842; an Appendix being added to that of the Captain, announcing the subsequent capture of Chappo; previous to which event he estimates the losses of the Chinese, since the beginning of the war, at from fifteen to twenty thousand men, and about eighteen hundred pieces of cannon, with an immense quantity of the other materials of war, and the almost total destruction of their navy.

The Captain's narrative was the occupation of a period of sojourn in England, for the cure of a wound received at the storming of the Bogue Forts, in January, 1841; the account of the other and various events of the war being continued as already mentioned. The Doctor, who is a medical officer of the Madras Army, and who accompanied the contingency furnished by that Presidency to the Expedition, drew up his narrative during the period of a six weeks' voyage from Hong-Kong back to Madras again. His story is much better connected and more regular than that of the naval author; but both are clear enough, and spirited to the bargain, presenting very opportune and acceptable contributions to our still singularly defective knowledge of the *flowery* nation. Both writers have made good use of their opportunities for observation, at the same time that they record many little incidents and give numerous minute touches, which are illustrative as well as suggestive. Neither of the works, however, can lay claim to the character of a complete history, having in reality given us but few indisputably new peeps of the exclusive race; although what they have caught for the first time, or more vividly sketched than their predecessors, will have its value when the time arrives for collecting, digesting, and arranging scattered materials, so as to satisfy the philosophical inquirer. One striking feature in the Doctor's book consists of observations of a professional nature, being not only particularly calculated to strike medical readers, but to expose past ignorance and blundering in respect of the choice of sites for quartering the British troops. It appears from his facts and reasoning, that if proper attention had been paid to hygienic matters, there would have been much less cause for complaint as respects climate, and far fewer deaths from sickness.

We now proceed to string together such extracts as may amuse, as well as illustrate the manners and customs of a people who are so strange that "a glance into the lesser traits of their character," according to Dr. McPherson's statement, "will indeed tend to convince one that they really have been cast in a different mould from all other nations. For instance, in matters of simple navigation, the pilot tells us that his port lies west-north, and that the wind is east-south: and, on explaining the use of the compass, he describes the needle as pointing south! In the common routine of literature, the moonshee or teacher reads the date of publication of his book, as the fifth year, the tenth month, and third day. He commences at what we consider the end of the book, and reads from the top downwards. The title is found on the edge of the leaves, and the marginal notes at the head of the page; and the volume has sometimes a heavy line in the middle of each leaf, which separates two works contained in it. When, in the matter of simple social life, as on the death of a relative, they dress in white; and, on a marriage, nothing is to be heard but sobbing and crying; and to crown the distinction between our own acknowledged axioms and theirs, the most learned men are of opinion that the seat of the human understanding is in the belly!"

Abstractedly, however, and apart from our own standard, there is just as much rationality exhibited in these and many other Chinese ideas and manners as we can boast of, while the essential difference with regard to others, does not exist. What is more foolish and disgusting, to our notions, than the practice of cramping and disfiguring the foot? And yet it requires but to have one's attention drawn to a still more injurious custom, as respects health as well as symmetry, viz., the barbarous custom of squeezing the waists of our English women out of all natural shape, to allay our wonder. Still it is proper that we should learn what is the form and condition of a properly trained Chinese foot. The following is Commander Bingham's account of the *pied mignon* of "a very pretty interesting girl of about sixteen," the *member* being placed on a stool "for the purpose of satisfying our curiosity."

At first she was very bashful, and appeared not to like exposing her Cinderella-like slipper; but the shine of a new and very bright "coopee" soon overcame her delicacy, when she commenced unwinding the upper bandage which passes round the leg, and over a tongue that comes up from the heel. The shoe was then removed, and the second bandage taken off, which did duty for a stocking; the turns round the toes and ankles being very tight, and keeping all in place. On the naked foot being exposed to view, we were agreeably surprised by finding it delicately white and clean, for we fully expected to have found it otherwise, from the known habits of most of the Chinese. The leg from the knee downwards was much wasted; the foot appeared as if broken up at the instep, while the four small toes were bent flat

and pressed down under the foot, the great toe only being allowed to retain its natural position. By the breaking of the instep, a high arch is formed between the heel and the toe, enabling the individual to step with them on an even surface; in this respect materially differing from the Canton and Macao ladies; for with them the instep is not interfered with, but a very high heel is substituted, thus bringing the point of the great toe to the ground. When our Canton compradore was shown a Chusan shoe, the exclamation was "He yaw! how can walkee so fashion?" nor would he be convinced that such was the case. The toes, doubled under the foot I have been describing, could only be moved by the hand sufficiently to show that they were not actually grown into the foot. I have often been astonished at seeing how well the women contrived to walk on their tiny *pedestals*. Their gait is not unlike the little mincing walk of the French ladies; they were constantly to be seen going about without the aid of any stick, and I have often seen them at Macao contending against a fresh breeze with a tolerably good-sized umbrella spread. The little children, as they scrambled away before us, balanced themselves with their arms extended, and reminded one much of an old hen between walking and flying. All the women I saw about Chusan had small feet. It is a general characteristic of true Chinese descent; and there cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that it is confined to the higher orders, though it may be true that they take more pains to compress the foot to the smallest possible dimensions than the lower classes do. High and low, rich and poor, all more or less follow the custom; and when you see a large or natural-sized foot you may depend upon it the possessor is not of true Chinese blood, but is either of Tartar extraction, or belongs to the tribes that live and have their being on the waters. The Tartar ladies, however, are falling into this Chinese habit of distortion, as the accompanying edict of the Emperor proves. For know, good people, you must not dress as you like in China. You must follow the customs and habits of your ancestors, and wear your winter and summer clothing as the emperor, or one of the six boards shall direct. If this were the custom in England, how beneficial it would be to our pockets and detrimental to the tailors and milliners. Let us now see what the emperor says about little feet, on finding that they were coming into vogue among the undeformed daughters of the Mantchows. Not only does he attack the little feet, but the large Chinese sleeves which were creeping into fashion at court. Therefore to check these misdemeanours, the usual Chinese remedy was resorted to, and a flaming edict launched, denouncing them; threatening the "heads of the families with degradation and punishment, if they did not put a stop to such gross illegalities;" and his celestial majesty further goes on and tells the fair ones, "that by persisting in their vulgar habits, they will debar themselves from the possibility of being selected as ladies of honour for the inner palace, at the approaching presentation!" How far this had the desired effect I cannot say. When the children begin to grow, they suffer excruciating pain, but as they advance in years, their vanity is played upon by being assured that they would be exceedingly ugly with large feet. Thus they are persuaded to put up with what they consider a necessary evil, but the children are remarkably patient under pain. A poor little child about five years old was brought to our surgeon, having been most dreadfully

scalded, part of its dress adhering to the skin. During the painful operation of removing the linen, it only now and then said "he-yaw, he-yaw."

When on this subject we shall quote the results of one of the curious and valuable investigations of Dr. McPherson.

A cursory glance at the deformed limb would lead even a professional man to suppose that a partial amputation had been performed, wherein the metatarsal bones (those immediately articulating with the toes) had been removed. On a closer inspection, the great toe was found to end in a sharp rough point, having at its extremity what might either be construed into a shapeless nail, or a portion of bone protruding, from not having been properly protected by the flap after an amputation. On the upper surface of the foot there was no peculiar appearance, save that the smaller toes appeared to terminate in a knuckle-like point. On examining the sole of the foot, I was surprised to see the four small toes bent under and deeply imbedded in the soft substance of the foot, and in a wonderful degree capable of flexion and extension. In the foot itself there was no motion; the joint, I presume, having been anchylosed (or a bony union formed) by constant pressure. This, however, I afterwards found not to be the case; for on examining a skeleton foot, I found the bones all separate, but displaced. The ankle was thickened, its capability of motion being in a great degree curtailed. The calf of the leg was round and well-proportioned. The extreme length of the foot was three inches and a quarter. Yet, when properly bandaged and shod, this young lady hobbled up and down her stair with apparent ease.

The pain and irritation excited by the horrid process of cramping the foot, as well as the want of exercise, must, it will be supposed, materially injure the general health. This, however, is not allowed to be the case. Subsequent to the above period, I met some children who were passing through the usual ordeal of perfecting beauty, whose pallid sickly look contrasted greatly with the healthy rude appearance of the poorer Chinese, who teach their children at a very early age to assist in all domestic employments.

The state of filth in which he found the foot on the removal of the bandage was such as to convince him that the general opinion is correct, viz., that the limb is seldom exposed, even for the purpose of cleanliness.

Even opium-smoking has something to be said in behalf of the practice. The Doctor has a right to be heard on this subject:—

The opium is never used by the Chinese in its crude state, but it undergoes a process which separates the resin and other impurities, leaving a residuum somewhat analogous to the morphia used by us, though in a very impure state. This is retailed at most exorbitant prices, and is supposed to be used universally and indiscriminately throughout the empire. For medicinal purposes it is employed by the Chinese both internally and externally, to a very great extent; and I have been informed by a native doctor, that a very few grains taken internally by the most confirmed opium smoker, is certain to lull him to sleep, and have a far more powerful effect

upon his secretions than if ten times that quantity was introduced into the system by means of inhalation. The drug, when used for smoking, has the appearance and consistence of tar. The apparatus necessary for proceeding with the operation, consists of a small lamp, fitted with a glass shade, a steel probe, a small brass box containing the drug, and an ebony pipe, about eighteen inches long. At the further extremity of which is a large pear-shaped bowl, smooth and flattened on its upper surface, in the centre of which is a small hole capable of admitting a pin's head. The smoker now lies down on his bed, and drawing the table, on which the lamp is placed, close to him, with the probe he takes from the box a piece of opium about the size of a pea; this he applies to the flame until it swells and takes fire; instantly blowing the flame out, he rolls the opium for a short time on the bowl of the pipe, and then re-applies it to the flame, and repeats the same process until it becomes sufficiently burned to be fit for use. It is now introduced into the small aperture in the bowl, and the lungs having previously been emptied as much as possible of atmospheric air, the pipe is put to the mouth, and the bowl applied to the flame, and in one long deep inspiration the opium becomes almost entirely dissipated. The fumes are retained in the chest for a short time, and then emitted through the nostrils. This operation is repeated until the desired effects of the drug are produced, the period of which varies according as the individual has been accustomed to its effects. Some old stagers will smoke whole nights without being completely under its influence, whereas, to the beginner, or to a person not used to the habit, a very small quantity is sufficient to stupify.

Dr. McPherson speaks of opium-smoking from some amount of personal experience:—

. I had the curiosity to try the effects of a few pipes upon myself; and must confess I am not at all surprised at the great partiality and craving appetite always present with those who are long accustomed to its use. From what I have myself experienced, as well as seen in others, its first effects appear to be that of a powerful stimulant. There are few who have not, at some period of their lives, experienced the powers of opium, either to soothe or mitigate pain, or drown cares and sorrows. But, as with most other temporary stimulants, there follows a period of nausea and depression; the opium becomes partly digested in the stomach, and it deranges all the natural secretions. When introduced into the system through the lungs, this does not appear to follow. Its effects are then far more immediate and exhilarating, as well as more transient. The pulse vibrates, it becomes fuller and firmer, the face glows, the eyes sparkle, the temperature of the skin is elevated, and it becomes suffused with a blush; the organs of the sense are exquisitely sensitive, perspiration flows profusely, respiration becomes quicker, the action of the heart is increased, the nervous energy is exalted; and a glow of warmth, and sensations very similar to those which often attend highly pleasurable and agreeable feelings, overspreads the body; every organized tissue shares the impression, and the whole system becomes preternaturally excited, and assumes the characteristic of disease. The perception becomes more vivid, the imagination more prolific with ideas, and these of a more brilliant and exalted character. Fancy is awakened, and creates new

and bright associations; the pleasurable scenes of former life are again recalled; events and circumstances long effaced from recollection, facts long forgotten, present themselves to the mind; the future is full of delightful anticipations, whilst the most difficult schemes appear already accomplished and crowned with success. Under its operation every task seems easy and every labour light.

The spirits are renovated and melancholy is dissipated, the most delightful sensations and the happiest inspirations are present, when only partaken to a limited extent, and to those not long accustomed to its use. If persevered in, these pleasing feelings vanish; all control of the will, the functions of sensation and volition, as well as reason, are suspended; vertigo, coma, regular muscular contractions, and sometimes temporary delirium supervene.

Effects of opium-smoking in respect of disease:—

The Chinese themselves affirm that the use of the drug acts as a preventitive against disease: and in this opinion, when smoked in moderation, I am inclined in part to agree with them. The particles, by their direct and topical influence on the nerves of the lungs, which carry the impressions they receive to the heart, brain, and spinal cord, and, through them to all parts of the body, may thus, to a certain extent, guard the system against disease, and by their tonic influence, strengthen the several organs. This opinion gains strength when we call to mind that a peculiar active principle in opium, the narcotic, has of late been employed with considerable success in Bengal as a substitute for quinine. It may also be mentioned, that at the time fevers prevailed so extensively among our troops at Hong-Kong, but comparatively few of the Chinese suffered, though exposed throughout to the same exciting causes.

These facts would certainly on the whole, rather tend to show that the habitual use of opium is not so injurious as is commonly supposed; its effects certainly, are not so disgusting to the beholder as that of the sottish, slaving drunkard. True, like all other powerful stimulants and narcotics, it must ultimately produce effects injurious to the constitution; and the unhappy individual who makes himself a slave to the drug shuns society, and is indifferent to all around him; and, when deprived of his usual allowance, he describes his feelings as if rats were gnawing his shoulders and spine, and worms devouring the calves of his legs, with an indescribable craving at the stomach, relieved only by having recourse to his pipe, now his only solace.

Then with regard to the belly being the seat of understanding,—why, the opinion has a good right to obtain currency among a people whose philosophy teaches as we find it stated in our next extract:—

On the 20th, having anchored near the flag-ship, about 6 A.M., Captain Elliot and his party quitted us. Captain Eyres waited on the admiral shortly afterwards, found him entertaining at breakfast a party of mandarins from Miatau, the chief of whom was a huge mountain of flesh,—say *thirty-five* stone,—whose great boast was, that a sheep only furnished him

with three days' supply of food; and to judge from the justice they all did to the substantial breakfast before them, it could easily be believed; the mountain, for I forget his name, taking up the slices of mutton as they were sent to him, on his fork, and coiling them down his throat, much as a Neapolitan swallows his maccaroni; nor did he appear to have satisfied the cravings of his inordinate appetite, after all his exertions. By his countrymen he must be thought much of, fatness with them being a sure sign of wealth and wisdom; for they argue, "a thin man must be a poor devil, or he would have wisdom to eat more." The lusty individual is also considered an especial favourite with the gods, who are represented as good portly characters. Being myself "none of Pharaoh's lean kine," I always met with a certain degree of deference.

Now for a companion portrait, viz., that of a Celestial dandy. The Captain is the artist:

This mandarin was one of the finest specimens of a man I had till then seen in China. He stood about six feet two or three inches, and was apparently stout in proportion. He wore the winter cap, the crown of which was of a puce-coloured satin, shaped to, and fitting close to the head, with a brim of black velvet turned sharply up all round, the front and hinder parts rising rather higher than the sides,—in fact, the shape much resembling the paper boats we make for children. On the dome-shaped top of this he wore a white crystal sexangular button, in a handsome setting. Beneath this was a one-eyed peacock's feather falling down between his shoulders. This feather was set in green jade-stone about two inches long, beyond which about ten inches of the feather projected, and though apparently but one, is, in fact formed of several most beautifully united. His ma-kwa, or riding coat, was a fine blue camlet, the large sleeves of which extended about half down the fore-arm, and the skirts nearly to the hip. Under this he wore a richly figured blue silk jacket, the sleeves equally large, but reaching nearly to the wrist, and the skirts sufficiently long to display the full beauty of it below the ma-kwa. These loose dresses always fold over the right breast, and are fastened from top to bottom with loops and buttons. His *unwhisperables* were of a light blue figured Nankin crape, cut much in the modern Greek style, being immediately below the knee tucked into the black satin mandarin boots, that in shape much resemble the old hessian, once so common in this country, with soles some two inches thick, the sides of which were kept nicely white, Warren's jet not yet having been introduced. To this part of his dress a Chinese dandy pays as much attention as our exquisites do to the formation of a "Humby." The figure was completed by his apparently warlike, but really peaceable implements, which no respectable Chinaman would be seen without, viz, the fan with its highly-worked sheath; the purse or tobacco-pouch, in the exquisite embroidery of which great ingenuity is displayed; a variety of silver tooth and ear-picks, with a pocket for his watch, the belt to which these are attached having a small leather case fixed to it, to contain his flint and steel. I had nearly forgotten his tail,—his beautiful tail, the pride of every Chinaman's heart,—and in this case, if all his own, he might well be proud of it. I am afraid to say how thick it was, but it

reached half way down his leg, and I would defy Rowland's Macassar to give a finer gloss. In short he was the very epitome of a dandy Chinese cavalry officer.

The *tail* has more uses than are contrived for mere adornment by fops and dandy mandarins. Can our Regent-street loungers say so much for certain of their hairy and cherished growths? But it is of the yellow gentlemen that we desire to hear.

On the subjugation of China by the Tartars an edict was issued, requiring the whole nation to shave the front of the head, and to plat the residue of the hair into a tail, the length and size of which is considered in China a great mark of masculine beauty, in consequence of which great quantities of false hair are worked up with the natural hair, the ends being finished off with black silk cord. To the lower orders it is a useful ornament. I remember, on one occasion, to have seen a Chinaman flogging his pig along with it, while on another, the servant was dusting the table; and when their belligerent propensities are excited, which is not often, they will twist each other's tails round their hands, pulling with all their strength, and enduring the most horrible torture until one or the other cries out *peccavi*.

Much has been reported lately of Chinese stratagems, and their formidable resources. Lord Joscelyn, if our memory serves us, described a similar artifice to that which occupies the Commander in the following passage:

The Conway had been employed in surveying the mouths of this mighty river, and her indefatigable captain succeeded in discovering a passage by which line-of-battle ships might be conducted through the sands which guard its entrance. The Conway did not proceed above sixty miles up, and even then the ebb was found to run eight hours, and the flood at neap tides was scarcely perceptible. The appearance of the ship created a great sensation, and the natives were apparently busy throwing up fortifications, which being examined by the telescope, proved nothing but mats extended on poles, with painted ports to give them the appearance of forts; these poor ignorant people not having the least idea that their real character could be so easily distinguished. During the time the dispute was going on between the late Lord Napier and the Chinese authorities, our countrymen at Canton were one morning astonished at seeing the shore apparently bristling with a hundred cannon; but on examining them with their glasses, they had put up in the front of a mat-fort a range of earthen jars, with their open end pointed towards the river. We found that it was a common practice to stick a large round piece of wood into the muzzle of a three pounder, painted white, with a black spot as large as the bore of a thirty-two pounder, and as the white muzzel was continued along the line of guns it became very difficult by merely looking at them to discover the deception.

Take some sketches illustrative of character and customs:

When the troops first entered Ting-hai, scarcely a soul was to be seen.

Thousands had left the city, but many families remained shut up in their houses. When they found that the troops were peaceable and quiet, they gradually showed themselves, and the rabble speedily commenced a system of plunder; and goods from the deserted houses were carried out of the city night and day. The commandant was requested to prevent this by giving directions that nothing should be allowed to pass the gate. Orders to this effect were at first refused, on the plea that the inhabitants ought to come and look after their own affairs; and thus these disregarders of *meum* and *tuum* were allowed to carry on a most prosperous game of spoliation, everything rapidly disappearing before their light fingers. No shops were open, and had this continued the city would soon have been empty; orders were therefore at length given to stop the robbers at the gates, and not to allow them to climb over the walls. The remedy now became worse than the disease; honest men were stopped for the thieves; for who was to distinguish between them? Goods out of number accumulated at the guard-house, and the magistrate's office was besieged by claimants to recover their property, who, on getting an order for it, helped themselves most liberally, taking very good care to make up for all previous losses; and rarely, if ever, did the true owner become possessed of what was justly his. Coffins, notwithstanding the order, were allowed to pass, until the notice of the sentries was attracted by the quantities of dead relations, whose bodies were carried out of the town, when their curiosity prompted them to examine one of these pretended repositories of the dead, which proved to be full of rolls of silk, crape, and other valuables.

When the coffin-artifice failed, the ever prolific minds of the Chinese resorted to other methods of deceiving and of following their propensities. Debasing the currency is one of their much practised arts; but yet with all their cunning they were dull with regard to silver, as well as gold. Commander Bingham thus reports:

One great difficulty felt in our first intercourse with this island, was the little knowledge the natives had of silver. The tchen being their circulating medium, thousands of strings of them were carried off by the robbers before the soldiers became aware of their value. The inhabitants would at first not take silver, except the Carolus pillared dollar; and it was very long before they could be induced to receive the Mexican on any terms. I have, when paying for bullocks, seen them examine the dollars most minutely, only selecting those on which that king's effigy was represented with a small piece of armour on the shoulder. When they became more familiar with our silver coin, I saw a man refuse to take a sovereign, preferring an English shilling: in fact, nothing like a gold coinage has existed in China for ages. So addicted are the Chinese to debasing the currency that even the tchen, which is of less value than a tenth of a penny, is counterfeited. They will take a dollar, cut off the stamp about the thickness of tinsel, and scrape out the inside until a mere shell of the same thickness is left; they then fill it up with copper, and neatly braze the stamp on. The most critical examination of an unpractised eye will not easily discover the cheat. All the English houses employ shroffs, native Chinese, who readily detect a bad dollar; and

as they are answerable for any that may be such after undergoing their examination, the English merchants are seldom sufferers by base coin.

We come back to topics and incidents that bear with some degree of closeness upon British interests and experience. The Doctor is speaking of some of the necessities which commerce imposed between the natives and our troops, on the capture of Tinghai, and says :—

After the troops had taken up cantonments in the city, the Chinese, as they returned, opened shops in the midst of their quarters ; and finding that the soldiers had plenty of money, used every inducement to get their custom. The "tolah" and "loopee" becoming most familiar terms, a *lingua franca* rapidly sprung up, composed of words and sounds from the European, Asiatic, and Chinese languages. Nor was it confined to these in particular, for the imitation of the lowing of cattle, and cackling of poultry were introduced: the repetition of the words "cackle, cackle," being the first method of making known the want of cocks and hens, they were henceforth called "kak;" while ducks were "wak," and geese were "his-wak; the oxen and cows being yclept "boo," which had originated from our first foraging parties indicating that they were in want of those animals by putting their arms over their foreheads, and exclaiming, "boo! boo! boo!" Dogs of course were naturally "bow-wows;" and thus quickly all the articles in common use got named.

An anecdote is amusingly connected with the use of the *lingua franca* mentioned. It is told of Captain Anstruther, during his captivity in Ningpo. One day a mandarin sent him a very savoury stew, garnished with shark's fins and bird's nests, in consequence of a likeness which he had taken of the nodding gentleman. Anstruther having tasted of the delicious contents, gave an inquisitive look at the attendant, and pointing to the stew said,—"Quack, quack, quack?" The servant shook his head, and replied, "Bow, wow, wow."

By the bye, it was Anstruther's ability to contribute to the delight which the Chinese take in the productions of imitative art, that procured for him a consideration and relaxation which were denied to other prisoners. And yet, especially at first, he met with a savage treatment. Indeed, the sort of rewards offered for particular services, as stated in the following paragraph, conveys no flattering idea of the humanity and civilization of the Chinese authorities:—

For the capture of a ship of 80 guns, twenty thousand dollars; for smaller ones, a diminished reward of one hundred dollars for every gun under 80. For utterly destroying the same by fire, or otherwise, ten thousand dollars. For a merchant-vessel, all her cargo—whether goods or money, excepting guns, warlike instruments, or opium—to the captors, with an additional ten thousand for those vessels that have three masts; for those with two and a half mast (probably steamers), five thousand dollars; and for those with two masts, three thousand; for a large boat, three hundred; for a small boat, one hundred; for destroying by fire or sinking them, one third of the

above sum or sums. For taking alive a barbarian officer, if chief commander, five thousand dollars; five hundred to be deducted for every degree of rank lower. For the murder of the same, one third of the before-named sum. For taking alive English barbarians, or Parsees, whether soldiers or sailors, one hundred dollars. For the murder of the same, one-fifth of the aforesaid sum. To those who seize the black imps (sepoys and lascars), a proportionate reward. For abandoned natives who take supplies to the barbarians, one hundred dollars. For those less guilty a proportionate reward. "Those less guilty," refers to the native compradores and servants, who, though they quitted service at the time the edicts ordered them so to do, soon after returned to their employers; of which circumstance Lin was fully aware. This table of rewards has to the stranger a very alarming appearance; but it was well known to the residents, that few of the natives would attempt to avail themselves of the offered bounties, as they well knew they would never see the reward, even in case of a successful capture, as the high officers would always invent some false charge of informality to warrant them in withholding it.

The Celestials exhibit much profound ignorance and dissimulation, in spite of all their silly acuteness and boasted politic wisdom. Set the following account down to any score you please:

About this time there appeared a memorial to the emperor on the opium and sycee question from Keshen, viceroy of Petche-li, by whom we were, about a year and a half afterwards, so completely bamboozled. That he is one of the most acute and wily of Chinese statesmen is, I believe, generally acknowledged; and that he was fully aware how utterly incapable China was of contending against the British power, his subsequent memorials to the Emperor have proved. This memorial affords but a very poor idea of Chinese literature, when we find the most talented of her children writing such absurd nonsense. He falls into the most gross mistakes in his calculations, asserting that in thirty or forty years the use of opium has been the means of "several thousand myriad myriads" of taels leaking out to the distant foreigners. Now this is a prodigious error; for at ten millions per year, it would only amount to four hundred millions in forty years. It would appear inconceivable that such a miscalculation could be any other than wilfully made to mislead his celestial master, did we not find this same learned and talented mandarin *pencilling* in continuation the following most extraordinary nonsense:—"Again, in reference to the foreign money which these said foreigners bring, it is all boiled with, and reduced by quicksilver. If you wrap it up, and put it past for several years without touching it, it will become moths and corroding insects, and their silver cups will change into feathers or wings. Their money is all of this species: and if we leave it for four or five hundred years, I'm sure I don't know what it will change into at last!" Again, he says, alluding to our demand for tea and rhubarb:—"The reason of this is, that their climate is rough and rigorous, the sun and wind both fierce and strong; day by day they subsist on beef and mutton; the digestion of this food is not easy; their bowels are bound up, and they speedily die; therefore it is, that every day after meals they take of this divine medicine in order to get a motion of their bowels."

But we must bring to a close our paper, leaving behind many as curious descriptions, notices, and anecdotes as any we have picked out. Our concluding extract presents Dr. McPherson's account of Hong-Kong, the British settlement, which will no doubt quickly eclipse Macao, from which it is distant forty miles, and from Canton about a hundred. The island is about eight miles in length, two and a half in its greatest breadth; and it is separated from the main land by a strait, which in some places is scarcely a mile broad, but at others five or six. The account thus proceeds:

The bay of Hong-Kong cannot probably be surpassed by any in the world, not only by reason of the infinite number of ships which it can accommodate but also of its safe anchorage from typhoons, compared with any other harbour in China, and the depth of water close to the land, which along the greater part of the bay is sufficient for a seventy-four to float at a distance of a cable's length from shore. From this circumstance alone, the island must prove a possession of enormous value as a commercial acquisition. Magnificient granite quarries are found all over the island, so that warehouses on any scale can be built close to the water's edge, and wharfs with ease thrown out, which will enable ships to approach for the purpose of loading and unloading. There is at all seasons an abundant supply of fresh water procurable on the island. In other respects, this new colony possesses but few advantages. Its northern side is formed by a connected ridge of mountains, the highest of which is about 2000 feet above the level of the sea. Except in a few spots these mountains are barren and uncultivated; formed by black projecting masses of granite, the intervals giving shelter to herbage and brush-wood. There are no trees of any size; and unlike the generality of mountainous districts, it possesses but a few vallies, and these not of any extent. The mountains for the most part, fall perpendicularly into the sea, thus leaving but little space for building at their base. The interior and south side is chiefly formed by level and undulating land, and appears to be far better adapted for private residences than on the north side. Here, too, there are some very fine bays, the chief of which are Ty-tan and Chuck-pie-wan. At the former place a military post has been established. The latter place, which is removed about five miles from Ty-tan, forms a very convenient and well-sheltered site for building dockyards, &c. Partridge, quail, and snipe, have been found on the island; and in the jungle pheasants and deer have been seen. The population, on our first taking possession, was barely 1000, but it is now daily increasing, and already numbers upwards of 10,000. Opposite to the north-eastern extremity of Hong-Kong, and across the bay, is the town of Cowloon, a small fortified Chinese position from which the fleet derive supplies in abundance. A peninsular of considerable size, with only a few Chinese upon it, extends from the town of Cowloon, in a south-easterly direction. This mostly consists of rich level ground, and would prove of inestimable value to us, were it to become an appendage to our present possessions. The appearance of Hong-Kong is anything but prepossessing; and to to those who have hitherto resided upon it, the climate has proved far from salubrious. There is a good deal of rank vegetation on the face of the hill, the ground on which, after a heavy fall of

rain, becomes elastic and boggy. On the Cowloon side of the bay, the atmosphere is at all times more pure, and the changes of temperature less sudden; indeed, altogether it appears a far more likely and preferable spot to form a settlement, than on the Hong-Kong side. At present it has been decided that this peninsula is to be considered as neutral ground.

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ART. III.—*Lays of Ancient Rome.* By H. B. MACAULAY. Longman and Co.

THE thought that naturally is first suggested by the title of this volume, is that he must be a bold man who professes and assays to sing the lays of Ancient Rome; doubt and some degree of surprise must attach to the idea. It is true, that Mr. Macaulay heretofore and long ago has distinguished himself by his ballad disportings; that the numerous criticisms which are attributed to him, display not merely acuteness and power, but a high order of imaginative qualities; and that as an orator he is celebrated for his bold positions, his argumentative artillery, and the largest resources of eloquence. But it must be a very different task, the attempting to transport one to ancient Rome, and to give us ditties and chaunts, such as must have been popular at the time,—dear to the public as their native soil, their cherished traditions, and even their religious beliefs. If even a decidedly poetical imagination, aided by the rules of art, and an intimate acquaintance with the history and manners of the feudal ages, be often found to be unequal to the conception and composition of a chivalric ballad,—to be greatly deficient as respects simplicity, the graceful and touching use of most familiar things, the deep pathos as well as the rich humour that take you captive at so many unexpected turns, and the wildest fancies that ever entered into the realms of superstition and rude belief,—if the ballad-poet is to be abundantly furnished in all these respects when he assumes the Troubadour office, and to let us have the lays of most romantic adventure, during periods upon which we so closely tread, and of which we have so many relics, what can we hope from him, were he a Scott, when he plants himself in quite an ancient world, and with which one's sympathies cannot readily or with closeness hold communion? And after all that knowledge which we have of ancient Rome is derived through such classical channels, and consists of such ideas of heroism, stern self-denial, godlike sacrifices, massiveness and majesty, that it seems a hopeless task to attempt interesting us in the popular spirit of the age, or to convey a veritable picture of its life.

According to the view we are taking, it was a daring venture of Mr. Macaulay to appear upon such stiff and uncultivatable ground, as he has here done, especially in the guise of a ballad-poet. If re-

quired of him to have more of the blind bard of Greece, than of the minstrel of the North. But how does he acquit himself? Certainly he is much more nearly allied to the latter than to the former; nor do we hesitate to pronounce these Lays to be romantic instead of Roman, except in title and theme. The subjects are antique, but the treatment is modern; not merely with regard to air but essential spirit. True, Mr. Macaulay displays even in these ballads, an extraordinary familiarity with the history of Rome, with whatever has been bequeathed by its authors, even to a minutely critical knowledge of its modes; but the antique heroic thought is not there, and nothing like classical severity as respects condensation of matter, rapidity of description, or chasteness of manner.

What then are the precise and peculiar merits of these Lays? Unquestionably they are of a rare kind and of unwonted excellence, quite unlike anything that has been published for many a long year, and breaking ground, we might almost say, with the reckless confidence of a Scott. Indeed, it looks as if the author had sought for a field which no one else would think of, much less dare to approach with minstrelsy.

Mr. Macaulay's object is to give what he conceives to be akin to the ballads which he conjectures to have been the foundation or the materials of the history of ancient Rome, as it has come down to us; adopting the idea or theory that all the facts of the earlier portion of this history, were merely so many fables, or at least traditions, which partook more of the imagined than of the real and the actual. In a general preface he discusses the subject of this earlier history, presenting his views with regard to the lost ballads, as well as of ballads in general. We first quote from this part of the volumes. He says—

> The Latin ballads perished for ever. Yet discerning critics have thought that they could still perceive in the early history of Rome numerous fragments of this lost poetry, as the traveller on classic ground sometimes finds, built into the heavy wall of a fort or convent, a pillar rich with acanthus leaves, or a frieze where the Amazons and Bacchanals seem to live. The theatres and temples of the Greek and the Roman were degraded into the quarries of the Turk and the Goth. Even so did the old Saturnian poetry become the quarry in which a crowd of orators and annalists found the materials for their prose. It is not difficult to trace the process by which the old songs were transmuted into the form which they now wear. Funeral penegyric and chronicle appear to have been the intermediate links which connected the lost ballads wiith the histories now extant. From a very early period it was the usage that an oration should be pronounced over the remains of a noble Roman. The orator, as we learn from Polybius, was expected, on such an occasion, to recapitulate all the services which the ancestors of the deceased had, from the earliest time, rendered to the commonwealth. There can be little doubt that the speaker on whom this duty was imposed would make

use of all the stories suited to his purpose which were to be found in the popular lays. There can be as little doubt that the family of an eminent man would preserve a copy of the speech which had been pronounced over his corpse. The compilers of the early chronicles would have recourse to these speeches; and the great historians of a later period would have recourse to the chronicles. It may be worth while to select a particular story, and to trace its probable progress through these stages. The description of the migration of the Fabian house to Cremera is one of the finest of the many fine passages which lie thick in the earlier books of Livy. The Consul, clad in his military garb, stands in the vestibule of his house, marshalling his clan, three hundred and six fighting men, all of the same proud patrician blood, all worthy to be attended by the fasces, and to command the legions. A sad and anxious retinue of friends accompaines the adventurers through the streets; but the voice of lamentation is drowned by the shouts of admiring thousands. As the procession passes the Capitol, prayers and vows are poured forth, but in vain. The devoted band, leaving Janus on the right, marches to its doom through the Gate of Evil Luck. After achieving great deeds of valour against overwhelming numbers, all perish save one child, the stock from which the great Fabian race was destined again to spring, for the safety and glory of the commonwealth. That this fine romance, the details of which are so full of poetical truth, and so utterly destitute of all show of historical truth, came originally from some lay which had often been sung with great applause at banquets, is in the highest degree probable. Nor is it difficult to imagine a mode in which the transmission might have taken place. The celebrated Quintus Fabius Maximus, who died about twenty years before the First Punic War, and more than forty years before Ennius was born, is said to have been interred with extraordinary pomp. In the eulogy pronounced over his body all the great exploits of his ancestors were doubtless recounted and exaggerated. If there were then extant songs which gave a vivid and touching description of an event, the saddest and the most glorious in the long history of the Fabian house, nothing could be more natural than that the panegyrist should borrow from such songs their finest touches, in order to adorn his speech. A few generations later the songs would perhaps be forgotten, or remembered only by shepherds and vine-dressers. But the speech would certainly be preserved in the archives of the Fabian nobles. Fabius Pictor would be well acquainted with a document so interesting to his personal feelings, and would insert large extracts from it in his rude chronicle. That chronicle as we know, was the oldest to which Livy had access. Livy would at a glance distinguish the bold strokes of the forgotten poet from the dull and feeble narrative by which they were surrounded, would retouch them with a delicate and powerful pencil, and would make them immortal. That this might happen at Rome can scarcely be doubted; for something very like this has happened in several countries, and, among others, in our own. Perhaps the theory of Perizonius cannot be better illustrated than by showing that what he supposes to have taken place in ancient times has, beyond all doubt taken place in modern times. "History," says Hume with the utmost gravity, "has preserved some instances of Edgar's amours, from which, as from a specimen, we may form a conjecture of the rest." He then tells

very agreeably the stories of Elfleda and Elfrido; two stories which have a most suspicious air of romance, and which, indeed, greatly resemble, in their general character, some of the legends of early Rome. He cites, as his authority for these two tales, the chronicle of William of Malmesbury, who lived in the time of King Stephen. The great majority of readers suppose that the device by which Elfleda was substituted for her young mistress, the artifice by which Athelwood obtained the hand of Elfrida, the detection of that artifice, the hunting party, and the vengenance of the amorous king, are things about which there is no more doubt than about the execution of Anne Boleyn, or the slitting of Sir John Coventry's nose. But, when we turn to William of Malmesbury, we find that Hume, in his eagerness to relate these pleasant fables, has overlooked one very important circumstance. William does indeed tell both the stories; but he gives us distinct notice that he does not warrant their truth, and that they rest on no better authority than that of ballads.

Castilian literature is ransacked in order to find another parallel case:—

Mariana, the classical historian of Spain, tells the story of the ill-starred marriage which the King Donso brought about between the heirs of Carrion and the two daughters of the Cid. The Cid bestowed a princely dower on his sons-in-law. But the young men were base and proud, cowardly and cruel. They were tried in danger, and found wanting. They fled before the Moors, and once, when a lion broke out of his den, they ran and crouched in an unseemly hiding place. They knew that they were despised, and took counsel how they might be avenged. They parted from their father-in-law with many signs of love, and set forth on a journey with Dona Elvira and Dona Sol. In a solitary place the bridegrooms seized their brides, stripped them, scourged them, and departed, leaving them for dead. But one of the house of Bivar, suspecting foul play, had followed them in disguise. The ladies were brought back safe to the house of their father. Complaint was made to the king. It was adjudged by the Cortes that the dower given by the Cid should be returned, and that the heirs of Carrion, together with one of their kindred should do battle against three knights of the party of the Cid. The guilty youths would have declined the combat; but all their shifts were vain. They were vanquished in the lists, and for ever disgraced, while their injured wives were sought in marriage by great princes. Some Spanish writers have laboured to show, by an examination of dates and circumstances, that this story is untrue. Such confutation was surely not needed; for the narrative is on the face of it a romance. How it found its way into Mariana's history is quite clear. He acknowledges his obligations to the old chronicles; and had doubtless before him the "Chronica del famoso Cavallero Cid Ruy Diez Campeador," which had been printed as early as the year 1552. He little suspected that all the most striking passages in this chronicle were copied from a poem of the twelfth century, a poem of which the language and versification had long been obsolete, but which glowed with no common portion of the fire of the Iliad. Yet such was the fact. More than a century and a half after the death of Mariana, this grand

old ballad, of which one imperfect copy on parchment, four hundred years old, had been preserved at Bivar, was for the first time printed. Then it was found that every interesting circumstance of the story of the heirs of Carrion was derived by the eloquent Jesuit from a song of which he had never heard, and which was composed by a minstrel whose very name had long been forgotten.

All this is ingenious and eloquent according to Mr. Macaulay's established manner, whatever be the task he sets himself about; unfolding some of the leading ideas of what lays of ancient Rome *ought to be*, and also of the way in which he has modelled his own specimens.

The subjects selected by him are four,—the Defence of the Bridge by Horatius and two comrades against the Etruscan army of Lars Porsena, advancing to reinstate the Tarquins; the Battle of the Lake Regillus, where Castor and Pollux appeared in the field to determine the balance in favour of the Romans, at that most critical period; Virginia, a fragment embracing what the poet considers the most striking points of the story; and the Prophecy of Capys, in which the principal topic is the defeat of King Pyrrhus by Dentatus. To each lay is affixed a prose notice, in which the author expounds the historical character of the subject, and his own purpose in its treatment.

In the "Prophecy of Capys," Mr. Macaulay goes over the most prominent points of Roman story before reaching the principal theme; and accordingly the piece is more rapid than where the topic is limited and distinct. In all the lays, however, there is the same sort of animation, terseness, and felicity of language, and of illustration and imagery; the language being often not more happy than familiar. "The Battle of the Lake Regillus" gives us many effective battle-scenes, with the additional awe which the apparition of Castor and Pollux produces in the machinery. It is from "Horatius" that we take our first examples, going forward to the latter stanzas, although these must be quoted to a much greater number than is our wont, owing to the want of condensation and the predominance of accumulation characteristic of these ballads. We give the defence of the bridge against the army of Porsena; the tidings having just arrived of the enemy's approach, and while the Senate is consulting by the River-gate.

> But the Consul's brow was sad,
> And the Consul's speech was low,
> And darkly looked he at the wall,
> And darkly at the foe.
> "Their van will be upon us
> Before the bridge goes down;
> And if they once may win the bridge,
> What hope to save the town?"

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better,
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods,

And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame?

Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three;
Now, who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then outspake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And outspake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array,
Forth went the dauntless Three;
For Romans, in Rome's quarrel,
Spared neither land nor gold;
Nor son, nor wife, nor limb, nor life,
In the brave days of old.

* * * * * * *

Now, while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe;

And Fathers mixed with Commons,
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded,
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that mighty mass;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields and flew
To win the narrow pass.

* * * *

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath;
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth;
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

Similar prodigies of valour are performed by the Three, all described in the true ballad-fashion of particularity. The lay deepens, gathers, has a greater breadth of picturesque colouring, and excites a more breathless interest. We cannot find heart to take snatches of it, but will give the remainder without break, halt, or stop.

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes:
A wild and wrathful clamour
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
Halted that mighty mass,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow pass.

But, hark! the cry is Astur:
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscan,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay:
But will he dare to follow
If Astur clears the way?"

Then, whirling up his broad-sword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow;
The blow though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space;
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face:
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a handbreadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale Augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain
Ere he wrenched out the steel.

"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three:
And, from the ghastly entrance
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack;
But those behind cried "Forward!"
And those before cried "Back!"
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

Yet one man for one moment
Strode out before the crowd;
Well known was he to all the Three,
And they gave him greeting loud.
"Now welcome, welcome, Sextus!
Now welcome to thy home!
Why dost thou stay, and turn away?
Here lies the road to Rome."

Thrice looked he at the city;
Thrice looked he at the dead;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread:

And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken,
When first he feels the reign,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane;
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free;
And whirling down in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

"Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place:
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"

"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

It stands in the Comitium
Plain for all folk to see;
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee:
And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow,
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within;

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit,
When the chesnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit;

When young and old in circle
  Around the firebands close;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
  And the lads are shaping bows;

When the goodman mends his armour,
  And trims his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
  Goes flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter
  Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
  In the brave days of old.

There is great mark and merit in all this, and most ample evidence that it wants but the will for Mr. Macaulay to achieve a triumph in most of the realms of poetry. But it is needless to heap words upon words of praise or comment, when every one of our readers must desire to hear the Lays themselves. Take then from the well-known domestic story of "Virginius," our only other specimen.

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide,
Close to yon low dark archway, where, in a crimson flood,
Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of blood.
Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down:
Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.
And when his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Farewell, sweet child! Farewell!
Oh! how I loved my darling! Though stern I sometimes be,
To thee, thou know'st, I was not so. Who could be so to thee?
And how my darling loved me! How glad she was to hear
My footstep on the threshold when I came back last year!
And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown,
And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought me forth my gown!
Now, all those things are over—yes, all thy pretty ways,
Thy needle-work, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays;
And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,
Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn.
The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls,
Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom,
And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.
The time is come. See how he points his eager hand this way!
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey!
With all his wit, he little deems, that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge left.
He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave:

Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow—
Foul outrage which thou know'st not, which thou shalt never know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss;
And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this."
With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.

Then, for a little moment, all people held their breath;
And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of death;
And in another moment brake forth from one and all
A cry as if the Volscians were coming o'er the wall.
Some with averted faces shrieking fled home amain;
Some ran to call a leech; and some ran to lift the slain:
Some felt her lips and little wrist, if life might there be found;
And some tore up their garments fast, and strove to stanch the wound.
In vain they ran, and felt, and stanched: for never truer blow
That good right arm had dealt in fight against a Volscian foe.

When Appius Claudius saw that deed, he shuddered and sank down,
And hid his face some little space with the corner of his gown.
Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tottered nigh,
And stood before the judgment-seat, and held the knife on high.
"Oh! dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain;
And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line!"
So spake the slayer of his child, and turned, and went his way;
But first he cast one haggard glance to where the body lay,
And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and then, with steadfast feet,
Strode right across the market-place unto the Sacred Street.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius: "Stop him; alive or dead!
Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings his head."
He looked upon his clients; but none would work his will.
He looked upon his lictors; but they trembled, and stood still.
And, as Virginius through the press his way in silence cleft,
Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left,
And he hath passed in safety unto his woeful home,
And there ta'en horse to tell the camp what deeds are done in Rome.

By this the flood of people was swollen from every side,
And streets and porches round were filled with that o'erflowing tide;
And close around the body gathered a little train
Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the slain.
They brought a bier, and hung it with many a cypress crown,
And gently they uplifted her, and gently laid her down.
The face of Appius Claudius wore the Claudian scowl and sneer,
And in the Claudian note he cried, "What doth this rabble here?
Have they no crafts to mind at home, that hitherward they stray?
Ho! lictors, clear the market-place, and fetch the corpse away!"
Till then the voice of pity and fury was not loud;
But a deep sullen murmur wandered among the crowd,

Like the moaning noise that goes before the whirlwind on the deep,
Or the growl of a fierce watch-dog but half aroused from sleep.
But when the lictors at that word, tall yeomen all and strong,
Each with his axe and sheaf of twigs, went down into the throng,
Those old men say, who saw that day of sorrow and of sin,
That in the Roman Forum was never such a din.
The wailing, hooting, cursing, the howls of grief and hate
Were heard beyond the Pincian hill, beyond the Latin gate.
But close around the body, where stood the little train
Of them that were the nearest and dearest to the slain,
No cries were there, but teeth set fast, low whispers, and black frowns,
And breaking up of benches, and girding up of gowns.
'Twas well the lictors might not pierce to where the maiden lay,
Else surely had they been all twelve torn limb from limb that day,
Right glad they were to struggle back, blood streaming from their heads,
With axes all in splinters, and raiment all in shreds.
Then Appius Claudius gnawed his lip, and the blood left his cheek;
And thrice he beckoned with his hand, and thrice he strove to speak!
And thrice the tossing Forum set up a frightful yell.
"See, see, thou dog! what thou hast done; and hide thy shame in hell!
That thou wouldst make our maidens slaves, must first make slaves of men.
Tribunes! Hurrah for Tribunes! Down with the wicked Ten!"
And straightway thick as hailstones, came whizzing through the air
Pebbles, and bricks, and potsherds, all round the curule chair:
And upon Appius Claudius great fear and trembling came;
For never was a Claudius yet brave against aught but shame.

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ART. IV.—*Specimens of the Popular Poetry of Persia, and the Songs of the People inhabiting the Shores of the Caspian Sea.* Collected and Translated by ALEXANDER CHODZKO, Esq. Printed for the Oriental Translation Fund.

THESE Specimens have been collected by the Translator, during a sojourn of eleven years, in the countries of the East where they are popular; and they were gathered in the course of oral communications with the people—generally the lower orders, who did not know how to read or write. The source, therefore, from which they were obtained must be held to prove them genuine. The collection, indeed, being of the unwritten poetry of the inhabitants of Northern Persia and those of the Coasts of the Caspian Sea, forms a curious and valuable body of literature, in dialects too, some of which are wholly unknown to European Orientalists, whilst the others are but partially understood. We may here notice that Mr. Chodzko's mother-tongue is not that of England, but that he is manifestly skilled in it; though he modestly states that he has been indebted

for assistance, in the way of correction and alteration, to the Rev. James Reynolds, the Secretary of the Oriental Translation Committee.

The literary world has certainly been laid under very considerable obligations to the Committee, as well as to the translator, by this work; for without the patronage of a liberal, well-regulated, and discerning society, it is not to be expected that it would have ever appeared. Its value and its interesting nature cannot escape notice, even on the most superficial perusal; for although there may be many Eastern compositions, and in the language of Persia as well as Arabia, that excel these Specimens, none of them, perhaps, convey a more faithful picture of the manners, habits, and character of the people among whom they are current. One cannot dip into the volume without alighting instantly upon examples,—upon passages as well as modes of expression, images, and allusions, which incontestibly prove the genuineness of the representation.

By far the longest and most interesting piece in the collection is entitled "The Adventures and Improvisations of Kurroglou, the Bandit-Minstrel of Northern Persia;" which is translated from the Perso-Turkish dialect. The hero of this narrative and these poetical effusions lived in the second half of the seventeenth century, rendering his name famous as the chief of a band of robbers, whose plunderings were principally of the caravans on the great commercial road from Persia to Turkey, and still more so by his improvisations. His poetry and the memory of his actions are preserved and cherished with the utmost enthusiasm. "He is their model-warrior—their national model-bard, in the whole signification of those terms." He is in fact regarded as the *beau-ideal* of whatever is manly and chivalric, indicating distinctly what is the sort of moral code which regulates the lives of the wandering tribes scattered over the vast pasture tracts between the Euphrates and the Merve. His love-songs are recited at every festival even to the present day, and his are the war-songs sung on the eve of battle, and whenever the national spirit is invoked. And yet this popular name does not appear to have ever attracted the attention of any European traveller.

With regard to the character of his improvisations, so far as moral rule and sentiment are to be considered, nothing can be more simple and easily described. It is exactly this,—to take by force whatever his needs or fancy suggest, and then to spend it with the prodigality of one who has no scruple to help himself to a new supply wherever it is to be found. His sensuality is as limitless as are his plunderings, his recklessness of danger, or his love of adventure. As respects the poetical qualities of the hundreds of stanzas poured forth by this illiterate nomade, they are evidently as extemporaneous as relates to thought as to expression; being altogether different from the laboured pieces of cultivated and scholarly minds. He is also the hero of them

himself, but having nothing to do with the supernatural world; although there is no lack of exaggeration and boasting, for which the Orientals are so notorious. "The *ideal* of Kurroglou is the fidelity of a warrior to his knightly word, and, above all, a wild unbounded freedom. This is the only star his eyes can see in the moral heaven, and following its light alone, he meets with adventures, which remind us of the heroes of Cervantes and Ariosto. He does not well understand other virtues and vices; or rather he conceives and interprets them according to his nomadic habits of thought and feeling;" all which is in perfect consistency with the philosophy, practical and speculative, of the Turkish tribes of Northern Persia.

Kurroglou was the son of a poor Turkman Tuka; and cares not, in his sort of pride, for followers and servitors of higher birth than himself; over whom, however, he rules with despotic power and will. But, besides an extreme idea of his own importance, and an intolerance of all whose sway would curb or overtop his own, he is aristocratic and high-minded in nothing else, unless in his choice of sweethearts, —these being the daughters of princes and men of rank, but whom he treats in the true Oriental fashion,—that of a man who regards them as mere toys, and things to be bought and parted with as other articles of fancy and commerce. Indeed, the insight into the female character, furnished in the course of the improvisations, hardly entitles it to other regard than is manifested by the bandit minstrel.

While, however, Kurroglou displayed no chivalrous constancy of love for woman, there was one object towards which his affection was enthusiastic and enduring: this was his horse Kyrat,—the creature being next in importance throughout the improvisations to the hero-poet himself. The description of Kyrat's qualities, says the translator, are considered by the best judges of horses in Persia, as the surest authority to depend on in hippological questions. The "mourning song after the loss of this favourite steed is reckoned amongst the most beautiful elegies that Oriental literature can boast of." The bandit frequently calls him "My eye! my soul!" And he dies one hour after his horse's death.

Kurroglou is said to have left some improvisations on every leading event of his life,—his war-songs being valued next the descriptions of the horse. The singers who recite his stanzas, take it upon themselves to unite them and fill up the picture by a narrative in prose, explaining where and when he improvised them. The translator found a general agreement in the substance of these prosaic links, and the stanzas themselves everywhere the same. The pages before us contain both sorts of composition. We shall now extract some samples, it being declared that the powerful and manly language of the original, the lively rhythm of the verse, create a species of wild and bold harmony, "inimitable in any translation."

Pointed reference has been made to the feelings which the highwayman-poet entertained towards the tender sex; and in perfect accordance with the character given to the women of the East in general, whose favourite pursuit is the acquisition of power, the Princess Nighara, being dazzled by the colouring given to his exploits and extent of rule, sends him her portrait with a love-letter. Kurroglou speeds him to Constantinople, and obtains admission in the guise of a Saint or Haji, professing to be a messenger from her father, who is on a pilgrimage to Mecca. But no sooner does he gain an entrance, and is for an instant left alone, while a servant announces to her mistress the arrival of the Haji, than he throws aside his disguise:—

Princess Nighara came soon after with her maidens. No Haji was to be seen, but instead of him she beheld a manly face, with mustachios protruding beyond the ears, a true pattern and compendium of a perfect Looty. "Thou mischievous story-teller," said she, turning towards the maid-servant, "where is the chavush?" "I swear by Allah that this very man was the Haji, and had a turban on his head." "Thou must then ask this musician what is become of the Haji?" The maid ran to Kurroglou, and said, "The Haji has been here before thee, where is he now?" Kurroglou answered angrily, "Avaunt and vanish, nasty girl! no living soul was seen here, except myself." The poor maid came back to the princess, and swore by everything, that the Haji whom she had seen had been transformed. "Go along, ruffian, thou hast introduced me to a pretty Haji indeed. He had, no doubt, given thee a kiss or so. Quick, my girls, fetch the rods here!" In a glance the feet of the innocent maid were attached to the *falaca*, and innumerable blows came down on her heels.

Kurroglou was now moved with compassion for the girl, and placing himself before the princess, was going to salute her, quite in keeping with the character of a gallant, or Looty, but he bethought him that she was the sultan's daughter, and besides perceived tokens of danger to his own person. Upon this he took his guitar and sang.

But Nighara called him bad names and gave him, to the bargain, a kick in the bosom; when one of her attendant maidens exclaimed: "Princess, it is a pity thou shouldst profane thy slender feet against the unwashed breast of this dirty wretch." Kurroglou answered, "How dost thou know, foolish girl, that my breast is not more precious than thy mistress's heel?" And he proceeded to sing:—

Thou art a garden full of violets and of hyacinths. Why dost thou wound my bosom? Those breasts of thine are white paper. Why is it then that they hinder my pen from tracing on them a tale of love?

But—

Nighara directed her maid-servants to give a thrashing to the impudent

fellow. (God preserve any man from being placed under the nails of the fingers of an angry woman!) The girls continued to pour a hail of blows upon Kurroglou. His olive-coloured dress of cloth soon fell to pieces on his body. The scourged man called out, "O Princess, if thou hast no pity for me, be merciful to thy own servant-maids; their hands and feet grow callous from beating me." The Princess said, "Come girls, let us take some wine, after which we will return to thrash again this mustachioed impostor." They then departed.

In the meanwhile the poet said in his heart, amid many other things—

Thou hast undergone so many troubles. Thou camest to Stambul,—What then? If it were possible at least to find, as a compensation, some fourteen or fifteen girls as beautiful as she is, what a valuable addition to my stock at Chamly-bill. I would carry away every one of them to console myself after my failure of this day.

The ruins of the port of Chamly-bill, built by Kurroglou, are pointed out to the present day, we are told, in the delightful valley of Salmas.

The adventurous and abrupt wooer deemed it wise to do his utmost to avoid a second beating, by plunging into a pond, when holding the guitar over his head, he swam with one hand to the middle, where a fountain was playing from a column of marble, upon which he placed himself; and while the girls were pelting him with stones, he luckily bethought him of the letter which had been handed to him by Belly-Ahmed, and improvised thus—

Forbid no longer Kurroglou to suck the freshness of thy lips. The man who shall touch thy waist but once, will become immortal. O Nighara! I am thy slave in good and bad fortune.

The Princess now said in her heart, "What if it is Kurroglou himself?" Then

She inquired, "Hear me, young man, tell the truth, art thou Kurroglou?" "God bless thee! thy waiting-women's whips have tanned my skin like that of an obstinate buffalo, and thou hast never thought till now of asking me whether I am Kurroglou. If thou didst not desire to see me, what was the use of writing that letter through Belly-Ahmed?" "Then thou art he, indeed; pardon me, my Kurroglou! if I have offended thee, it is because I did not know who thou wert; if I have chid thee, thou art at liberty to cut out my tongue; if I have struck thee, I allow thee to cut off my hand, only pardon me." "I have pardoned thee before this." "My father, Sultan Murad, is as tall as thyself, I will fetch one of his royal gowns; if it should be too long for thee, I will direct a nail to be driven into each of thy heels, that thou mayest grow taller; if it should be too short, I shall have thy legs chopped off just at the place to which the gown will reach. If it is

too wide, I will have thy belly cut open, thy skin taken off and stuffed with straw, according to the measure. Only be quick, get out of the water, and the matter will be soon settled." Kurroglou said, "Thou art punishing me according to Abou-Horeyra's code. But never mind that, I shall obey thee in everything." But he thought in his heart, "A woman is easily deceived. If the gown should be too long, I will raise myself on tiptoe; if too short, I will bend my knees; if too wide, I shall swell my belly; if too tight, I will draw it in." He then said, "Princess, let the gown be brought." When he was getting out of the water, Nighara assisted him with her own hand. The mantle was soon brought, and it seemed to have been made expressly for Kurroglou's use, it fitted him so nicely. The Princess and Kurroglou threw their hands round each other's neck and went to the kiosk. According to Turkish custom, they drank from the same vessel, he first emptied a cup of wine, and then she emptied it in turn.

An elopement of course ensues, the Princess having informed the poet that "if thou art young and gallant, thou shalt have an opportunity of distinguishing thyself," while "I alone will take a drive." According to arrangement they meet, when, having untied the shawl of his girdle, he bound round with it the Princess and himself, telling her to clasp him with both her arms, in which fashion Kyrat carries them both; nor did he stop to take breath until he found himself at twenty farsakhs' distance from Constantinople. Having arrived at a lovely meadow, situated in the mountains, he informs the lady that it is necessary to seek rest, for that he had no sleep all night, and that he is about to take a nap; upon which this discourse occurs:

"Dost thou intend to have a long sleep or a short one?" Kurroglou placing his face close to Nighara's cheek, replied, "Dear young darling, my sleep is of a double nature, one is but three days, and the other seven days long." "What a pretty lover! May thy house fall in ruins! Not content to have brought me from Stambul into this desert, he must needs frighten me with so long a sleep. A rescue may arrive from the city. This is not the place for joking." "Young lady, should the pursuing army find us in this place, so much the better. The meadow is smooth, just fit for a field of battle. My Kyrat possesses this virtue, that whenever my enemy sets out from any place against me, he neighs; when the foe has made half its distance, Kyrat grows restless and sneezes; and when at last the enemy is on the point of showing himself, Kyrat digs the ground with his hoof, and foams at the mouth. Mark well all these signs, and when the last is given, thou must awake me." This said, he placed her head under his own, and cheek by cheek, he fell asleep.

We must now leave the story of the Princess, and cite one or two specimens of the bandit-minstrel's eloquence of song in celebration of the horse, especially of his matchless Kyrat. As thus:—

Let me sing the praise of an Arabian horse. His mane ought to be as if made of silken thread. His feet, which must not be fleshy, ought to be

highly compassed with skin; his hoofs must look as if they were turned; his shoes must not weigh more than one okka of silver. He ought to be stout and of moderate size. His neck should be long, slender, and smooth like a ribbon. When he is led out of the stable he should be playful in a thousand ways. He must eat like a hungry wolf. His belly should fill the girth exactly.

Again,—

A ride on a bay horse is sure to bring good luck. The rider's heart takes delight in him. His knees are black, his neck puts you in mind of the neck of the camel baggar. The heart takes delight in. When he walks, his step is like the step of the camel koshah. When he is high in flesh, his back ought to be of the same breadth with his breast, and the distance between his hind legs is such that a bowman can sit between them on the ground, when bending his bow. The heart takes delight in him.

And again,—

Mine is the horse! I will have his precious back clothed with silken housings. I will let him have a bath in a whole river of red wine. He is the chosen one of Kurroglou's from amongst five hundred horses. The heart takes delight in him. * * Let me sing the praises of an Arabian horse. In his third year, all the external features of the horse can be distinctly traced. The skin is drawn tightly over his legs. The hoofs look as if they were polished on purpose. The ribs are like the ribs of a bullock; the fore legs like the stag's. When he is between four and five years old, a man standing at the saddle will not be able to reach his head with his hand. In the day of battle his head is turned towards the troops, his eyes are raised to heaven, and he scents the wind with his wide open nostrils. * * When the horse is between seven and ten years old, his coat becomes smoother and smoother; at last, in his tenth year, the proper colour of the horse appears to remain for ever."

In his old age Kurroglou resolved on surrendering himself to the King of Persia, determined never again to draw his sword; and even ordering his servants and warriors to nail the weapon down on both sides of the scabbard. After a short stay at court, to which he had been invited more than once, it was his purpose to make a pilgrimage to Mecca. He was, however, inveigled on his way to the monarch by two caitiff khans, who thought by this service to earn high rewards from the king. The minstrel having been persuaded to spend the night with them, they went to the stable, and "cut the veins of all four legs of Kyrat;" and then with their servants rushed upon Kurroglou. He hurried to look after his steed, which he discovered weltering in its blood; and he "cried like a child." Then turning to his enemies, he exclaimed, "Villains! come nearer. You have killed my Kyrat, there is my bosom, strike! I shall not defend myself any longer, take my life also. Without him I am undone in

this world." But he did not die without, as was his invariable habit, prefacing the important event with a song. Our last extract from his improvisations contains his farewell to his "seven hundred and seventy-seven warriors," as he bid a final adieu to the mountain-pastures of Chamly-bill, to visit the Shah.

"The spring comes. The snow melts on the mountains. My sisterly mountains unveil their fronts before my eyes. Here my Egyptian sword revelled in blood to satiety! O my mountains! my battles will live eternally in your echoes! How happy I was wandering upon your bosom! Hidden amongst your rocks, I lay in ambush, waiting till a heavy caravan ascended your acclivities. O my mountains, you never betrayed my secrets! Thanks to you! Thanks! Kurroglou, and with him all his warriors, wept. Then having rested himself a little, he sang on. "Having made a descent on Chamly-bill with Ayvas, I drunk the red wine which flowed in streams. O my mountains! I measured with the hollow of my shield the tourquoises, pearls, gold, silver and jewels of the whole world, which I have gotten upon you as my booty." Kurroglou sighed and sang on. "I crushed down Scutari, that fortress of the sultan, high, like you, my mountains! Farewell, ye lovely mountains! I used to snatch from the sheeps' breasts your lambs; but to day, I will devour your wolves, and will howl like them." The warriors said, "O! our master, during thy long life in this world, thou didst never leave the cup of pleasure without exhausting it to the bottom; what art thou then sighing for? Kurroglou sang. Kurroglou says, "I came into this world. I learned the price of the days gone by. I died the very day my mother brought me forth. I have only two brothers, my sword and my horse. Ye mountains ye are my sisters." They proceeded further and arrived at Gazly-Gull. There Kurroglou bade farewell to his warriors, recommended them to live together on good terms, and added, "It is possible I shall never see you again. The Fates, always treacherous, befriend nobody faithfully." And he sang:—"O warriors! do no repent with too great presumption; there is no one equal to us. Never be backward in mutual aid and friendship. Speak just words without anger, and never trespass the limits of your duty." The banditti listened to him with awful interest. He sang on:—"I'll fall a victim to a true man. Perdition upon all the generation of villains. Let not a man grasp at another's property. O may my head fall a victim to a man of noble birth! May God send affliction upon the coward. O man! when nobody buys thy goods, do not unpack thy loadings. They call me Kurroglou. My age has reached a hundred years. Learn from me, a madman, that you must never fly before the enemy." Kurroglou finished. All his men shed tears abundantly. He kissed the eyes of every one of them, told them to wait for him for one year, and rode away alone to Ispahan.

Specimens of Astrakan Tatar songs, or *tolgaws*, are given by the translator, who otherwise calls them *rhapsodies*. They are sung by the bards of the country, the Gyrans, whose hereditary skill, like that of the Scandinavian Scalds, is said to be disappearing daily in modern

times. Those given are believed to be old. We quote that styled the "Last Farewell."

My bay horse was fond of my singing a tolgaw while I was riding. My bay horse will remain in the stables. My Tatar girls, beautiful as the waves, remained in the tent. My beautiful Tatar girls will find a husband for themselves; my bay horse will find a rider. My old mother, after losing such a warrior as me, will stoop from grief, and will find a dark grave for herself.

The horse often takes rank with the most endeared of their fellow-creatures, among the wild tribes of Asia.

There is a considerable number of Persian songs in the collection before us, which were mostly obtained by the translator from the inmates of the harem of the late King of Persia, Feteh Aly Shah. His majesty was a poet himself,—"the model of a gentleman in his country; and in this respect, his taste for literature, the fine arts, the toilet, and pleasure, powerfully modified the national rudeness of his subjects." But these songs are not always fit for delicate ears, according to European notions. Music and wine, and a debauch, have in Persia the same name; the gratification of sensuality being the prime object. Still, says the translator, "persons able to consult the text of these songs, will certainly admire the voluptuous elegance of the style in which they are written." We quote one entitled "An Accident in the Garden," which enjoyed great reputation at the court of Teheran, towards the close of the voluptuous Shah's reign, having been composed on the occasion of some act of infidelity detected in the harem of his eldest son.

My little beloved maiden, tell me the truth. I'll lavish caresses and kisses on thee. I'll give thee many new dresses; tell me who has combed thy hair? Who?" "Upon my word; upon Aly Shah's soul! I went into the Shah's garden, and there a friend has plaited my hair; a female friend, indeed." "My tiny little girl confess, and I will caress and kiss thee. Who has anointed thy eyes with *surma?* Who? Tell me the plain truth. Who has scented thy hair? I will not persecute thee; I will share thy anguish, only tell me who did it?" "Faith! I swear, oh master of my soul! a friend has anointed my brows, and scented the tresses of my hair; a female friend, indeed, has done it." "My little girl, my soul! tell me the truth. I'll give thee money; I'll be thy servant,—thy slave. Who bit thy face? Who?" "Upon my word, I do not tell a story. Upon the soul of Aly Shah! it was a friend who bit my face; a female friend, indeed!" "My darling, my sweet, my dear! I'll bestow a thousand favours on thee; only confess who has kissed thy lips?" "Faith! upon thy children's soul, it was a friend that kissed my lips; a female friend, indeed!" "Then tell me, good-for-nothing jade; I'll force thee to tell me the truth. I will flog thee with rods; I'll brand thee with hot iron. Tell me who has torn thy shalvars?" "Upon my word; upon the soul of Aly Shah! I went to the Shah's garden, to take a walk, and to see people. I was passing by the garden-keepers, when, lo, a thorn did tear my shalvars!"

The Turkman songs in the collection are remarkable for the sentiments of pure morality found in them, considering the country in which they are popular, and where there are no other guarantees of social order. Our first example here is attributed to Karajoglan, whose productions are held in high estimation at Khorassan.

Let the whole world rise against me, I shall not part with you, my girl! Let the Doomsday come upon the earth, my girl! I will not part with you. From the snowy tops of a mountain, the prophet may send his orders with thunder: Arsu may part with Gamber; I shall not part with you, my girl! A youth as I am, I come from my encampment. Sugar pours from your lips; let the nightingale part with his beloved rose, but oh! my girl, I shall not part with you. I get up early from my bed; I implore the aid of the saints. O let Ferad part with his Shirim, my girl! I shall not part with you. Karajoglan says, God grant that my vows be fulfilled. Faith, I swear, my girl, that I will never part with you.

This is another of the songs attributed to the same poet:—

*He.* Beautiful girl standing at the spring, give me a drop of water; I am thirsty. God bless you, girl; do not keep me long. I must be off.

*She.* I never give water to those I do not know, neither to men looking so knavish as thou. You are of a Kurdish breed, you bastard! Drink, and do not stop on your way. Our tribe is not a thoughtless one. You will find no good at this spring. Every fox that passes is not to be mistaken for a lion. Drink and go your way.

*He.* I cannot alight from my Arabian horse; I cannot retract the words you heard. I am tired, and cannot get down; give me a little water, O maiden; and I will quench my thirst. God bless you! do not keep me any longer.

*She.* The nightingales grow up in song with the spring. I sing sweeter than nightingales. A tired man sleeps in his house. Drink and depart with God's blessings.

*He.* I'll be a guest in your encampment; I'll be your shield (protection). Dear girl! I'll be a servant to your father. Give me some water to drink, O my darling.

*She.* There are many travellers on these roads; some are hungry, some are not. I am an orphan! I have no father. Drink and go your way.

*He.* Your brows are so beautifully arched, as if they were drawn with a pen. Your teeth look like a row of pearls. I'll consent to be a servant to your brother; O my girl! give me a little water to drink, &c.

*She.* Groves are numerous on our fields. We have plenty of roses and violets. My brother has a Negro slave to serve him. Drink, do not tarry any longer.

*He.* It rains often in our encampment; our people wear *kapaneks* of felt-cloth. They often meet with a kiss at the water-side. Give me some water to drink, &c.

*She.* Now, when you understand me at last, come to a solitary place, press my hands, suck my lips, and forget all but love.

*He.* You turned your face from me before. You were inexorable, and cold like iron. You abused Karajoglan; what is the reason you woo him now?

The songs of Mehdum-Kuly, another Turkman poet, are fondly cherished in Khorassan. The sketch of his life is too remarkable and romantic to be overlooked when quoting specimens of his songs :—

The father of the poet who wrote the three following songs, was a Turkman Tuka, and passed his life in a real Turkman manner. He pillaged the Persian provinces contiguous to his encampment, got prisoners, sold them in Khiva, and by these means amassed great riches. After his death, his only son, Mehdum-Kuly, seeing himself possessed of such a considerable fortune, gave up his father's profession of arms, and instead of encountering the dangers of distant *chappows* (forays,) he preferred to enjoy himself at home with his friends, and devoted a great part of his time to contemplative philosophy and poetry. That sort of life could not gain approbation in the encampments of wandering brigands. His mother upbraided him for squandering away his fortune in entertaining his friends; his countrymen reproached him for leading an effeminate life, and doubted his courage. The answer he gave to his mother will be found hereafter. But the suspicions concerning his personal valour heavily oppressed his heart. One day, therefore, to the great astonishment of his countrymen, he armed himself, mounted his horse, and disappeared. He roamed for a few days about different Persian villages, and at last succeeded in making a prisoner, whom he tied with a rope, intending to bring him home as a proof to his fellow-countrymen, that to be as enterprising as themselves, he had only to exercise his own will. On his way to the encampment, he arrived at a small river, the *Summar*, descending from the Attock of the Turkman Tukas. Fatigued with his journey, he fell asleep on the bank of that river, when the earth, mined by the current of water, gave way. Mehdum-Kuly would have been lost but for the interference of his prisoner. The latter, though having his hands and legs tied, and lying at some distance, seeing his master's danger, rolled himself towards him, and succeeded in catching hold of his cloak with his teeth, and thereby preserved him from a watery grave. This worthy action was not lost upon Mehdum-Kuly. He conducted his prisoner to the encampment, and not only refused a handsome sum which had been offered to him for his prize, but restored him to liberty, loaded him with presents, and offered his personal attendance in order to secure his safe return to his native place. Coming home from that excursion, he alighted on the very spot we have spoken of above, and fell again asleep. Aly, son-in-law of the prophet, appeared to him in a dream, and gave him some delicious nectar to drink. Mehdum-Kuly awoke, felt himself younger, and, to use the words of the aushik who supplied me with these particulars, "his heart came to its place, his tongue became an inexhaustible source of words, full of fire and eloquence." It was the first inspiration of Mehdum-Kuly. From that time, from a Sunnite he became an enthusiastic Sheah; he preached that religion to the Turkmans, as well as the abolition of the slave-trade, and died, adored as a saint.

A striking characteristic of Mehdum-Kuly's poetry is the love of nature; while the philosophical reflection and the low estimate set by him on worldly things, are no less rare qualities in these eastern regions. Here is "His Moral Song:"—

Hear me, ye mollahs, dervishes, rich men, and begs! The paths of fate are tortuous. Prayers without contrition will be of no avail. To trust in riches is vanity. O my friends! your body is a handful of dust, your breath (life) is but of one moment's duration. Contemplate yourself mentally;—your object is vanity. Your life is one night's resting-place; your body is a cage. Your soul is a hawk with its eyes bound. O my friends! He is the man for me who lays his soul on the path of God; who, stooping slily, falls upon the enemy; who gives largesses. He is the man for me who gives bread to the hungry. Yes; to feed a starving man is as much as to perform a pilgrimage to Mecca, O my friends! The nose shrinks, the face becomes yellow, the lips get parched, and the words cease. Make haste! the nails, so beautifully rosy when young, turn blue; the eyes sink in. The faith brought from a foreign country is a trifling one, O my friends! Mehdum-Kuly says, I trample upon this life (*i. e.* I scorn it). Life lasts but five days; do not go astray from the right path. Only think, my friends! is it reasonable to store necessaries during a hundred years, for a travel of five days?

And this is what has for its title, "His Winter Recollections."

From the summits of the lofty snowy mountains the clouds get down; the rains pour and the streams gush. The enamoured nightingale seeks for a shelter in the bowers. Autumn hastens; the leaves of the rose grow pale and wither. The soup of a villanous miser will attract many a parasite more villanous than himself. Do not stretch your hand to him, you will not be able to strike a spark from such a flint. The wandering tribes pitch their tents on the mountains' tops. The tree is green, the highway gets obliterated, the road disappears in the tufted exuberance of vernal vegetation. Drink that sherbet out of yonder cup, and your heart will flame; a flood of eloquence will pour from your lips. Everybody must leave this treacherous world; neither a learned man, a lord, a king, nor a slave, will be spared. Mehdum-Kuly says, Who will find a right path? One scarcely steps upon the world; one goes on; one loses his way. One handful of sand will cover your face. The lips wither, the teeth fall out, the tongue becomes dumb, and there remains but a yawning skull.

We give another specimen of figurative and sententious morality —the "Advices of Kaminah:"—

An aksakul ought to govern his tribe himself: it is improper to intrust a slave with the government of the free nomades. Vernal floods must subside. Of what use is a fortress to him who has no luck, or tribe. A man who is to be at the head of government ought to be of good birth and religion. A jaded mare cannot gallop and trot like a good horse. Do not call a slave Master, nor a maid-servant Mistress: a spun-silk thread cannot be compared to a hair. The ducks with green enamelled heads delight in swimming upon deep lakes, but they do not like even to look at the morasses covered with weeds. There are many animals wandering upon the earth; but the gazelle only is fit for the desert. *Karchigai-tuga* is the name of the king of hawks: the lord of sports does not take any kites into his hands. To be in love with a rose is the vocation of a nightingale; but a crow, even dressed in the night-

ingale's feathers, is not fit for a rose. I tell you whoever once tasted sugar-candy, he has no peace in his heart, he longs after sherbet. When an ass is over-fattened he kicks his master: a bad servant does not deserve good treatment. Sing tipsy-like during the five days of your life, Kaminah! Time goes on, and soon passes away. Know your master, and love your tribe. You must not make your servant cry.

An important division of the present collection is allotted to the songs of the inhabitants of the southern coast of the Caspian Sea,—these being popular among the Ghilanis, the Mazenderanis, and other tribes in the district mentioned. Mr. Chodzko throws out some hints on introducing these specimens, and enters into a few details, which point to inquiries if steadily pursued with regard to the Zend language, that might issue in the solution of questions of a highly interesting kind, not only in philosophical science, but also towards a correct deciphering of ancient inscriptions. Nay, light might hence be derived for the fuller understanding of Scripture and sacred history.

Relative to the literary merits of these songs of the Ghilanis, &c., the translator observes, that they have this peculiar feature,—they comprise in themselves not only all the elements of the lyric poetry of modern Persia, but their external form is always a distich, in which the poet's idea must be entirely comprised; in fact, it is the distich of the Psalms of David; "and what is more singular, resembles the style of the Book of Proverbs, and still more so the Song of Solomon." We quote a piece called "A Female Stranger."

O mother, mother! I have no peace. It is time to pluck roses. I have no skirt to gather them into. It is time to offer nosegays to the beloved. I am in a foreign country. I do not hear from my relations.

The stars on heavens are bright as so many golden ducats. News has reached me that my lover is ill. I have tied up some apples and pomegranates in my handkerchief. I will go and see my lover.

We by the rice field! The vine will not cling to thee. My sweetheart is young, warning has no effect upon her. Oh, let anybody boast of having embraced my sweetheart; both his eyes will turn sore and shall never heal.

I tilled on the top of a high mountain. I will give a tray full of pearls and a tray full of gold to him who will bring me news from my mother. I will cover him with pearls, and heap upon him a khalvar of silk.

It must be evident from such specimens as these, that the European standards of poetry differ widely from those in vogue amongst Orientals; and that were it but in respect of the sudden transitions, the bold images, and the frequent repetitions, our sympathies must fail in appreciating their power and pathos among the nations where they have been composed.

Mr. Chodzko's valuable volume contains towards its close, examples of the original texts of the specimens. He has also given nine Persian airs, arranged for the piano-forte.

ART. V.—*The Lawyer; his Character and Rule of Holy Life.* By EDWARD O'BRIEN, Esq., Barrister at Law. Pickering.

*Rule of Holy Life* for a Lawyer! Is he an enthusiast of the maddest sort, or has he been born and reared in Utopia, who collocates ideas after this fashion? Surely he has not been bred in an attorney's office, nor been an auditor in Westminster-hall: he must be a total stranger experimentally to the "glorious uncertainties!" he has never breathed the atmosphere of the Inns of Court, nor had the misfortune to take part in a dialogue for the briefest space with the sharpers. Has he even studied mankind in books, or read of the different professions? Can he have applied his reflections to the subject of temptations and tendencies, or philosophized concerning a person of briefs, precedents, routine and quirks?

Speculatively, one would pronounce the profession of the law to be the most tight-lacing of any as respects the understanding, and the most withering in regard to the better principles and feelings of man's nature; while, practically, the theory is adopted with the force of a proverb in the modes of speech and thought of all nations. And yet every candid man of the world—every moralist will admit that among the tribes of the professors and practitioners of the law, the very highest names not only in the history of science and literature may be met with, but the noblest examples as regards patriotism, splendour of efforts for the good of mankind, and high-souled moral worth.

We need not go far for the discovery of several grounds for what a mere speculatist might consider a moral as well as social phenomenon. First of all we might remark, that the prizes which fall to the share of the profession, and the paramount esteem in which it is held, are sufficient to invite and to stimulate many whose aspirations are loftiest, whose intellects are the most capacious, and whose purposes are the most resolved. And when such men meet upon an arena, calculated above all others to whet to rivalship, how brilliant and imposing must be the displays! But this is taking the thing as it is—the amphitheatre after its renown has been trumpeted forth in the ears of all, and from generation to generation,—the championship and the triumphs that have been held in admiration for ages. How came it to pass that the profession achieved for itself this paramount fame? Now, it is plain, that the mere collision of minds which the law necessitates will have its adequate results, in so far as giving readiness to the judgment and sharpening man's natural wit are concerned. The contest of tongues must be brought to the highest perfection among the order of lawyers. Inseparable must be the study of resources,—the drafts made on the stores of learning,—the fire kindled at the brightest shrines. Literature and philosophy therefore, no less than the dex-

terity that proceeds from use and practice, must distinguish the successful lawyer who aims at the higher honours of the profession. Need we dwell on the intense industry, and the habits of unvarying protracted regularity, without which natural talent and universal accomplishment are of small avail? or need we pronounce any eulogium upon the abstract value of the prudential habits referred to?

Thus far as regards the mind and understanding, on the part of the aspirant and the professor who entertains the highest notions of the law as a mere science and art. But what of the moral principles, the affections and the humanities?

Now here, still abiding by the case of the man of lofty aspiration and noble resolves, we should say that his daily experience must not merely bring him acquainted in the closet, but often in the most touching manner, with the realities and the exigencies of life; and that supposing his heart to be as manly as his head is, he must become a benefactor to his race in principle and in action: in short, that his sympathies as well as his intellect being cultured and inspired, he must at length be seen to stand forth as an enlightened philanthropist,—a conspicuous friend to his fellow. And such examples, several of them still illustrious among the living, might be named; such examples we hold not only to be what ought to be looked for from the spirits we have supposed and the training to which they have been subjected, but to be the heroes and the monuments that have shed around the profession its halo of glory and its tide of renown.

But there is something more to be noticed ere we can account for the fame and the attractions which are identified with the law, taking its highest ranks and displays: we must measure the distance which these preserve in relation to the lowest,—we must even go the length of declaring that while the one extreme receives exaggerations from the violence of its contrast with the other, the highest is stimulated by its opposite to efforts and to the culture of excellences, which, were the pettifogger's degradation not so low, or only dubious, might never be so strenuously adopted. It seems to be but a natural result that the gifted and high-minded should strive to free their feet from the mire of the vipers below them, and that these pests of society, on the other hand, should fashion for themselves a more distinctive notoriety, and if possible tend to a greater depth.

But with all these admirations and separations, it is a wholesome service to have the old constitution and fraternities of the law stirred up and re-awakened. It is best that these travellers should have their eyes called off from the hackneyed ruts of thought and proceeding to the strict and pure principles of conduct, whatever may be their calling: it is needful that even the *stars* of the profession be reminded of fundamental and inalienable axioms of onerals.

Truth to say, it is therefore that we welcome the work of Mr.

O'Brien, an Irish barrister, and lately deceased; who, modelling his volume after the manner of Herbert's "Country Parson," has given us what he most justifiably calls "a sincere book."

The author of this work, we learn from the preface, was born in 1808 and died in 1840. His religion was of a rare and uncommon kind; pervading every action of his life; inducing him to consider the Lawyer's life and the Lawyer's practice, to be matters of conscience as well as of lucre. His reading lay principally among old books, "and he therefore wrote naturally in their manner;" and we may add, he thought and lived upon the model of the older writers. Accordingly he acquired that straiter notice of things, which prevailed when authority was more revered than it is in these days of materialism, machinery, and matter-of-fact.

The volume relates to difficult and to delicate questions of social and personal morals,—questions of deep concernment of virtue as well as of public economy,—mooted points amongst speculatists, spectators, and practitioners. In short, the point is,—has the lawyer the right to advocate that which is not only wrong, but wrong to his knowledge?

The volume in which this and kindred topics are discussed, consists of four parts,—an Introduction, containing a brief notice of the life and character of the writer, with the editor's estimate of the work,—the author's "apology for the work,"—the Lawyer itself, being the writer's *beau-ideal* of a Christian barrister,—and an Appendix, in itself highly interesting, exhibiting the opinions of a variety of writers, chiefly of the older class, on several subjects relating to legal practice.

The ideal picture of a good lawyer is that which Mr. O'Brien draws; and he does it with much of sound judgment as well as right feeling,—in short, a high-toned morality, consistently with, and buttressed by, an entensive knowledge of life. Still, for his Lawyer, the author collects a number and variety of traits not meeting in any one person, and therefore his hero is the ideal of excellence, if not of perfection, rather than an ordinary or even possible personage.

With respect to the question,—can a lawyer justly undertake an unjust cause? we think that Mr. O'Brien is neither forcible nor explicit. His views are narrow, and his reasoning is captious,—meeting cases rather than principles. How is an advocate to know from his instructions, whether he has a just or an unjust cause? What is the conscientious pleader to do, even when he is aware that his case is untenable in law, or even in justice? For, what is he to say to a client who comes forward and declares that I am *out* both in principle and fact, but that I am obliged to make a stand, otherwise my opponent will not only whelm me, but get an exorbitant advantage over me? I am wrong, but not nearly so wrong as my enemy, my oppressor, would represent. He will, at the very least, not tell

the *whole truth* on both sides,—only on his own, and with amplifications; am I not entitled, obliged, to meet him with his own weapons and upon a similar ground? Will society be the gainer if I refrain from employing a barrister who will make the worse seem the better cause? Is it not profitable that life and society should be guarded by an acknowledged display of art and of oratory, so that the rapacious and the oppressive may be deterred?

These and similar points are matters for casuists as well as for practitioners to consider. And after all, the custom of taking all cases that come, occasions less evil than might be supposed. For, if we look to general results, it seems to be productive of good to the public to do so, whatever may be the consequence to the profession and to individuals. The ingenuity of an advocate with a bad cause is opposed by another with a good. There is also the presiding judge, and in many cases a jury, to adjust the facts and to arrive at the truth.

Besides, a respectable lawyer will not only not undertake a notoriously bad cause, but he will very soon establish for himself the character of a conscientious practitioner. Hence *dirty cases* go to dirty lawyers; the courts measuring their suits according to their characters; so that substantial good and benefit spring from the practice conducted as it is.

To come to examples, Sir Matthew Hale, when a young man at the bar, was in the habit of refusing to *meddle* with cases that seemed unjust, until he found by experience that such cases were often better than they at first appeared. Some great authorities have held that an advocate could not "honestly undertake the defence of a foul and desperate cause;" and a good argument on the subject is that which was put forward by Coke, Solicitor-General of the Commonwealth at the trial of Charles the First, in his "Vindication of the Professors and Profession of the Law." He says—

> The client I look upon as a sick man, distempered, passionate, wilful, and extremely in love with his own cause, whatever it be; and many times the best advice to a resolute client is but as a good lesson set to a lute out of tune—for affections pre-engaged draw away the judgment. Now the counsellor in the least measure ought not to feed the corrupt and peccant humour; for that is not to act the honest lawyer but the flattering courtier, who steers his advice by the star of his prince's inclination, as our adversary Satan works upon our fancies, and the wind makes the waters rage. Nor is it enough to tell the client faintly that he doubts his cause but will do the best he can; but to deal freely with him—"Sir, thus would I do if it were my own case; if you will not follow my advice, go to another; you are in a fever, and must not eat and drink after your own appetite." I assure you there is a great difference between one counsellor and another; therefore the precious ought to be distinguished from others. The shepherd and the butcher look upon the sheep with a different eye, the one to do him good,

the other to eat him. The client retains two counsel; the one cares not for the cause further than he may gain by it; however it succeeds, he deserves little in conscience; the other desires his client may have his right, and what is given him freely he accepts contentedly.

But to speak truth, many times the clients deserve the blame and not we, for they conceal the worst of their cause; and so, for want of a true confession, as the priest says, the absolution is worth nothing; for proof being the chariot which carries the judge to give sentence, how can the counsel tell what the success of a difference will be; which answers a common cavil that lawyers will be of any side. Though there is but one side true, the truth is many times in such a deep well, that every lawyer hath not a bucket to draw. Titles of law are very difficult, perplexed, knotty cases, which will hardly be made plain; the judge hath one ear for the plaintiff, another for the defendant; but the counsel hath both ears for his client, yet so as if he can discover the injustice of his client's cause (and many times light may be seen at a little hole,) I am persuaded many of our great practisers will not maintain him in it. For, truly, to speak well in a bad cause is but to go to hell with a little better grace, without repentance; it is but a kind of juggling, by an over curious flourish, to make a shadow seem a substance. If any of my profession think they may for their fee maintain a side which they think is dishonest.... I would fain but ask them such questions, whether the least evil may be done to procure the greatest good? And whether every particular calling must not yield to the general one of Christianity? And whether a Christian may do anything against the truth, or must not do everything for the truth? And whether to be willingly instrumental to condemn the innocent, and to justify the wicked, be not both an abomination to the Lord? And whether he can answer it at the bar of Heaven, that many a poor man should be undone and want food and raiment, because he found out some formality of law, or defect in the proceedings, yet persuaded in his conscience that the poor man had a right to the thing in question. If any man practise upon such principles—I had rather be tongue-tied, or not know how to write my name—rather be the hall-sweeper, and should die with more comfort.

Having mentioned that great authority, Sir M. Hale, let us quote some of the precise words from his life, by Burnet:—"If he found the cause doubtful or weak in point of law, he always advised his clients to agree their business; yet afterwards he abated much of the scrupulosity he had about causes that appeared at first view unjust. Upon this occasion there were two causes brought to him, which, by the ignorance of the party or their attorney, were so ill represented to him, that they seemed to be very bad, but he, inquiring more narrowly into them, found they were really very good and just; so after this he slackened much of his former strictness of refusing to meddle in cases upon the ill circumstances that appeared in them at first."

Mr. O'Brien lays down the following principles, for the guidance of a lawyer to a Holy Life:—First, the lawyer must make it known

that he will defend none but *just* causes; and secondly, that he will not, even in a just cause, make use of unjust arts. But the author goes farther; for he denies that it is the lawyer's duty, let the cause be what it may, to put forward that part of it alone which is favourable to his client, suppressing all else, and leaving it to the opposing counsel and the judge to find out what they can; and so if counsel be ignorant, and the judge simple, to snatch all he can for his client.

But we shall not enter farther into a sphere of discussion of so much scope and nicety; and conclude with a sort of an apology as well as explanation for the work which is put forward by the editor in the preface,—it being doubtful whether it was intended for publication by Mr. O'Brien; and this being certain, that it had not received the author's final corrections. Now for the promised extract:—

The object of the following pages is to pourtray in outline the character of a British lawyer; to suggest the motives which should animate him, and the principles which should direct him in the exercise of his calling. And here at the outset I shall be asked—What need, at this period of our nation, for that which, if ever necessary, should have been accomplished centuries ago? The answer to this question involves a censure on the present age, the justice of which it can scarce be expected to acknowledge readily. In earlier times, no manual (so far as I know) was offered to the professors of the law, to direct or control their conduct; to impugn false or to suggest right principles: the chivalric spirit of the profession, which regarded the fee of the lawyer as the offering of gratitude, not as wages for labour, would have turned with abhorrence from a theory which makes a lawyer the mere implement of his client, to be used at pleasure for good or for ill; and though, doubtless, there were but too many who by their accursed avarice and unjust acts gave occasion to the censures of the satirist and the moralist, such censures fell harmlessly upon the profession at large, which defended itself by repudiating the principles against which those attacks were directed. Now, however, that principles in morals generally, and particularly in regard to the professional conduct of advocates which former ages would have shrunk from with disgust, are openly avowed, and commonly followed, it seemed not an idle task to set forth the portraiture of that character which once was, and though too often ridiculed, I trust yet is the property of many; to the end that those who may never heretofore have thought seriously upon the deep responsibilities which attach to the calling of the lawyer, may look upon either picture and choose which they will for their own: whether they will consider themselves in the exercise of their calling as "under no obligation to speak the truth:" as paid for affecting warmth, when they have no warmth; and for appearing to be clearly of one opinion, when they are in reality of another opinion;" as "men, who with wigs on their heads, and bands round their necks, may, without blame, do for a guinea what, without these appendages, they would think it wicked and infamous to do for an empire;" or "whether they will not rather, on the other hand, consider themselves as the agents of God in the work of justice; as the counsellors, secretaries,

interpreters, and servants of justice, the lady and queen of all moral virtues;" as "orators bound to use the power of their tongue and wit to shame impudence, to protect innocency, to crush oppressors, to succour the afflicted, to advance justice and equity, and to help them to right that suffer wrong.

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ART. VI.—*Letters of Mary Queen of Scots.* With an Introduction by AGNES STRICKLAND. 2 vols. Colburn.

NONE of our readers would thank us were we to utter a single word relative to the question of Mary's positive guilt or innocence upon the great points in her history which have been canvassed so often and so intemperately. But this one thing at least will be accorded by all,—by accusers as well as the most enthusiastic of her champions,—and it is sufficient for our present purpose:—her misfortunes must ever enlist in her interest the sympathies of mankind, and preserve for her hearty apologists; while, on the other hand, the conduct of Elizabeth will continue to be regarded as monstrously cruel, inhuman, and unjust.

The greatest portion of the letters in the present volumes were written during Mary's protracted imprisonment in England. The most prominent of the series have been derived from an edition of her correspondence collected by the Russian prince, Alexander Lebanoff, from the manuscripts in the Royal Library and National Archives at Paris. We are told that a faithful translation of every paper in that collection is here presented to the English reader, blended with a copious selection of Mary's intermediate letters, and arranged with careful attention to dates, so as to form "a complete and almost autobiographic history of the latter years of what she truly calls her 'troublous pilgrimage.'" "Much of the correspondence in these volumes is new to the public; and that which is not absolutely so is now, for the first time, presented in a collective form and in language comprehensible to the general reader. With the letters of Queen Mary are interspersed others that were addressed to her; likewise several reports of the French ambassadors, which tend to elucidate mysterious passages in the life of Queen Elizabeth." These are all linked together by the Russian prince's minute chronology of the Queen's eventful history. This chronology, which in the French edition of the Lebanoff collection prefaced the letters, "has been judiciously divided by the translator of these volumes, so as to enable readers, not intimately acquainted with the annals of Mary Queen of Scots, to understand the letters and documents for which we are indebted to the research of the illustrious northern antiquary, as well as those which are derived from other sources."

It is to be understood, however, that Miss Strickland is not the translator, and that she is only responsible for the Introduction; her name, of course, having been anxiously enlisted to herald and recommend the publication. But she is familiar with most of the letters in the original French, and can bear testimony not only to the faithfulness of the translation, but the authenticity of the sources whence they have been obtained. Indeed we learn that she has in her possession many other letters which may hereafter be added to this collection; or which, at any rate, we must expect to find in the Life of Mary which Miss Strickland is preparing for the press. But in the meanwhile the collection before us must be pronounced a valuable as well as a beautiful one; nor do we think that Mary's share in the correspondence is overrated, as regards epistolary character, when it is designated in the Introduction, as being of a very superior order,—higher and more graceful indeed than her letters have generally been considered. "No one," says Miss Strickland, "who is capable of appreciating the beauty and simplicity of her style, and the eloquence of her expressions, can deny that her letters very far surpass those of her most accomplished contemporaries—not even excepting those of Bacon and Sir Philip Sydney." This is no ordinary eulogy; nor is it unmerited, especially when one takes into account the monotony of existence which her captivity forced upon her, and the heart-wearing severity of its continuance. On occasions, no doubt, as hope withered, and a longing for the tomb gathered earnestness, poor Mary's fate necessarily drew forth deeper sentiments and a more tragical elevation than can usually be worked from the heart; for besides elegance and gracefulness, she had substance in her nature, and was politic withal. She could be a pretty trifler, and assuredly she had the art to touch the gentler emotions; but she was also endowed with powerful attributes, and was capable of magnanimous deeds. There was much of the dignified heroine about her, just as the exigencies of her history must have trained her to perform in a queenlike tragedy.

Among her feminine concerns while a captive, it was natural, and no doubt in harmony with early habit, for her to bestow considerable anxiety with regard to articles of dress. One of her orders to certain French friends, was to let her have patterns "of cloth of gold and silver, and of silks, the handsomest and the rarest that are worn at court." She sent for, on the same occasion, "a couple of head-dresses, with a crown of gold and silver, *such as were formerly made for me;*" and they were to procure for her "some new fashions of head-dresses, veils, and ribbons with gold and silver," and these were to be from Italy.

She also whiled away her dreary days in rearing and tending "all sorts of little birds I can meet with." She tried if she could bring up and keep alive "some turtle doves, and some Barbary fowls," and

"also some red partridges." She took especial pleasure "in her little dogs;" and of course she won their attachment and fidelity by the most delicate caresses. We are reminded that at her execution, "her little dogy crept under her cloathes, and would not be gotten fourth but with force, and afterwards would not departe from the dead corps, but camme and layde between her head and shoulders." And to her domestics she must have been a considerate and kind mistress; of which feature of character there are many significant tokens in the present correspondence.

Along with all these touching delicate notices and proofs, the letters before us show that Mary was artful, and practised duplicity with a winning adroitness, which none but an Elizabeth could have withstood; and even the imperious Queen of England, Mary felt confident, would not have been a match against her witcheries. She was an adept at such beseechings as the following:—"Not to let me be lost for want of a safe front; for like a vessel driven by all the winds, so am I, not knowing where to find a haven, unless, taking into your kind consideration my long voyage, you bring me into a safe harbour. But I need speedy succour, for I am weak with the long struggle in which I have been engaged. Receive me, then, and enable me to encourage the others; for, as for myself, I rely so entirely on your promised friendship that no reports can persuade me to the contrary. Would to God you would do the same by me."

Mary went beyond words to prove her confidence in Queen Bess, sending her little presents, and "trifling pieces of my work;" declaring, "I cannot refrain from assuring you, how happy I should esteem myself, if you would be pleased to permit me to make it my duty to recover, by any means whatever, some portion of your good graces, in which I most earnestly wish you to be pleased to aid me by some intimation in what way you think I can gratify and obey you." Sweetmeats were among the tokens which the captive employed to soften the heart of the masculine monarch. Did Elizabeth trust her palate with them? is a question that may not be easily answered. It was, however, but natural that Mary should entertain no very cordial affection for her "good sister," and indulged in a very different style when she unbosomed herself to persons of her own religion and in her own interest. Take as an illustration a letter to the Queen of Spain:

I will tell you one thing, by the way; that if the kings, your lord and your brother, were at peace, my misfortune might be of service to Christendom. For my coming to this country has caused me to make acquaintance, by which I have learned so much of the state of things here, that if I had ever so little hope of succour elsewhere, I would make ours the reigning religion, or perish in the attempt. The whole of this part is entirely devoted to the Catholic faith, and with the right that I have, for this reason, in my

favour, I could easily teach this queen what it is to intermeddle and assist subjects against princes. She is extremely jealous lest this, and this only, should restore me to my country. But she tries, by all means, to make me appear guilty of what I have so unjustly been accused of, as you will perceive from a statement of all the intrigues which have been directed against me ever since I was born, by those traitors to God and to me. It is not yet finished. Nevertheless, I must tell you that I am offered many fine things to change my religion; which I will never do. But if I am compelled to yield in some points, which I have stated to your ambassador, you may judge that it will be because I am a prisoner. Now I assure you, and beseech you to assure the king, that I shall die in the Roman Catholic religion, whatever they may say to the contrary. I cannot exercise it here, because they will not permit me, and, merely for having spoken of it, they have threatened to shut me up more closely, and to treat me with less consideration. You have adverted to a subject in jest, which I mean to take in good earnest; it is respecting the ladies, your daughters. Madam, I have also a son. I hope that if the king, and the king your brother, to whom I beg you to write in my behalf, will but send an embassy to this queen, declaring to her that they do me the honour to rank me as their sister and ally, and that they are resolved to take me under their protection, requiring her at the same time, if she values their friendship, to send me back to my kingdom, and to assist me to punish my rebel subjects; otherwise they will themselves endeavour to do so, being assured that she will never take part with subjects against their sovereign; she will not dare to refuse them, for she is herself in some fear of insurrections. For she is not greatly beloved by any one of the religions, while, God be praised, I believe I have gained the hearts of a great many good people of this country, since my coming, so that they are ready to hazard all they possess, for me and my cause. If this were done, and some other necessary favours, which I have mentioned to your ambassador; being in my own country, and in friendship with this queen, whom her people will not permit to see me, for fear I should lead her into a better track, (for they are of opinion that I should govern her if I studied to please her,) I might then hope to bring up my son in devotion to your interest; and if it please God to be merciful to me, and, with your assistance, to gain for him that which belongs to us, I am sure that, if you grant him one of your daughters, whichsoever you please, he will be but too happy. They have almost made an offer to naturalize him; and for the queen to adopt him as her son. But I have no wish to give him up to them, and to resign my rights, the consequence of which would be to render him of their wretched religion. If I had my choice, I should much rather send him to you, and risk every danger to re-establish the ancient and good faith throughout this whole island. I beg you will keep this secret, for it might cost me my life; yet, whatever you hear, be assured that I shall never change my opinion, however I may be compelled to accommodate myself to circumstances.

We shall now cite a letter or two that will serve to rivet the reader's sympathies deeper and deeper in behalf of Scotland's fated and lovely Queen. This is her description of Tutbury Castle, and of her condition while in captivity there:

To give you, then, ocular proof of the situation in which I find myself in regard to dwelling in the first place, and that you may remonstrate in my behalf on the subject with the said queen (who, I presume has never been accurately informed about it), I will tell you that I am in a walled enclosure, on the top of a hill, exposed to all the winds and the inclemencies of heaven; within the said enclosure, resembling that of the wood of Vincennes, there is a very old hunting-lodge, built of timber and plaster, cracked in all parts, the plaster adhering nowhere to the wood-work, and broken in numberless places; the said lodge distant three fathoms or thereabouts from the wall, and situated so low, that the rampart of earth which is behind the wall is on a level with the highest point of the building, so that the sun can never shine upon it on that side, nor any fresh air come to it; for which reason it is so damp that you cannot put any piece of furniture in that part without its being in four days completely covered with mould. I leave you to think how this must act upon the human body; and, in short, the greater part of it is rather a dungeon for base and abject criminals than a habitation fit for a person of my quality, or even of a much lower. I am sure that there is not a nobleman in this kingdom, nor even one of those who, being inferior to a nobleman, wish to reduce me beneath themselves, who would not deem it a tyrannical punishment to be obliged to live for a year in so straitened and inconvenient a habitation, as they want to force and constrain me to do; and the only apartments that I have for my own person consist—and for the truth of this I can appeal to all those who have been here—of two little miserable rooms, so excessively cold, especially at night, that but for the ramparts and entrenchments of curtains and tapestry which I have had made, it would not be possible for me to stay in them in the day-time; and out of those who have set up with me at night during my illnesses, scarcely one has escaped without fluxion, cold, or some disorder. Sir Amyas can bear witness that he has seen three of my women ill at once from this cause alone; and my physician himself, who has had his share of it, has several times positively declared that he will not take charge of my health during the next winter, if I am to remain in this house. As for replastering or in any way repairing or enlarging it, you may conceive how wholesome it would be for me to live in such new pieces of patchwork, when I cannot endure the least breath of damp air in the world; and on this account it is of no use whatever to offer me to make any repairs or any new conveniences against the winter. As for the house to which it is proposed that I should remove during the said repairs, it is a building attached, as it were, to this; and my keeper can testify that it is not in his power to lodge the few servants I have; and, without them, I have too many reasons to be afraid of living thus apart, whereof at this time I will say no more. If I must proceed to conveniences, I have not, as I heretofore informed you, any gallery or cabinet to retire to occasionally alone, excepting two paltry holes, with windows facing the dark surrounding wall, and the largest of them not above a fathom and a half square. For taking the air abroad, on foot or in my chaise (there being no vacant spot on the top of that hill,) I have only about a quarter of an acre of ground contiguous to the stables, which Sommer had dug up last winter, and enclosed with a fence of dry wood; a place, to look at, fitter to keep pigs in than to bear the name of a garden; there is not a sheep-pen

amidst the fields but makes a better appearance. As for taking exercise on horseback, during the whole winter, as I experienced, sometimes snow sometimes rain, break up the roads in such a manner, that there is no house containing so many people of the lower sort as this does, which can be kept clean long, whatever pains may be taken with it. Then, again, this house having no drains to the privies, is subject to a continual stench; and every Saturday they are obliged to empty them and the one beneath my windows, from which I receive a perfume not the most agreeable. And if to the above I may be pemitted the opinion which I have conceived of this house, a thing to be considered in the case of persons inferior in station to me when in ill health, I will say, that as this house has been my first prison and place of confinement in this kingdom, where from the first I have been treated with a great harshness, rudeness, and indignity, so have I always held it since to be unlucky and unfortunate, as last winter, before coming hither, I caused to be represented to the said Queen of England; and in this sinister opinion I have been not a little confirmed by the accident of the priest, who, after having been grievously tormented, was found hanging from the wall opposite to my windows, about which I wrote to you, Monsieur de Mauvissiere; and, then, four or five days afterwards another poor man was found who had tumbled into the well; but this I did not mean to compare with the other. Then I have lost my good Rallay, who was one of the chief consolations of my captivity; another of my servants is since dead, and several more have been sorely troubled with illness.

As her captivity became protracted, and hope vanished, Mary's letters acquire greater depth and pathos. What must have been the frame of the female heart that could resist the following appeals?—

I supplicate you, to permit me to withdraw myself out of your realm, into some place of repose, to seek some comfort for my poor body, worn out as it is with continual sorrows, that, with liberty of conscience, I may prepare my soul for God, who is daily calling for it. Believe, madam, and the physicians whom you sent this last summer are able sufficiently to judge the same, that I am not for a long continuance, so as to give you any foundation of jealousy or distrust of me. And, notwithstanding this, require of me whatever just and reasonable assurances and conditions you think fit. The greatest power rests always on your side to make me keep them; though on no account whatsoever would I wish to break them. You have had sufficient experience of my observance of my simple promises, and sometimes to my prejudice; as I showed you upon this very point about two years ago. Recollect, if you please, what I then wrote to you; and you will never be able to bind my heart to you so much as by kindness, though you keep my poor body languishing for ever between four walls; those of my rank and nature not suffering themselves to be gained or forced by any rigour. Your imprisonment, without any right or just ground, has already destroyed my body, of which you will shortly see the end, if it continues there a little longer; and my enemies will not have much time to glut their cruelty on me: nothing is left of me but the soul, which all your power cannot make

captive, Give it, then, room to aspire a little more freely after its salvation, which is all that it now seeks, rather than any grandeur of this world. It seems to me that it cannot be any great satisfaction, honour, and advantage to you for my enemies to trample my life under foot, till they have stifled me in your presence. Whereas, if, in this extremity, however late it be, you release me out of their hands, you will bind me strongly to you, and bind all those who belong to me, particularly my poor child, whom you will, perhaps, make sure to yourself by it. I will not cease to importune you with this request till it is granted. And on this account I beg you to let me know your intention; having, in order to comply with you, delayed for two years till this time to renew my application for it. In the meantime provide, if you please, for the bettering of my treatment in this country, that I may not suffer any longer; and commit me not to the discretion of any other whatever, but only your own self, from whom alone (as I wrote to you lately) I wish for the future to derive all the good and the evil which I shall experience in your dominions.

The last letter which we shall cite is to the Duke of Guise, and is inexpressibly dignified and affecting.

My good cousin, you, whom I hold most dear in the world, I bid you farewell, being on the point of being put to death, by an unjust judgement, such a one as never any belonging to our race yet suffered, much less one of my rank. But praise God, my good cousin; for situated as I have been, I was useless to the world in the cause of God and his Church; but I hope that my death will bear witness of my constancy in the faith, and my readiness to die for the support and restoration of the Catholic church in this unfortunate island. And though executioner never yet dipped his hand in our blood, be not ashamed, my friend; for the judgement of these heretics and enemies of the Church, and who have no jurisdiction over me, a free queen, is profitable before God to the children of his church, which had I not adhered to, this stroke had been spared me. All those of our house have been persecuted by this sect; witness, your good father, with whom I hope to be received in mercy by the just Judge. I recommend then to you, all my poor servants, the discharge of my debts, and the founding of some annual obit for my soul; not at your expense, but to make such solicitations and arrangements as shall be requisite to fulfil my intentions, which you will be informed of by my poor disconsolate servants, eye-witnesses of this, my last tragedy. May God prosper your wife, children, brothers and cousins, and especially our head, my good brother and cousin, and all belonging to him! May the blessing of God, and that which I should give to my own children, be upon yours, whom I commend to God not less sincerely than my own unfortunate and deluded son! You will receive tokens [rings] from me to remind you to have prayers said for the soul of your poor cousin, destitute of all aid and counsel but that of God, who gives me strength and courage to withstand alone so many wolves howling after me; to God be the glory!

ART. VII.—*Researches in Asia Minor, Pontus, and Armenia, with some Account of their Antiquities and Geology.* By W. T. HAMILTON. 2 vols. Murray.

Mr. HAMILTON is Secretary to the Geological Society, and in 1835, instead of making a continental tour, as he at first intended, turned his course towards Asia Minor, which he continued to explore in a variety of journeys till near the close of the year 1837. His observations and facts must have therefore been prior to those of other travellers in the same regions, whose reports however have been earlier before the public. Nor did he start without considerable preparation to facilitate his progress, and to attain the objects which he principally contemplated; for he not only refreshed his memory with regard to the geography, the history and the antiquities of the parts which he proposed to explore, by reading both ancient and modern authors, but he studied the use of the sextant and circle, in order that his surveys might be conducted with unerring and scientific exactness.

These last preliminaries were fortunately thought of; for while large districts of Asia Minor, which at one time were the seats of the highest ancient civilization, the spheres of the most renowned men's actions, the sites of stupendous and magnificent works of art, the scenes identified even with the origin and propagation of true religion, are not only at this day the habitations of semi-barbarous races and of tribes who occupy a degenerate scale among mankind, who are less known to us than many of the aborigines of America; other parts of that once fair, rich, and densely peopled section of the globe, which have of late years been frequently traversed and described by enthusiastic and accomplished Europeans, are, we learn from Mr. Hamilton, most inaccurately set down in all the maps of Asia Minor,—a sufficient evidence of the imperfection of our knowledge of many of its most frequently trodden paths. Now, however, through the carefulness and industry of our author, much of this deficiency will be remedied; one of his principal objects being to fix the position of places, their exact distances from one another, and the general bearings of the country. In his Preface he says, "I spared neither time nor labour in making a careful annotation of time, of distances, and directions; by which means, together with astronomical observations for latitude, I hoped to be able to construct a more correct map of those parts of the peninsula through which I passed. With this object in view, and independently of a very detailed journal, I succeeded in keeping, with a very few exceptions, a minute itinerary of every mile of road, noting the exact time of departure, and, with my compass constantly in hand, the direction of the road, as well as every change, sometimes to the number of twenty or twenty-five in

an hour; adding remarks suggested by the physical structure of the country. A specimen of this itinerary, representing one day's work, will be found in the Appendix, vol. II. p. 397."

After his return to England, in order to construct his map, the whole of his route, extending over several thousand miles of road, was laid down on the scale of one inch to a mile; and with competent assistance both this part of the task, and its reduction to the scale of five miles to an inch, with the working-in of the neighbouring country from geographical notes and cross bearings, and corrections for the observations of latitude, appear to have been satisfactorily accomplished.

So much for one of the traveller's main objects. But he had others in view, not less interesting, either in a scientific, a classical, or an antiquarian sense. One of these was, by an anxiously-conducted examination, to ascertain as precisely as possible the site of ancient places, noted in the pages of ancient writers. This examination, of course, comprised researches after remains of remote ages, comparisons of natural features with such remains or with the ancient descriptions; and also a consultation of the alleged or real discoveries and the opinions of modern tourists. In pursuance of this branch of the work, Mr. Hamilton has unquestionably not merely sometimes corrected as well as on other occasions corroborated] the accounts of recent writers, but he has thrown considerable light upon the narratives of such authorities as Xenophon and Strabo. A kindred object of Mr. Hamilton's journies was to collect antiquities, such as inscriptions, which in themselves are interesting and valuable. And again, as the title of the work promises as well as the author's office as a Secretary, the geology of regions explored obtained particular notice. It is hardly necessary to add, that his pages contain much that may be regarded as belonging to the common staple of a traveller's book, viz. personal incidents, passing descriptions, and frequent observations of people and manners. Indeed, our author's peculiar objects having led him often out of the common track, as compared with the majority of tourists, brought him among scenes that are entirely new to us, introducing him also to persons and society more illustrative of the genuine and unsophisticated Turk, than are readily to be met with in towns, or even on the great highways.

We cannot say that Mr. Hamilton, with such a number and variety of important objects in contemplation, and so frequently blended in his pages, rather as they came to his hand or as they particularly interested himself, than as studying the curiosity of his readers, or even simplicity of arrangement, has been altogether so satisfactory and engaging as his materials might have been rendered. Perhaps the classical might have been kept a good deal more distinct from the scientific, to the better appreciation of the author's services as well as to the greater advantage of those who consult the

book; while the itinerary and the information for the general reader might have been so disposed of as to have required less trouble in tracing of connections and also in estimating illustrations.

We have intimated that Mr. Hamilton's travels consisted of several journies. Of course he husbanded the finer parts of the year, directing his steps to different points in his various trips. First, he proceeded to Constantinople over land to Smyrna. His next principal journey was from Trebizond, through Armenia, to Kars, and thence back to Smyrna, partly along the banks of the Black Sea,—portions of his route in this trip having never been described by modern travellers. And his third grand tour was again from Constantinople to Smyrna; but in a more southerly direction,—he having principally in view a "fuller examination of the geology of the Catacecaumene, a visit to the great salt lake in the centre of Asia Minor, and the ascent of Mount Argæus." During the winter, although making Smyrna his head-quarters, he undertook several smaller excursions, some of them to the Grecian Islands.

Our extracts, which will be taken with little regard to sequence of time, connexion of subject, or vicinity of place, will partly bear upon the present aspect and conditions of men and things, and partly upon what is ancient and monumental.

The pictures given by our author of Turkish manners, and also of the way in which they transact business, are well indicated in the following passage; it being necessary also to mention, that while Mr. H. is by no means an enthusiastic admirer of the people, he frequently conveys an attractive idea of them:—

We reached the konak of the Agha of Harmanjik about eleven a. m.; and after going through the usual ceremony of pipes and coffee, and having our firmahn read out from beginning to end by the Cadi in the Agha's reception room, we learnt that there were no horses in the village, and were compelled to wait until they should return from the mountains, whither they were gone in search of wood.

During this delay, I remained in the Agha's salamlick watching the progress of public business, highly interested with the appearance of bold independence and the dignified manner of all around me, as well as with the perfect silence in which the whole was conducted. But what struck me most was the grace and dignity of the peasants who came in to pay taxes, or to procure a teskera, or to make some small present to the Agha, who was at the same time their landlord; or, as was the case with some, merely to kiss his hand. This ceremony was performed in a peculiar and impressive manner: the inferior takes the right hand of his master between both his own, bowing low at the same time, after which he slowly strokes his beard with both his hands, whilst the superior merely touches his own with the hand that has been embraced. One man particularly attracted my attention: he was a fine athletic figure, and advanced towards the Agha's secretary with great dignity as he presented his petition, accompanied with a gift rolled up in paper, containing sugar, coffee, pepper, or some such trifle; then retreating

backwards until he reached the centre of the room, he quietly assumed a most dignified attitude, with his right foot a little advanced, whilst both his hands rested upon his broad red sash. Although I understood not a word of the speech which he then delivered, I felt that no Young or Kemble, with their most studied arts, ever came near the natural dignity and carriage of this illiterate peasant. In broad contrast with this man's appearance was that of a feeble old man, the picture of misery, in rags and tatters, who was sitting on the floor beside him. When he afterwards rose to make his salutation to the chief, the proud Agha himself half rose from his seat to receive his welcome, and to spare him the trouble and fatigue of stooping. It was a touching instance of respect paid to old age; and the whole scene was well calculated to impress upon a stranger a favourable idea (as far at least as externals went) of the manners and feelings of the Turks. I was also much struck with the ease and publicity with which their business was transacted, and their courteous bearing towards each other: but I must confess that, when I afterwards became better acquainted with their motives, and with their corrupt system of government, I learnt to look with more suspicion upon their outward manners, and to judge less favourably of their actions and intentions.

We may remark relative to the general impression which will be derived from Mr. Hamilton's pages, with regard to the character of the Turks, and especially the tolerant principles which they are by many travellers said to be acquiring and cultivating, that he is by no means sanguine; for he sets down to the score of indifference much that on a transient glance may be taken for liberality. On the subject too of national restoration and regeneration, our author is utterly sceptical; believing that the change is impossible, and maintaining that it is contradicted in every manifestation.

Our next extract introduces us to the Waiwoda of Ispir, who had invited our author to spend two or three days with him; and where, finding the *worthy* surrounded by his attendants, seated in an alcove built by the road-side over a cool and babbling fountain, a good opportunity was enjoyed of seeing how a Turk spends his afternoon, this being the period of the day when the visit commenced.

After smoking a pipe, he proposed walking to see the river, to which I gladly assented, expecting a walk along its rocky banks; but we had hardly proceeded 200 yards when we reached the bridge, which was the limit of his tether; and selecting the shady side, we seated ourselves on the grass near the water's edge. Here, while discussing a plate of cherries, my host took occasion, in allusion to different articles of my dress, to praise England and its productions, admitting that the Turks were an idle, ignorant people, whose customs would admit of no comparison with those of Frangistan (Europe), and added that the English were very rich and the Turks very poor. To this I answered, that one reason was that in England, when a man became rich by his industry or exertions, the law enabled him to keep his property, and to leave it to his family on his death, and that the govern-

ment did not arbitrarily step in and carry off the whole or the greater part of it; at which he significantly stroked his beard and looked very grave. After another pipe we made a move, and returned to the meadows opposite his konac, where carpets and cushions were brought out and spread under the trees; and pipes, with the addition of coffee, were again produced. Here I was treated with a novel kind of entertainment, being roused by loud shouts and cries, and on looking round, I saw an unfortunate wretch lying on his back before the door of the konac, with his heels up in the air, tied to a log of wood held up by two men, whilst others were inflicting the bastinado on his naked soles with great rapidity. On appealing to the governor to know the meaning of this proceeding, he was pleased to say that in consequence of my presence he would let the man off with a slight punishment, although he richly deserved more for his turbulent and quarrelsome behaviour, and ordered him to be set at liberty. On being released, he could hardly move, and was roughly pushed out of the way into the house. He had been quarrelling with and striking an old woman; but the aggravation of his crime was having used indecorous language to a woman.

In parts of Asia Minor, the guards placed to watch the mountain passes have the rapacity and the tricks of robbers, were it but as the keepers of coffee-shops, which afford a decent excuse for every passer-by to halt, where, under the pretence of refreshment, he must allow himself to be quietly relieved of a few piasters in the shape of bakshish. On the other hand, on all the roads in Asia Minor a great number of fountains are to be met with. "They are invaluable to the traveller over the parched and dried up plains, and are often the result of the pure benevolence and genuine hospitality of the Turkish peasant. In some places where there is no spring or supply of water to form a running stream, the charitable inhabitant of a neighbouring village places a large vessel of water in a rude hut, built either of stone or boughs to shade it from the sun: this jar or vessel is filled daily, or as often as necessity requires, and the water is sometimes brought from a distance of many miles."

Here is a much more cheerful scene in Lydia than others which are indicated of the present conditions in the plain of Sardis, once so celebrated for grandeur and greatness:

Passing through the streets we met a gay and noisy marriage procession. The old and married men with their long beards were on horseback, followed by the young men, about thirty in number, who, marching on foot, picked their way in single file along the street. They were dressed à la Xebeque, and were armed with long daggers, hangers, and pistols stuck into their sashes, and a long gun swung over their shoulders. They were followed by a band of swarthy, gipsy musicians, which added greatly to their picturesque appearance. Leaving the town, we traversed a flat and stony plain, sloping gently to the north; and after crossing a low ridge connected with the high chain of hills on our left, descended into a wide and fertile valley, watered by the Ninfi Chai, which, rising considerably to the west of Ninfi, flows east-

ward, until it enters the marshy plain of the Hermus. This valley was well cultivated, and the plain covered with fine walnut-trees, sycamores, and gigantic plane-trees, the latter flourishing near the banks of the river, and in stony spots subject to frequent inundations. Many tents of Turcomans, with their flocks and herds, were scattered over the rich pasture.

Turn to the subject of manufactures for a moment. This of the Turkey carpets which bear so high a reputation:

On expressing a wish to witness the process of making carpets, we were at first told that it would be attended with some difficulty, as they are entirely made by women; but after some time, an old man was found who agreed to admit us after the women had been sent out of the way. The machinery is very rude and simple, and fully accounts for the difficulty which, according to the Smyrna merchants, exists in executing orders exactly; and it is impossible, on fixing the loom, to tell the exact breadth to which the carpet may stretch in the making. On entering a court-yard, we saw a large coarse frame, fixed under an open shed, which served as a loom: the horizontal beams of the frame are much longer than the upright, and to them the threads of the warp are fastened, being rolled round the upper one, and let out as required, when the finished part of the carpet is wound round the lower beam; these long threads are then separated alternately by rude machinery, and the coloured worsteds, which are lying by in large round balls, are tied by a peculiar kind of double knot to each two threads, according to the pattern, which is left entirely to the memory of the worker; after each row of these knots three strong transverse threads of the woof are passed by hand in and out alternately between those of the warp; the whole is then beaten and pressed together by a heavy bent wooden comb, resembling the fingers of the hand; the ends of the knots are first cut off with a large knife, and the whole is afterwards sheared and made even with a large pair of scissors. Each woman works a breadth of from four to five feet; consequently four or five women would work simultaneously at a carpet twenty feet wide.

And this of the present commercial condition of Erzeroum:

The principal manufactures of Erzeroum are in iron and in brass. A considerable transit trade is carried on with Persia, to which a great impulse has of late been given by the introduction of steam navigation between Constantinople and Trebizond. Persia exports a large quantity of silk and Cashmire wool, both raw and manufactured; in return for which cotton, woollen manufactures, and colonial produce are imported. I was informed that, on an average, 6,000 packages of British manufactures annually pass through Erzeroum, each valued at 50*l.* sterling, which gives a total value of 300,000*l.* worth of goods, while the value of the exports is nearly the same. A large proportion of these goods are subsequently smuggled into Georgia, notwithstanding all the endeavours made by Russia to prevent it. The workers in brass and iron form a numerous community, and are celebrated throughout Turkey. In brass, they make a great variety of drinking-cups,

candlesticks, &c., whilst in iron their principal manufactures are swords and horse-shoes; the latter are sent in great numbers to Persia, which is, indeed, almost supplied from hence. One family of smiths, known by the name of Yedi Kardash (seven brothers), has acquired a very extensive celebrity. Good horses may also be obtained here from the Turkoman tribes in the neighbourhood.

Now for a striking landscape:

From the burial-ground we walked to see the ruins of an ancient castle pointed out to us on the banks of the river, nearly two miles off to the south. After walking about a mile across the plain, we suddenly reached the edge of the deeply excavated valley, through which the Kopli Su flows: a wild and fantastic scene presented itself to us on our first coming in sight of the ravine, the precipitous and water-worn rocks on each side of it assuming the wildest and most extraordinary forms. The river flowed along its winding bed at least five hundred feet below us, while immediately in front, perched upon a lofty and almost insulated rock, with perpendicular sides, and connected with the plain on which we were by a narrow ridge of rock scarcely twenty feet wide at the summit, and between two hundred and three hundred feet high, stood the ruined castle we were in search of. Not the least curious features of the scene were the remarkable contortions of the river, sometimes returning, after a course of two miles, to within fifty yards of where it had flowed before, separated from its former bed by a long, narrow wall, upwards of three hundred feet in height. The steep chalky sides themselves are worn and weathered into every possible variety of form. Here a detached peak, like a Gothic church, raises aloft its tapering spire; there a huge mass of perpendicular wall, with its rents and fissures, its dark caves and deep-worn crevices, stands forth like a palace or castle of an age of giants. There seemed no end to the lofty pinnacles and narrow promontories round which the river flowed, and whose fantastic shapes increased the peculiarity of the scene. But what added much to the striking effect of the view, was the remarkable horizontal stratification of the white rock, increasing the illusion of its being a mass of ruined buildings.

Within the department of antiquities we give what M. Texier, the chief of the French expedition, supposed to be the remains of Pteria, but what Mr. H. thinks must be those of the ancient Tavium.

Two miles to the north-east of the temple, near the base of the escarpment of a ridge of limestone rocks, are the remarkable bas-reliefs, which were discovered by M. Texier. They are inside a small hollow resembling a quarry, but possibly formed by gigantic masses detached from the neighbouring cliffs; it opens to the south-west, the rocks being from 30 to 50 feet high on each side. The principal bas-relief itself is one of the most curious and remarkable monuments yet discovered in Asia Minor, and consists of several groups of figures carved upon the surface of the rock a few feet above the ground. Many of the figures, however, are much worn and nearly obliterated, particularly those furthest removed from the centre; perhaps,

being intended for inferior persons, they were originally less deeply cut. The composition seems to represent the meeting of two kings, each of whom holds emblems of royalty in his hand, and is followed by a long train of soldiers or attendants, dressed in his own costume, and extending along the two sides of the hollow space. The two principal figures are five feet high, the few figures immediately attendant upon them are three feet six inches, and the others two feet six inches. The principal figure on the left-hand side, coming as it were from the west, is standing upon a nondescript animal, and is dressed in a tight close-fitting dress, with a high conical cap and beard: while the other principal figure is dressed in loose flowing robes with a square turreted head-dress and without a beard. Some of his followers are standing upon a lion or tiger, and others upon a two-headed eagle. M. Texier considers the subject of the sculpture to be the meeting of the Amazons and Paplagonians; but I am rather inclined to think it represents the meeting of the two conterminous kings, and that it was intended to commemorate a treaty of peace concluded between them. The Halys, which is not many miles distant, was long the boundary between the kingdoms of Lydia and Persia, and it is possible that in the figure with the flowing robes we may recognise the king of Persia, and in the other the king of Lydia with his attendants, Lydians and Phrygians, for their head-dress resembles the well-known Phrygian bonnet. This spot may have been chosen to commemorate the peace, in consequence of the neighbouring town being the chief border city. This opinion is confirmed by the circumstance of the principal figure on the eastern side being represented standing on a wild beast, probably intended for a lion, and which in fact resembles the animals sculptured upon the monuments of Persepolis, while some of his attendants are standing upon the wings of a double-headed eagle, a symbol frequently met on ruined Persian buildings even of a later period. But what had the Amazons to do with a lion or a two-headed eagle? Besides, this is not the locality ever attributed by the ancients to the habitations of that singular people.

Our next scene offers subjects for learned speculation, for it presents some of the most remarkable and curious problems, which the researches of travellers and antiquaries have ever pointed out.

On arriving at this edge I witnessed a most curious and extraordinary sight: in the several valleys spread out beneath our feet, towards the E. and N.E., many thousand conical hills, or rather pointed pinnacles, varying in height from 50 to 200 feet, rose up in all directions, so closely arranged that their bases touched each other, leaving only a narrow path between them, and presenting a most strange and inexplicable phenomenon. In many places they were so slender and close together, that they resembled a forest of cedars, or lofty fir-trees. As we descended through the village and wound round the base of the lofty rock above mentioned on our left, its sides were literally covered with caves, some of which, from the front wall having fallen away, presented vast apartments supported by columns; on our right was an insulated pinnacle, rising up in the centre of the village, to a height of more than 200 feet, excavated on all sides, and offering many windows and

openings even near the very summit, an approach to which appears impossible, except by an internal staircase cut in the rock itself. Beyond this valley several table-lands of the same rock appeared to the E., N.E., and S.E., being portions of that from which we had just descended, and with which they must have been continuous, before the valleys were hollowed out, and the pumiceous tuff had assumed its present singular state. The peculiar nature of the several beds of which it consists has of course had some influence in modifying their subsequent forms. In the upper portion are several bands of hard stone, which have preserved the horizontality of the table-lands; the middle beds, some of which are slightly tinged with red, are worn by weathering and running streams into these pointed cones, while the lower beds are still softer, and wear away with a more rounded form. As our road led down a narrow ridge from the village and across the valley, I was struck with the fertility of the gardens and orchards on this dry soil. But the apricot was almost the only tree in abundance, producing fruit of an excellent flavour, and I should think indigenous to the country. But much as I have been struck with the appearance of this valley at a distance, I was still more surprised at finding that almost every one of the conical hills was excavated inside; in most cases this had been done in very ancient times. Some, which were most elaborately worked, appeared to be tombs. I entered one which had an arched or rounded doorway leading into a small vestibule; this communicated with a large apartment, the floor of which was cut into graves, long since opened. Another was excavated so as to represent the portico of a Doric temple. Crossing the valley, we observed a village called Matyas, built amongst these conical hills, the caves of which served as dwellings; in other places the grottoes are excavated in the steep sides of the cliffs, or extend from the conical hills into the ground beyond: in short, no description can convey a sufficient idea of the variety and novel appearance of this extraordinary tract of country. The most difficult questions connected with these places are to ascertain the uses for which they were intended, and the people by whom they were made. Some appeared to have been intended for tombs, while others must have been dwelling-places; others, again, from the paintings with which they are adorned, have evidently served as chapels. In the present day many are used as dovecotes, and we saw pigeons flying out of the upper openings, to which there appeared to be no external means of approach; though even these were decorated with red paint, and many Greek letters were inscribed on the outer surface of the rock round the openings. This singular formation existed not only in the large valley which we crossed, but in all the smaller ones which opened into it.

We have mentioned that Mr. Hamilton made several winter excursions to the Grecian Islands; and we may conclude our specimens and vary our matter with certain notices thence derived. This of Rhodes:—

Here we at once found ourselves walking amidst the ancient habitations of the Knights of Rhodes; which produced the effect of having been suddenly transported into a former age, rather than into a different place. Many of the houses were in ruins; some where inhabited by Turks; but all presented the same exterior that they did three or four hundred years ago. Built in

the peculiar architecture of the feudal times, a strange combination of the contrary qualities of the gay and the sombre, massive yet not devoid of elegance, and constructed entirely of stone, they have equally resisted the corroding influence of time, and the mischievous effects of Turkish violence and ignorance: the escutcheons and coats of arms of the Knights likewise, of different countries, several sometimes occurring in the same house, remain fixed in the walls uninjured.

The principal street led up a gentle rise to the west: it was broader than is usual in the towns of the Levant, and could boast of a footpath on each side. On our left we passed a massive building, now converted into barracks for the new troops: it was formerly a college, used as a residence for the poorer Knights, and containing rooms for the despatch of public business. On our right were ancient houses, inhabited by Turks or left to decay, built in a florid Gothic style, with ornamented beadings, and borders of flowers round the windows and along the walls. Among the numerous escutcheons with which they were adorned were the royal arms of England—three lions passant, quartered with those of France, three fleurs de lis. At the top of the street we reached the ruined palace of the Grand Master; near it was the principal church, dedicated to St. John,—a long, Gothic edifice, now converted into a mosque. Here the fortifications were of great strength, forming, as it were, the key to the whole defence. The wall was very lofty, defended by a deep ditch extending round the fortress on the land side, while a high covered way connected with the wall by a drawbridge led over the fosse, and an intervening raveling to a strong detached fort on the west.

We were much struck with the breadth and cleanliness of the streets, paved with small round pebbles, which abound in the conglomerate at this end of the island. Every house had its garden, in which oranges and lemons grew luxuriantly, while the tall and graceful palms added to the Oriental character of the scenery. Two churches belonging to the Knights, that of St. John and that of the Apostles, have been converted by the Turks into mosques. Round the entrance of the latter are some beautiful arabesque traceries carved in white marble, representing arms and armour, drums and standards, cuirasses, gauntlets and greaves, quivers, bows, and helmets, all executed with the greatest delicacy.

Sponge of Syme:—

On reaching the town we were surprised at being conducted to a large Greek tavern or café; and at seeing many European-looking characters. These were agents come to purchase sponge; which forms the chief traffic of the island, and the procuring of which is the principal occupation of the inhabitants. In the port were vessels of various sizes, the larger waiting for cargoes, which they take to Smyrna, where it is sorted for the European market: the finest quality, which sells here for about two hundred piastres per oke, or seventeen shillings per pound, is almost exclusively confined to the English market. The smaller vessels belonged to the island: in them the divers visit the coast of Candia, and even Barbary, in search of this useful article of trade, which is also found in the rocky coves round the island itself, though not of so fine a quality. The sponge when first detached from the rock, where it grows in a cup-like shape, is perfectly smooth and black,

sometimes covered with a skin or coating of the same hue, and full of an offensive white liquid, which is forced out by pressing it under foot. When packed in casks to be sent to Smyrna, the sponges are filled with fine white sand, and when dried are compressed into a very small compass. The object of the sand is said to be in order to preserve the sponge; it also adds considerably to their weight; and as they are always sold by weight, it appears at first to be rather a dishonest mode of proceeding; but it is probable that were it not for the sand the fine sponges would weigh so little that they would be cheaper than the coarse ones, whereas, if the fine sponge requires a greater quantity of sand to fill up its pores, its weight will be proportionably increased; thus, the mixing the sand and selling them by weight may be, in fact, perfectly fair and honest: however, I must admit I did not hear this reason given.

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ART. VIII.—*Polynesia*. By the RIGHT REV. M. RUSSELL, LL.D., and D.C.L. Oliver and Boyd.

THIS is the new volume of that distinguished series, the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, being devoted to one of the largest and most exacting subjects that could be selected, especially when to be compressed within the boards of a *five-shilling* book. What Dr. Russell undertook was to give "an Historical Account of the principal Islands in the South Sea, including New Zealand; the Introduction of Christianity; and the actual Condition of the Inhabitants in regard to Civilisation, Commerce, and the Arts of Social Life." Now, all this has been accomplished in a manner to meet the highest expectations even of those who are acquainted with the earlier volumes of the Library, in which we have always discovered adequate information, exemplary care, and thorough skill on the part of the writers.

Dr. Russell, like others of his fellow labourers in the Library, approaches his subject with a mind fully trained for the due performance of that which he undertakes. His reading has been complete on all the subjects embraced; his study of human nature in all its conditions and in every kind of situation has been ripened and is ample; while his literary craftship is so perfect, that he sets in its appropriate and most becoming light whatever has been delivered to him and whatever he feels. Of course the work is in one sense a compilation; but then it is not of that sort of joinery, where the pieces can be discovered as ever having been separate or sought singly after. On the other hand, whatever Dr. Russell has gathered he has made his own, moulding, harmonizing, and gilding with ease and independence the entire fabric, so as that it possesses essentially the character of an original work in respect of tone and opinion, as well

as of general execution; while, as concerns facts and body of information, the work has no one predecessor, and is never likely to have a competitor, upon a similar scale.

As the title indicates, the subject of the volume is exceedingly broad; and it has been treated with a corresponding comprehensiveness; every part, at the same time, being clear, both in arrangement and detail. The style itself presents a model for such works, being plain, neat, and perspicuous; and when occasion requires, it rises into an easy yet concise eloquence, that is particularly gratifying. We must add, that while Dr. Russell is a sober writer, he is never tame nor dull,—that while he is remarkably impartial, upon points too where religionists are apt to be at keen variance, he is never cold or lifeless. For example, amid the conflicting accounts of missionaries on the one hand, and purely maritime reporters on the other, he steers in some respects a middle course, but never with a semblance of callousness as respects the conversion of the heathen, or the paramount blessings that result from sound and solid Christian faith. Indeed, the great feature of the volume is the account, together with his measured and illustrated views, of the missionary efforts made in the South Seas; these considerate, and, we must add, encouraging, as well as deeply-impressive sentiments and opinions, being the more remarkable in that they come from an Episcopalian clergyman "of St. John's College, Oxford," and when bearing testimony to the enterprizes of Sectarians.

The work commences with a sufficient summary of the physical features and nature of Polynesia. The origin of the people forms another leading and preliminary subject: our author adopting the general opinion, that they are of Asiatic extraction. We have next an account of their condition when first discovered by Europeans; and of the influences as also of the effects that have since that time distinguished them. The information upon these subjects consists not merely of a general description, but the inquiry is carried into the several groups, and sometimes into particular islands. The great point, however, as already indicated, is the character of the religious changes that have taken place among the natives, which, of course, is conjoined with speculations not only relative to their present state but their future condition and prospects. We do not, however, give any summary of the detailed opinions, statements, or evidences; referring our readers to the samples to be quoted, and with still more assurance to the volume itself, for the discussion and elucidation of many extremely important and interesting subjects; among which may be mentioned that of the extinction of certain races which seems to attend the advances and encroachments of the white man.

One word more,—Dr. Russell has fortified and enriched his "Historical Account" by means of a manuscript to which he had

access, furnished by "a distinguished officer" who resided many years in the regions described. And now for our specimens:—to begin with the geological structure of Polynesia:

Among the thousands of islands which shoot up in the South Sea, some rise to a considerable elevation, and generally present a conical form. Many of them are basaltic, often containing in their centres wide tunnels or cavities, and, at other times, round lakes which might be taken for ancient craters. Although the occurrence of volcanic substances has not, on satisfactory evidence, been everywhere ascertained, there has already been discovered a greater number of volcanoes than in any other part of the world. In the annals of early navigation these are sometimes mentioned as the most splendid appearance in nature; while, on other occasions, they are described with a feeling of unmingled horror. On one place near New Guinea, the flames and smoke rise calmly over a fruitful country; but on the northern verge of the Marians, dreadful torrents of black lava darken the shore.—All the low islands seem to have for their base a reef of coral rocks generally disposed in a circular form. The middle space is commonly occupied by a sheet of water, on the margin of which the sand is mixed with pieces of broken coral and other marine productions. These facts have been employed by speculative writers with the view of proving that all the islets must have originated in the labours of the diminutive insect already noticed, and been afterwards enlarged and raised above the surface of the ocean by the accumulation of light substances drifted to them by the action of the waves. It is, however, very remarkable, that among the islands so constituted, some are almost level with the sea, while others are elevated several hundred feet; though on the summits of these last are found masses of coral perforated in the same manner with those found at the water's edge. Now, as the animalcules which raise these submarine habitations cannot live above the face of the deep, it is manifest either that the Pacific has sunk to a lower level, or that the several islands have been raised by an expansive force acting from below. There can be no doubt that the latter agent ought to be assigned as the true cause of the phenomenon.

The fact is, that nearly all the regions of the Pacific, and many of the South Sea Islands, bear the most unequivocal evidences of having been the scene of volcanic action. Volcanoes are at this day to be seen in a state of activity in some of them; and the traditions of the people bear testimony to the existence of others in former times, in localities where their results are only to be discovered. These results are unmistakable; such as the black, burnt, and honey-combed condition of the rocks;—the nature of the soil spread over the calcined masses,—and the proofs found in the great abundance of coral, shells, and other marine substances, on the tops of the very highest peaks. Some of the islands contain very lofty mountains, varying from 2,000 to 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, and present scenery blending all the varieties of rugged grandeur, wild beauty, and soft loveliness. It would appear indeed that the violent disruptions and

the marvellous throbs of earthquakes had in certain cases produced the magnificent scenery; vegetable life and a teeming fecundity having all the advantages which climate and situation can cherish. But with regard to the formation of the South Sea Islands, we read further as follows:

It is still a question whether the polypes originate the stony bodies they inhabit, or whether they find them prepared for their occupation by the hand of nature. Forster, whose experience gives some weight to his opinions on this subject, was inclined to believe that the little creatures actually form the matter which composes the coral masses, and consequently that, by their means, new islands are in a constant process of formation. The great Captain Cook, after a careful investigation of facts, had arrived at the same conclusion. Dalrymple, on the other hand, thinks that these rocks take their rise at the bottom of the sea, from which they are detached by currents or tempésts, and thrown on the sandbanks. This, no doubt, may take place in some localities; but the principle most assuredly cannot apply to those reefs which rise like walls in the midst of the ocean. Around New Holland, for example, the rocks in question ascend, like perpendicular ramparts, from a very great depth. Such structures, it is obvious, must derive their origin from the animals themselves, unless we attempt to account for them on the ground of a new hypothesis, which intimates that they may grow in a manner similar to the common seaweed, and that the insects found on them are analogous to those which take up their abode on trees and herbs; a conclusion to which the arborescent appearance of some corals, and the fungous forms of others, are supposed to give a certain degree of countenance.—By some authors these animalcules are called saxigenous, or rock-making polypes. They are supposed to begin their operations by selecting a suitable spot, such as the summit of a volcano, or the top of a submarine mountain. Having chosen their site, with a reference, it should seem, to an ultimate object, they work with incredible diligence until they reach the surface, above which, as we have already stated, their nature and habits do not permit them to proceed. Mr. Lyell remarks, that the circular or oval forms of the numerous coral isles of the Pacific, with the lakes in their centre, naturally suggest the idea that they are nothing more than the crests of submarine volcanoes, having the rims and bottoms of their craters overgrown with coral. This opinion is strengthened by the conical shape of the islands, and the acute angle at which they plunge on all sides into the surrounding ocean. It has also been observed, that although within the circular reefs there is usually nothing discernable but a lagoon, the bottom of which is covered with coral, yet within some of these basins, rocks, composed of porous lava and other volcanic substances, rise up, resembling eminences of igneous origin, which have been formed in an epoch not beyond the limits of human observation.

To pass on to the human inhabitants of the islands, we, of course, find still more interesting and remarkable subjects for contemplation; and Dr. Russell does not fail to keep pace with the enlarging and yet nice demands of his theme. We proceed to give abstracts

and extracts. Going back to the period when the islands were discovered, especially those of Farther Polynesia, notice is taken of the primitive manners of the inhabitants, and of the happiness which at first a visiter would be apt to think them largely possessed of. "The climate has all the charms which belong to the fairest scenes of poetical fancy. A mild sky sheds down upon the inhabitant the sweetest influences of the atmosphere; the earth yields to them at all seasons a plentiful supply of the necessaries of life, and even offers at the expense of little labour, a great variety of luxuries." "Otaheite, in particular, appeared to the first Europeans who landed on its shores as an earthly paradise." But what a contrast may the amenities of external nature, and the wealth showered upon animal life, find in the heart and the ways of the children of men! Strange to say, that in regions of such spontaneous abundance, theft was a practice of almost universal predominance; nay, infanticide, as if nature was niggardly of food and of clemency, widely prevailed. Let not any one dream that ignorance is innocence, or that the gentleness or loveliness of external nature can never be marred by, or combined with, the savageness of man. Dr. Russell thus truly discourses concerning the supposed felicity of the Polynesians in a state of nature.

No picture is more deceitful than that which exhibits the supposed innocence and delights of savage life. The child of nature is usually represented as being free from envy and all the factitious passions of civilized existence; a stranger to covetousness and ambition; happy in the enjoyments of those around him; content with his present lot, and having no apprehension in regard to the future. Oppressed by no care, burdened by no toil, tormented by no restless desire, seldom visited by sickness, his wants easily satisfied, his pleasures often recurring, the Otaheitan was conceived to pass his days in uninterrupted felicity, under the magnificent sky of the tropics, and amid scenes worthy of paradise. But a closer view disclosed a very different state of things. The lower classes were unmercifully plundered and oppressed by their superiors; domestic happiness in its proper sense, was unknown; the females were reduced to the greatest debasement, not being allowed to partake of the same food with their husbands and brothers, and not even permitted to dress it at the same fire, or place it in the same basket. It is further asserted, that they were, generally speaking, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful, and that, under the dominion of the worst propensities, they often acted more like fiends than human beings. "That there should," says Forster, "exist so great a degree of immorality in a nation, otherwise so happy in its simplicity and in the fewness of its wants, is a reflection very disgraceful to human nature in general, which, viewed to its greatest advantage here, is nevertheless imperfect." That this immorality did exist is not denied by one of the most ardent admirers of the Polynesians, who to the observation of a philosopher could add the advantage of a repeated residence amongst them. True it is, that many who have ceased to do evil, after the manner of their unconverted countrymen, have not yet learned to

do well, to the full extent of their christian obligations. Where sins are gross and shameful, the first step is more easily taken than the second; and hence the missionary finds less opposition when he denounces a flagrant iniquity than when he enjoins a needful virtue or a becoming grace. Those who read with attention the Epistles of St. Paul to his converts, in the most refined parts of the Roman empire, will perceive that, though they had abjured the abomination of heathenism and the useless ceremonies of the Mosaical law, their conduct did not, in all cases, throw a suitable light on the purer principles which they had openly professed. The fifth and sixth chapters of his first letter to the Corinthians prove but too clearly that the licentiousness of pagan manners did not yield, all at once, to the holy precepts of the gospel, nor to the instructive example of its self-denied teachers.

Strictly speaking, the savage state is not that of nature. It is rather that of degradation and degeneracy; the imprisonment of the grander and more enduring part of man in a grovelling frame; forbidding the proper expansions and aspirations of his higher attributes to have their fair exercise and growth. However, what is generally understood by *a state of nature*, viz. its untamed and unweeded condition, is necessarily very remote from that of purity and lovely production. Nay, we know that the culture merely of the finer arts, and the largest acquisitions of secular knowledge, are no guarantees or certain safe-guards against the most polluting practices, any more than the dreams about Polynesian innocence are consistent with the real facts. It required the introduction of the gospel, or at least the evidence of the worldly blessings possessed by those who square their conduct by Christian principles, to elevate and reform in any degree these poor islanders; nor has the triumph of true religion been so remarkably manifested as in putting to shame their licentious depravity; for, "on this important point, where reformation was the most hopeless, success has been the most complete." "You may," said one of the more intelligent of the early Polynesian converts themselves, "induce the people to discontinue murdering their infants, offering human sacrifices, and practising demon-worship. You may induce them to burn their idols, embrace your faith, attend your prayers, learn your books, and possibly even refrain from drunkenness and theft; but, the preservation of female virtue, union in marriage according to Christian precepts, and conjugal fidelity, will never be obtained." And yet what have been the real results? According to the calm, discriminating, and largely-informed author of the volumes before us, the triumph has been that already mentioned. "No sooner," he continues, "was the authority of the Redeemer recognised, even through the somewhat obscure medium in which his character and offices were conveyed, than the more offensive of the abominations disappeared; the virtue of chastity was inculcated and maintained; Christian marriage was instituted, and the inviolable obligations of the bond piously acknowledged. This

change, it is added, has been, under the divine blessing, effected entirely by the exertions of Christian missionaries, not only without any external assistance, but in the face of the most determined opposition of many from whom they might have expected both countenance and aid."

But Dr. Russell does not allow zeal to master his reason, or overwrought pictures to blind his perceptions. He speaks thus measuredly and cautiously:—

The most ardent patrons of missions to Polynesia will not maintain that in no instance has zeal overstepped the bounds of prudence, or that pearls have not occasionally been thrown before swine, who tried to turn again and rend their benefactors. But to justify the use of the means which have been employed, they point with satisfaction, and even some degree of triumph, to the effects which are already produced. They can assert, that wherever Christianity has been received, however imperfectly, the habits of the natives are improved, their fierce tempers have been mollified, and a respect for human life has succeeded to that thirst for blood which formerly occasioned the most deplorable catastrophes. In all the islands where the missionaries have succeeded in establishing a settlement, security is now afforded to the mariner of every nation, who either seeks refuge from misfortune, the intercourse of trade, or the gratification of a liberal curiosity. At other places, on the contrary, where the mild spirit of the gospel has not yet been felt, scarcely a year passes in which we do not hear of murderous quarrels between the inhabitants and those by whom they are visited. At some of the Marquesas, till very lately, a trading vessel scarcely dared to anchor. In the Friendly Islands, according to the statements of a recent author, while the chiefs were manifesting the strongest attachment to Captain Cook, they planned the assassination of himself and all his officers, and with this view invited them to an entertainment by torch-light. Even on the shore of Otaheite, when Bligh's vessel arrived, the people cut the cables, in order that, being drifted on the beach, she might fall into their hands as plunder. Some years afterwards, the Society Islanders seized an English brig, murdered the officers, killed or disabled the crew, and took possession of her; but since the lessons of the Christian teachers have been given, every ship that has touched there, or at any other in the adjacent groups, has been as safe as in the Thames or the Weser.

Missionaries to any benighted quarter of the globe, as well as to the South Seas, will do well to weigh deliberately Dr. Russell's views of the qualifications necessary for them, together also with the method—and the resulting views—of his estimate of what has been done, or is likely to be done in certain ways. While holding that no means, separated from religion,—that simple instruction in letters and the arts, will not suffice to reform morally the people, and that the fittest pioneers for the production of this regeneration, are not the learned or refined,—he yet looks to the next age for the full effects of the present hardy exertions; and "who, that is at all acquainted

with the progress of our holy faith in past ages, could expect it to be otherwise?" Therefore, the complete triumph, or even systematizing of the elements at first scattered, is not to be looked for in the first generation of Christian labourers; neither should implicit reliance be placed in the sanguine and enthusiastic representations which sometimes fill their accounts of converts. We must cite a passage or two relative to the success of Polynesian missions generally, and their progress also in particular islands.

Enlightened by the experience of many years, the Christian philanthropist must now be convinced, that success in missionary enterprise is not always in proportion to the extent of the means employed; and moreover, that the path which, in most cases, has led to a triumphant issue, was opened by circumstances which, to the human eye, appeared entirely accidental. Generally speaking, conversion among the South Sea Islanders has been preceded by a deep excitement arising from suffering or fear; by the ravages of war or famine; or by a bold innovation on the part of the chiefs, who had already opened their minds to infidelity relative to the power of their national gods. It seems absolutely necessary that, before his conscience can be affected with the sense of guilt, the spirit of the savage must be agitated by some external cause; and it is a singular fact, attested by evidence which cannot be questioned, that the first intercourse of Europeans with the natives of Polynesia has usually been fatal to the latter. Fever, dysentery, or other diseases which carried off great numbers of them, have in most cases attended the introduction of our people into all the groups; and at Rapa, more especially, about half of the population were by such means swept away. These painful losses induced reflection among the survivors, who, in many instances, were disposed to forsake their ancient faith, either because their gods were unable to protect them in the presence of white men, or were utterly indifferent to their interests. Hence, under the direction of Divine Providence, a way was paved for the missionaries, who laboured to withdraw their confidence from the "lying vanities" in which they had formerly trusted, and to raise their thoughts to the contemplation of the great Creator.

With regard to the introduction of Christianity into Otaheite, we have the following statement:

Seldom had any enterprise commenced under auspices more favourable, or that could promise more certain or speedy success to its authors, than the introduction of Christianity into Otaheite: and yet, after the labours, sacrifice, and anxiety of twelve years, it arrived at a termination alike disastrous and fruitless. The missionaries had left their native land to save the remnant of an interesting people from destruction, and to promote their temporal as well as spiritual welfare. But notwithstanding their utmost endeavours, they had seen the process of depopulation urged on with a fearful rapidity, by causes which, though they regretted them, they could neither diminish nor controul; and amidst anarchy, bloodshed, and all the other horrors of barbarian warfare, they were ultimately driven from the field where they had trusted to gain a triumph for the gospel and the benign

spirit of civilisation. There were many grounds to conclude that, during the time the mission had existed in Otaheite, the experiment of raising a savage people to the rank of a Christian community had been tried and completely failed; and the result, according to the ordinary grounds of calculation, might be supposed to demonstrate the impropriety of expending more labour or money upon an object for the accomplishment of which it might be asserted that the time had not yet come.—But as the darkest hour of night is that which precedes the dawn of a new day, so the gloom now cast over the missionary cause was about to be followed by a brighter light than had yet shone upon their exertions in the South Sea. Pomare, who felt that when the European settlers left his shores one of the principal means of improvement had been withdrawn from his people, no sooner saw affairs in a somewhat more settled state, than, in the most earnest manner, he invited them to return. He was still, indeed, an exile in Eimeo, excluded from his paternal dominions, and, consequently, had less power than formerly either to protect them from danger, or to aid their endeavours for spreading civilisation among his subjects. It is doubtful, too, whether his favourable thoughts towards the Christian brethren ought to be ascribed to his late reverses, and to an impression thereby produced in regard to the inefficacy of idol-worship for obtaining supernatural aid; or whether adversity did not lead him to reflect on the declarations he had so often heard respecting the true God, and to connect his present condition with a sinful life, of which he had not yet seriously repented. But whatever may have been the motive, there is no doubt that his fallen estate had subdued his spirit, and, at the same time, weakened the influence which his native superstition had till then exercised over his heart. In the Autumn of 1811, the missionaries left their retreat in New Holland, and set sail for the Georgian Isles, the original scene of their labours. They joined the king in Eimeo, where they now established a school, and so far as circumstances would permit, resumed their wonted course of instruction in public and in private. It was not long before their pious efforts were rewarded by a signal triumph of the Christian faith over the absurdities of idolatry. In July, 1812, the king publicly professed his belief in Jehovah, and his desire to be baptized into the sublime doctrines and hopes revealed by the gospel.

Even the changes that have been produced already in the outward observances, but which have not yet reached either the decisions of the understanding or the feelings of the heart, offer a wonderful and highly gratifying spectacle. True, the tree planted amongst the islanders by the missionaries "has brought forth fruit both good and evil; tares have grown up with the wheat; but the land is no longer a desert; and the ample produce denotes at least the inherent powers of the soil."

But we must withdraw from this paramount subject, having cited some of the most interesting facts and important views which it is possible to contemplate or suggest, and pointed attention to the volume where much more will be met with of equal value. Let us now attend to some of the graphic and striking sketches which Dr.

Russell furnishes of particular islands; giving also his estimate of the prospects which may be fairly taken, commercially and socially. The following relates to the present state of the Navigators' Islands; and, while bearing highly delightful testimony to the triumphs of missionary enterprise, encouragingly indicates other gratifying and indeed inseparable results:—

In the year 1830, when the missionaries Williams and Barff first landed at Savaii, one of the Navigator's Islands, a dreadful contest was about to take place owing to the murder of Taimafainga, a powerful ruler.. By the interposition of these benevolent men, the period of hostility was shortened, and a better spirit infused into the minds of the leaders. The happy change confirmed the influence of the new faith, and led to the desire for new teachers, which was gratified to a certain extent, at least in 1836, when several from England arrived on their shores. At a meeting of the chiefs, among whom was Malietoa, these servants of Christ entreated that the war should not be renewed. They were assured that it should not, and, moreover, that if any quarrel arose among the leaders, a reference would be made to them as umpires. The author of a letter from Upalu, dated two years later, calculates that the number of Christians there is about twenty thousand; that, in Savaii, there are between twelve and thirteen thousand; in Tutuila, about six thousand; and in Manono, all the people, amounting to not less than one thousand, have openly professed the faith of the Redeemer. In one of the districts of Anna was held, in 1837, the first missionary meeting in the Navigators' Islands. It was attended by two thousand five hundred persons; the conquerors and the conquered mingling together. Chiefs of each party delivered speeches on the occasion, in which, while they did not forget the main object of the assembly, they severally made touching allusions to their former contests, contrasting with those sanguinary scenes their present delightful harmony. On the very spot where the last destructive war was waged, a number of flourishing villages now stand, each of which has one or more schools, and divine worship is regularly performed on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday. Even in their unconverted state, as already noticed, the manners of the Samoans, and their skill in the construction and management of canoes, were greatly superior to those of the Marquesan and the Society Islanders. Now there is farther observed a considerable degree of dignity in their behaviour towards visitors and strangers. The common dress of the men was formerly very slight, consisting of nothing more than a girdle of leaves, while the women satisfied themselves with a shaggy mat, on which they displayed all the ingenuity peculiar to the sex in matters of dress. At present the greater number wear decent wrappers of calico, with shirts and gowns; and when they cannot afford these, they appear in garments of a coarse though not unseemly cloth, manufactured from the bark of trees. Formerly, when vessels arrived, muskets and beads were the articles most in demand; but now the principal inquiry is made for wearing apparel, slates, pencils, and writing paper. The master of a whale ship recently confessed that he had carried to the Navigators' group forty muskets for barter, and had only sold two. In a word, the history of modern missions does not supply a more powerful inducement to christian zeal, or a more gratifying

reward to the intrepidity with which their great objects have been pursued. A few years ago the European who casually landed on those islands, saw everywhere prevailing rapine, murder, cannibalism, and other crimes at which his heart sickened! at present, he may contemplate, at least in the christianized districts, morals comparatively pure, the exercise of a rational worship, peace, confidence, and brotherly kindness, all heightened by the assured intercourse of social enjoyment.

This of the trade of the Sandwich Islands:—

The success in the Sandwich Islands of the chief Tamehameha, whose wisdom was equal to his courage, and who was known to be desirous of an intercourse with civilized nations, opened the path to traders of every class, more especially from England and America. Indeed the discovery of some excellent harbours in the island of Woahoo, which had escaped the notice of Vancouver when examining the coast, made them become the resort of ships from all countries, which, during a lengthened voyage in the Northern Pacific, might require repairs, water, or provisions. Sandalwood, an article of great value in the Chinese market, was found in the mountains, and soon proved the means of an extensive commerce with foreigners. In return for this production, the natives at first were satisfied with pieces of iron, nails, and coarse cloth; afterwards, as their notions of exchangeable value expanded, they required axes, guns, muskets, powder, and shot; next they bargained for Chinese, American, and British manufactures; and finally aspiring, as we have said, to the possession of ships, they purchased with the fruits of their industry schooners and brigs measuring several hundred tons. Without doubt, the local position of the Sandwich Isles renders them highly important to all the great trading communities of either hemisphere. On the north are the Russian settlements along the coast of their Asiatic territories; towards the north-west are the dominions of Japan; due west are the Marian Islands, the Philippines, and Canton; and on the east are California and Mexico. The establishment of the independent states of South America has of late greatly increased their value as an emporium for the commerce of that remote section of the globe, as they lie in the very track pursued by vessels passing thence to China or Calcutta. They are visited too, as has already been noticed, by those who trade in furs in the countries bordering on the Nootka Sound, as well as by the whalers, who having found the sperm whale on the coast of Japan, annually frequent the Northern Pacific.

New Zealand alone is a large subject, and one of great promise, as Dr. Russell's performance in his treatment of it in the present pages forcibly displays. This is his account of the existing state of the natives:

Nothing can be more agreeable to those who are interested in the welfare of a people still in the earliest stage of civilisation, than to be informed that their wandering, thievish propensities are gradually giving way to more settled, honest, and industrious habits. The New Zealanders are now inclined to build better habitations for their households, and to connect the

enjoyment of comfort with the idea of home. A deserted village is now rarely observed. Everywhere the men are seen cultivating the ground or improving their dwellings, while the women are employed in some way calculated to be beneficial to themselves or their families. Religion has taught them to extend their interests into the future; to reflect on the past; and to anticipate events for which they now labour to prepare the way; in a word, to discharge the functions of reason with reference to their own well-being in this world and the next.—The advantages of religious knowledge having become so manifest, new stations were established in various places, in particular, at Kaitai and Puriri, on the Thames, both fertile and very improvable districts. The former is placed in a beautiful valley, situated nearly at an equal distance from the eastern and western coasts; the island at this point being so narrow, that the roaring of the surf on both beaches can be distinctly heard. In connection with this settlement, there are many natives who can be regularly visited; and they themselves have cut roads in order to facilitate their intercourse with the missionaries, whose instructions they highly value. In regard to the other, it is mentioned that the banks of the Thames are remarkably fruitful. Thousands of acres of the finest flax flourish there undisturbed; and nothing but machinery is wanted to render this production extremely valuable. Farther up are found large fields of potatoes and corn, the result of European cultivation, interspersed with native villages, where the rural labourers reside.

Again, and relative also to the prospects of the aborigines of New Zealand:

There is a striking peculiarity in the character of the New Zealanders, which is very encouraging to the hope of their ultimate civilisation; namely, the eagerness they have shown to visit foreign countries, and to see with their own eyes whatever might gratify curiosity, or prove subservient to usefulness. Even in the days of Cook this spirit of research displayed itself; and every one is aware of the difficulties which in more recent times have been overcome by the enterprising islanders, in seeking an acquaintance with distant lands. Mr. Marsden remarks, "My opinion is, that if half the New Zealanders were to die in their attempt to force themselves into civil life, the other half would not be deterred from making a similar effort; so desirous do they seem to attain our advantages." It is well known, too, that they are proud to array themselves in the dress of Europeans, and endeavour, as far as they can, to imitate their manners, and even their modes of feeling and thinking. The natives, so lately separated from the cultivated portion of their species, not more by their geographical position than by the deep barbarism in which they were involved, are now brought into the light of knowledge and religion, and are no longer ignorant that there are other pursuits than those of war, and other enjoyments than those of revenge. Christianity, which is in every sense of the word the religion of civilisation, has gone forth among them attended by literature and the arts, and it is not possible that she should not eventually triumph over all the ignorance, prejudice, and ferocity with which she has here to contend. Such is the mild sway which her sublime faith is exercising over their rude minds, that it can

hardly fail to restrain their destructive animosities, and abolish their sanguinary superstitions. Perhaps no feeling less ardent than a sense of religious duty could have supported the labourers in such a cause, surrounded by the difficulties and discouragements which met them at almost every step. But their task has gradually become easier and more cheering; while few gratifications can be equal to that which they must enjoy, when they contemplate, as the fruit of their efforts under a benignant Providence, a general amendment of manners and a great increase of comfort among the savage people whom they had undertaken to instruct.

We conclude with an account of the productions of the South Sea Islands, and a glance at the capabilities of the trade of the Pacific.

The trade of the Pacific has hitherto been nothing compared to its capability of future extension under judicious management. The Society Islands, in particular, have been long celebrated for their prolific soil and beautiful scenery. Replenished with luxuriant woods and a splendid vegetation, and enjoying, at the same time, the benefit of numerous streams, Otaheite, from the summit of its mountains to the sea shore, produces everywhere in abundance choice food for its inhabitants, as well as the materials of an extensive traffic. To the breadfruit tree may be added the sugar-cane, said to be superior to that of any other country, the vegetables called panare and ape, and the vee, a delicious kind of apple; all of which are indigenous and grow spontaneously. Sweet potatoes, yams, plantains, arrow-root, the ti-plant, the pine, the custard-apple, the mulberry, guava, orange, lime, citron, grape, Cape-gooseberry, and water-melon, are also among the gifts which come from the hand of nature. Pigs, goats, poultry, and horned cattle are now sufficiently numerous; and the pork is celebrated among seamen for its fine flavour. The same islands furnish also a variety of excellent timber for building, whether ships or houses. The tamonee, the trunk of which is sometimes eight feet in diameter and twenty in circumference, gives a close fine-grained wood, being more durable and of better appearance than mahogany. It is so hard, indeed, that the joiner finds great labour in converting it into furniture. The purou, another species of tree, supplies an excellent material for boats, being so tough as never to split, and so elastic as hardly ever to wear out. Both kinds grow in great abundance, and might be exported to a very large extent. It is, perhaps, of more importance to observe, that both the earth and the atmosphere are favourable to the growth of the vine, cotton, coffee, and sugar, the cultivation of which would afford a lucrative employment to the people, augmenting the small returns which they already derive from arrow-root and palm-oil.

## Art. IX.

1. *William Langshawe.* By Mrs. Stone. Bentley.
2. *The Nabob at Home.* Colburn.
3. *The Neighbours.* Translated by Mary Howitt. Longman.
4. *Evelyn Howard.* Saunders & Otley.
5. *Father Oswald.* Dolman.

We never find any labour less self-satisfying than when a batch of novels call for our report. Aware that, be it by the fireside of a winter night, or the window of a summer afternoon, not a few of the sedate and middle-aged, as well as of the young and imaginative, love to recreate themselves over the pages of a stirring fiction, and that they must often trust to the regular channels for signals to guide their selection from among the multitude of candidates that each month present themselves for our pilotage, we strive in vain, within the allowable space, to cram sufficient illustrations of each author's manner and merits, or confirmations of our necessarily curt and very general opinions. But not to waste room with observations apart from such as directly bear on one or other of the works before us, we go on at once to introduce them *seriatim*, however brief be the service.

"William Langshawe, the Cotton Lord," of course smacks of Manchester; and most probably the reader may presume on taking up the book, of the Factory System, against which every sentimentalist will be supposed to run a tilt. Mrs. Stone, however, does not appear to be extravagantly ill-minded towards steam, or the fabrics fashioned by mills and machines. It is rather against the *gentlemen* who are *made* in Manchester, and who are Lords of Cotton; assailing along with this mushroom *noblesse*, the whole frame of society in the middle classes, that is created and controlled by them.

According to Mrs. Stone, the Manchester gentry are not only, as every one knows, the creation often of sudden growth, and to an enormous importance,—and must therefore have very generally vulgar tastes and coarse manners, be these displayed in the worship of money, purse, pride, or gaudy ostentation; but they are offensively boastful of their rapid exaltation, and extraordinary merit in fortune-making; the fact, on the other hand, being, as will ever be the case, that men of sudden wealth, whose origin has been humble, are for the most part foolishly forgetful of their rise, or at least ridiculously solicitous to hide it from the public eye or to have it known.

We believe there is nothing peculiar to the exclusiveness of the Manchester lords, or to the offensive shapes which the social circles take throughout any part of the manufacturing districts, as compared

with any parts of the world of Great Britain where fortunes are rapidly made, where wealth becomes frequently overgrown, and where all the most striking and questionable manners of an aristocracy made by mechanical power are begotten. Mercantile and manufacturing cities will offer to the philosophic and common-sense observer much the same thing in respect of social as well as business life, be it in the north or at the south. To be sure it may be very well for the moralist or the satirist to select some great focus of upstart pride and opulence for exposure. But when a writer like the present indulges principally in exaggerated caricatures, and to the manifest violation of nature and of truth,—when her story in regard to plot and construction is feeble and meagre,—when her characters are individually uninteresting,—and, above all, when the general tone is coarse and the reverse of elevating,—we cannot either pay a compliment to her purpose or her power. For examples of her misconception and mismanagement we need not travel farther than one or two of those which some of our contemporaries have selected; nor can we present a shorter and less truthful portrait than that of the Cotton Lord, William Langshawe, himself:

"Frank, you cannot form an idea how that man's heart is wrapt up in his ledger; he lives on figures by day, he dreams of pounds, shillings, and pence by night—nay, his very aspirations to heaven are mingled with the intricacies of debtor-and-creditor accounts. In former years, he attended the old church; our pews joined, and I have seen him—seen him, sir—not one time, nor twenty, but a hundred times, when on his knees, steal a small pencil from his waistcoat-pocket, and while his voice ejaculated as loud as any in the church, 'Lord have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!' the blank leaf of his prayer-book was rapidly filling with a myriad of complicated figures."

And this is Mrs. Stone's picture of the class of whom *Lord Langshawe* is to be held as the type:

The love of ostentatious display, which is so prominent a feature of the Cottonocracy, is dignified and adorned by a hearty and genuine hospitality, which is a prevailing characteristic of the country. The magnificence of the cotton lords has become a theme for general satire, and deservedly so; still, it is admitted on all hands, that their magnificence, however ostentatious, is *real*: their gold is gold; their silver, silver: they do not sport tinsel. And it is not to be wondered at that he who in his youth dined off pewter, or made one at his master's table where a round bowl of porridge in the centre served alike for the master of the house, his family, and his apprentices,—it is not wonderful that such a one should look with more complacency on the gorgeous service of plate which his own hands have procured, than if, from being accustomed to it from his cradle, it should hardly have struck him to remark its beauty. The rising generation, educated in a better style and habituated from childhood to more civilized usages, may redeem this flaw in the character of the race, if, indeed,—and this is the opinion of many well

qualified to judge,—if, indeed, gentlemanly habits, delicate feelings, and cultivated minds are not inconsistent with success in Manchester trade. That there are successful tradesmen who possess these refining characteristics is well known, but they are considered only as the exceptions that prove the rule; and so strongly does this prejudice—if prejudice it be—still exist, that on 'Change a man of education and refined manners is looked on as an animal to be stared at and pitied. And so long as the cotton trade exists, it is very possible that the gentleman will be surpassed in the race by the low-born mechanic, whose powers of calculation are not checked, and whose shrewdness in worldly things is not clogged, nor his "push-on, keep-moving" course impeded, by any of those delicate embarrassments which might arise in a refined and cultivated mind.

There are passages and strictures frequently in the pages of Mrs. Stone's inconsistent fiction, that have truth and pungency in them; but these have a general rather than a local application. Take the following in ridicule and castigation of the modern education of middle-class girls:—

A modern fashionable education seems to be the perversion of everything reasonable, at least for the middle classes of society. We were supposed to be ignorant (and by tacit agreement we each concealed our *home*-acquired knowledge of the fact) that ladies' fingers *could* contaminate themselves by compounding mixtures of butter and flour and suet; and as to shaping and seaming such garments as from their universal adoption we may fairly suppose to be most useful—this was never dreamt of. *Plain sewing was forbidden by the rules of the school.* Now, if this had been a school—if there be such an one—for duchesses, countesses, and baronesses in embryo, all might have been very well; but it was one specifically for the middle classes; the parents were all tradesmen; and though the pupils might be spoiled children in their parents' houses, they had no prospect but of being necessarily active housekeepers in their own. Why then did parents in those days pay a high price for boarding-schools? Grammar, geography, history, and accounts, were taught, parrot-like, from the book; but by far the greatest portion of time was given to bad music, worse drawing, and trumpery fancy-work, all which were *probably* laid aside immediately, and *most certainly* were so with the first occurrences that entailed responsible duties. Where, then, was education? The very principle of useful knowledge had afterwards to be learnt.

We have to commend Mrs. Stone in that she has kept her story within a pair of volumes. We shall have occasion to congratulate the reader again in similar terms before we conclude our paper.

"The Nabob at Home; or the Return to England," is by the author of "Life in India." Like the former work, it reads rather as a narrative of real occurrences and actual experience, than as a combination of inventions. There are no inflated sentiments in the story; no startling and improbable events; no endeavour, by means of extraordinary incidents, clap-trap arts, or feverish writing, to

excite: On the contrary, the story, while full of facts, stored with sound feeling, wholesome information, and interesting lessons, exhibits such a conscious command of materials, and such an easy power of detail, that it never loses its hold on the mind, nor its design with respect to the movement of the heart.

The merit of the work, however, does not reside in the conception, the cast, and distribution of the story, which is deficient in all these respects; having been adapted apparently rather as the vehicle of a great variety of facts and also of didactic matter, than for the sake of presenting an exciting fiction. It is therefore too attenuated to keep up a bustling interest, and too divided to be readily perceived to have unity and compactness. But the book is one that may be taken up or laid down with pleasurable profit at any time, or consulted with rational enticement at any place; as our samples will demonstrate, these having for their features not merely characteristic matter but manner. Take first certain observations, which might with propriety have found room in Lieut. Postan's "Hints to Cadets," recommended by us last month. The dialogue quoted is supposed to have taken place over the sudden death of a cadet, who had rashly exposed himself to the sun. This incident is made the text of a variety of pertinent observations on prevalent parental ignorances and youthful imprudences.

"It is much to be regretted," said Mr. Curzon, "that parents at home generally know little of how their sons are situated when they come to this country. Here is another instance among the many I have met with, of these poor boys falling a sacrifice to their own inexperience; and the climate gets the whole credit, when only half is due. Yet what can be done to prevent it? A man's fate must be always in a measure in his own hands: the anxiety of parents, or the providence of the legislature, cannot make provision against the thoughtlessness and presumption of their years. It is almost impossible to keep a great schoolboy, wearied with having nothing to do, and often unprovided with any rational pursuit, within doors for a whole long day."

"Ay, ay," answered the Doctor; "people at home often think that if a youth is idle and expensive, and will not settle to any business, he will do well enough for India. And if the truth were known, man or woman need to have industry that no languor will relax, and courage that no climate will subdue, to do any good here. Oh, if they would but consider what a young man is to do with himself from five in the morning, his parade-time, until six in the evening, when he may go out with safety, or how he is to pass over so many dull hot hours in quarters by himself, without getting into one folly or another, they would take more pains than they sometimes do to fit them for the scene they are to act in; and, instead of sending those that have little education, they would at least strive to give every one some fixed pursuit. Health is compounded of many things; and among them the employment of the mind, Curzon, is not the least important."

"These ideas are too philosophic to be generally acted upon in our ex-

pensive country: friends are glad to find a situation fit for a younger son, without too scrupulously considering whether he be fit for it. Every man sent to this country is provided for; the service is sure; he rises if he lives, and if he does not he does not require it. It may be that many letters are presented which are but of little use to the bearers; but when that is the case, it may be traced, with few exceptions, I fancy, to the way in which they are procured, and the manners of the youth who delivers them. Friends and parents at home ask letters from those with whom they have little acquaintance, and send raw, uneducated schoolboys to present them, who in many cases cannot be pleasant guests in any house; so that, perhaps, the formal invitation to dine, which young Ouseley mentioned, or the general invitation to come at any time, which is only understood by those acquainted with the manners of the country, is all the fruit of it. The climate, the occupations of the day, languor of mind the concomitant of both, and the driving-hour, being generally all that men in public life have for the enjoyment of family intercourse, prevent them taking the trouble of going to see how these poor boys get on in the fort; and their situation is often deplorable when they are left to themselves."

"Yes," said the Doctor; "and, like this poor boy, they often make quick work of it. You will find fifty, aye, a hundred deaths among the cadets, for one among the young ladies: and the reason is, that the last are under the advice and direction of others, while the first are left to their own. They run about in the heat of the day all over the place, drink Madeira and water, try their dogs and horses in the sun, and a thousand follies of the same kind. A man need have a constitution of iron to go through with it. There is many a dear bargain in this world, Curzon, but experience is the dearest of all. We most of us act first, and think how we ought to have done afterwards; and seldom, very seldom, any experience can serve us but that which we have purchased for ourselves. We may give our heirs all that we possess in the world, but we can never give them our experience."

We put into our larger type a few observations, which attractively point out the origin and character of the Anglo-British sentiments which prevail in our vast eastern empire. "What is it," it is asked, "preserves *our* superiority of character and feeling in India, but that we are all brought up Britons? It is our proud boast, that wherever our children are born, we send them home to be educated: we give them the sentiments, and the pride, and the independence of our natural character. Whereas, in all the Dutch, French, Portuguese, and other foreign settlements, they keep their children with them, and in two generations they are natives in their minds, if not in colour. We make healthy, vigorous settlements in India, carrying along with us the refinement, knowledge, and improvements of our mother-country: they establish colonies, and dwindle into natives." Again, "*We* keep up our intercourse with home by as regular an interchange of person and things as is carried on by the coaches to and from the metropolis of Britain to the outskirts of the

kingdom. There's not a book printed in *our* country that we have not here five months after it comes from the press. Whereas, among foreigners, they know no more of what is doing in France or Holland, than the inhabitants of the South Seas; unless it may be when a new functionary arrives among them once in ten years, to open their mouths in gaping wonder at the great things that have come to pass since they were last there." But we must give a specimen of the author's incidents and style of coupling them with *telling* force.

The Doctor got into the long-boat and received his half-dead domestic from the hands of the stout seamen, who lowered him down, benumbed by cold and wet.

The boat pushed off. "We are too heavy," said the officer, "too deep in the water," as drawn by the currents they passed close under the bow of the ship.

A native Portuguese, in an agony of fear, caught a rope, and threw himself with it from the bowsprit, in hopes of attaining the boat. The rowers made every effort to shoot ahead; but he swam stoutly, and had just attained his object, and laid his right hand on the side of the boat, which his weight brought to a level with the water.

"We are gone!" shouted the helmsman, with a fearful oath.

The officer in command of the boat, snatched an oar, and with a tremendous blow broke the clinging arms of the swimmer; who fell off, with a look on the face of the officer which curdled the blood of those who beheld it. The women covered their eyes; the boat righted; and the sufferer, with one strong convulsive gasp, sunk like a stone and was seen no more. For an instant the whirling waters eddied round the spot where he disappeared, and then a bubble broke, as the breath of life, over which they closed, rose to the surface.

"An unblessed deed," said the Doctor: "I would not have the expression of those eyes turned upon me for all the sun looks down upon."

"I have done my duty," said Manning, resting upon the oar he had just used. "The lives of all here were intrusted to my care, and if it had been my own brother I must have done the same; another instant would have sent every soul to the bottom."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the weather-beaten helsman; "a seaman's duty is sometimes harder than a landsman dreams of."

"As God knows this night can testify," said the Doctor, whose strongly-agitated countenance showed the agony which was within.

Mrs. Cheapstow continued to rest her head on her hand, while her fingers covered her eyes. Manning in the stern, conscious that he had done his duty, attended only to the movements of the boat under his care.

This much for duty at sea, as taught by the story.

It is not easy to give a correct or communicative outline of the plot of the "Nabob at Home." A Dr. M'Alpin returns from India to Scotland, when well advanced in years, and after a long ab-

sence in the East, where he has amassed riches. In his native land he consequently finds that most of his old friends and kindred are either no more, or widely removed from the spheres in which they formerly moved; while their offspring and those of his own relatives who have grown up since he left the Highlands, are, with hardly an exception, as greedy as they are poor, and as eager for his death and legacies as he is rich. The Doctor, however, is one of the worthiest of men, with a mellow humour; and rejoices besides in one nephew, who has all the amiability and fine spirit that such an uncle can desire,—a love story of the youth with the protégé of the man of medicine adding to the interest of the narrative. We only add, that the scenes of this novel are sufficiently diversified; varying from those of India, St. Helena, and over the ocean, to the highlands of Scotland. The volumes are three in number, according to the customary complement.

Come we next to "Life in Sweden,—The Neighbours; a Story of Every-Day Life," by Frederika Bremer, the most popular novelist, and, we believe, authoress, in her country. The work is in two volumes; and, judging from the point and ease of the translation, has been *done* into English by one who has wrought *con amore*, as well as with adequate skill. We learn that Mrs. Howitt has three other stories by the same writer ready for the press, which, we trust, will speedily be given to the public, encouraged by the reception that ought to attend "The Neighbours."

It is not often that we find a tale answer more truly to the promise of its title, than the one before us. It is, in truth, "a story of every-day life,"—a fiction of reality, so far as we can judge of verisimilitude, and of Swedish scenes, character, and incident; these belonging chiefly to manners, domestic society, and rural modes. To be sure, there is something of romance interspersed; but this seems to us to be not only the least worthy part of the performance, but the least characteristic. However, there is enough to redeem even its worst-conceived and executed parts in the characters, such as that of Lars Anders the physician, who, in his middle-age, woos and weds a patient, on the borders of thirty, whose family has been reduced in circumstances. The doctor removes his wife to a country residence; and many of the best portions of the work consist of her experience and feelings in her new position, and of sketches of Swedish country life, as witnessed and felt by a gentlewoman, and among the educated and accomplished, in a much more primitive state of society than can now be met with in England. Yet there is a goodly variety of persons, feelings, and situations of a quiet nature in the book; the pictures being relieved by an appropriate and entertaining diversity of shades, the whole not only most minutely detailed, but with charming touches, and delicately-combined colour-

ing. Franziska Werner's cookery has its character, just as the smoking and other habits of the Doctor have their nicely-picturesque points. We begin, in our extracts, with the lady's picture of her husband:

Now to your questions, which I will endeavour to answer fully; and first of all for my husband—for my own Bear: here then you shall have his portrait. Of a middle size, but proportionably, not disagreeably, stout and broad; a handsome, well-curled peruke, made by the Creator's own hand; large countenance, couleur de rose; small, clear, gray eyes, with a certain penetrating glance, under large, bushy, yellow-gray eyebrows; the nose good, though somewhat thick; the mouth large, with good teeth—but brown, alas! from tobacco-smoking; large hands, but well made and well kept; large feet, the gait like a bear: but this gives no idea of his exterior, if you do not take into account an expression of open-hearted goodness and cheerfulness, which inspires a joyful confidence in the beholder. This speaks when the mouth is silent, as is most frequently the case; the forehead is serene, and the bearing of the head such as reminds one of an astronomer; the voice is a deep bass, which is not at all amiss in singing. Here then you have his exterior. His inward self, best Maria, I have not yet myself studied. Betrothed to him only within two months, wife since fourteen days, I have not had great opportunity to become acquainted with a man who is generally silent, and whom I have not known more than half a year. But I trust and hope all for good.

A good deal of the work consists of portraits, by the new-made wife, of her "Neighbours." Take this of the head of the family, as described by Madame Werner, at the close of her wedding journey:

It was Sunday, and as the carriage drew up I heard the sound of a violin. "Aha," said Lars Anders, for such is my husband's christian name, "so much the better!" leaped heavily from the carriage, and helped me out also. There was no time to think about boxes or packages: he took my hand and led me up the steps, along the entrance hall, and drew me towards the door, whence proceeded the sounds of music and dancing. "Only see," thought I; "how is it possible for me to dance in this costume?" O if I could only have gone in somewhere, just to wipe the dust from my face and my bonnet, where at the very least I could have just seen myself in a looking-glass! But impossible! * * In the same moment we two stood in the hall, when my terror was considerably abated by finding that the great room contained merely a number of cleanly-dressed servants, men and women, who leaped about lustily with one another, and who were so occupied with their dancing as scarcely to perceive us. Lars Anders led me to the upper end of the room, where I saw sitting upon a high seat, a very tall and strong-built gentlewoman, who was playing with remarkable fervour upon a violin, and beating time to her music with great power. Upon her head was a tall and extraordinary cap, which I may as well call a helmet, because this idea came into my head at the first glance, and after all I can find no better name for it. This was the Generalin (wife of the General) Mansfeld, step-mother of my husband, Ma chère mère, of whom

I had heard so much. She turned instantly her large dark brown eyes upon us, ceased playing, laid down her violin, and arose with a proud bearing, but with, at the same time, a happy and open countenance. I trembled a little, made a deep courtesy, and kissed her hand; in return she kissed my forehead, and for a moment looked on me so keenly as compelled me to cast down my eyes, whereupon she kissed me most cordially on mouth and forehead, and embraced me as warmly as her step-son. And now came his turn; he kissed her hand most reverentially, but she presented her cheek; they regarded each other with the most friendly expression of countenance, she saying in a loud manly voice the moment afterwards—"You are welcome, my dear friends. It is very handsome of you to come here to me before you have been to your own house. I thank you for it."

Again, and still of *Ma chère mère.*

I found Lagman Hök with Ma chère mère. He comes regularly once a week, and brings from the city where he lives, newspapers and law documents, for Ma chère mère, who has a strong sense of right, has many lawsuits. She talks with him a great deal about her affairs, in which he takes more interest than in his own; and so talk they till coffee comes in, during which meal she shows herself a most agreeable hostess. This lasts till six o'clock; then says Ma chère mère, "Now, Lagman, we will walk," and the two parade, side by side, up and down the large room. This time may be regarded as one of rest; for the two never speak a word, excepting that Ma chère mère, who goes with her hands behind her back, says unceasingly, yet almost inaudibly, and only by the movement of the tongue, "trallala, trallala, trallal! trallala, trallala, trallal!" This walk, which has come to be called trall, lasts probably half-an-hour, on which Ma chère mère says, "Now, Lagman, let us sit!" on which the two sit down and begin to chat again—but not of business, but of the good old times; of the then living remarkable people; relate anecdotes and drink tea. So have they paraded, tralled, and chatted, above twenty years. * *

Ma chère mère seated herself at the top of the great saloon; called me to sit near her; and then ordered Lars Anders, Lagman Hök, and Tuttin, to arrange themselves in a half circle around her. I saw by all this that she was bent upon a great scene, which should be imposing to the young ladies; for thus, in order to approach, they would have to pass up the long saloon. I assure you that my heart was full of sympathy for them; and in the depths of my soul, I thanked my husband for his kindness in letting me make Ma chère mère's acquaintance in the impromptu manner I did, thus preventing me having to pass the ordeal of a solemn presentation, which would have been a horror and a stumbling-block to me. Ma chère mère's strong nerves prevented her having any idea of such feelings; and while we sate at our post, she merrily and graphically told of her first presentation at court; and how, for a long time beforehand, she had practised making her reverences, before five chairs; and then how these reverences, after this, were performed before the crowned heads themselves. She described the whole scene and the principal persons with so much life and spirit, that I forgot where I sate, and why I sate there, when a carriage was heard approaching. Ma chère mère paused, and I started up, so did my husband, but she laid immediately

her heavy hand interdictingly upon my arm, and said to us both, "Sit still! The old one shall be first to bid them welcome, and the old one will await them here!"

We must have a moral of the Doctor's discourse with his better half:

Yesterday afternoon we were at home, and rejoiced on that account. Lars Anders worked liked a regular joiner, and I read to him what I had written about our visiting-days. It gave him pleasure: he laughed; and yet he blamed me at the same time for having spoken with so much severity of some persons; neither was he quite satisfied with the judgment I had passed on the Von P's.

"You call them," said he, "a collection of unfortunate pretensions; and yet you have seen them only once. It is very difficult, my dear Fanny, to pass judgment on men after a long acquaintance, and quite impossible to do so after one visit. Beyond this, many persons under different circumstances exhibit such different sides of their character. I have seen people affected and ridiculous in society, whom I have admired by a sick-bed; many, in one case wearisome and assuming, who in another have been discreet and agreeable. Others, again, have eccentricities at one time which they lose later in life; many turn their best side inward, and perform the noblest actions, whilst the world is laughing at the fool's cap which they seem to exhibit. It may be so with this family."

"Granted, granted, dear Bear," said I; "and I promise you that as soon as I become aware of the fair side, I'll paint it in my best colours."

"But were it not better till then," argued he, "to place the faults more in the shadow? It is exactly by such over-hasty judgments that man injures his neighbour; for nobody reflects that one fault does not spoil the whole person."

Take now a specimen of Swedish homely rules and maxims, with evidences of kindness to animals:

My first employment will be to arrange my house so that contentment and peace may dwell in it. I will endeavour to be a wise lawgiver in my small but not mean world: and do you know what law I mean first of all to promulgate and enforce with the most rigorous exactness? A law for the treatment of animals, thus—All domestic animals shall be kept with the utmost care, and treated in a friendly and kind manner. They shall live happily, and shall be killed in that mode which will make death least painful to them.

No animal shall be tortured in the kitchen; no fish shall be cleaned while alive, or be put alive into the kettle; no bird shall while half dead be hung up on a nail; a stroke with the knife shall as soon as possible give them death, and free them from torture.

These, and several other commands, shall be contained in my laws. How much unnecessary cruelty is perpetrated every day because people never think of what they do; and how uncalled for, how unworthy is cruelty towards animals! Is it not enough that in the present arrangement of things they are sentenced during their lives to be subject to us, and after

their deaths to serve us for food, without our embittering yet more this heavy lot? We are compelled in many cases to act hostilely towards them, but there is no reason why we need become cruel enemies. How unspeakably less would they not suffer, if in all those circumstances in which they resemble mankind, in the weakness of their age, in the suffering of their sickness, and in death, we acted humanely towards them!

There were laws in the old world which made mildness towards animals the holiest duty of man, whilst the violation of such laws was severely punished: and we, Maria, we who acknowledge a religion of love, shall we act worse towards the animal creation than the Heathen did?

Mr. Bruno is the romantic personage of the piece; and questionable are sundry of his practices. We give a wild scene and an act that is desperate.

As we slowly wandered onward, we heard, at first dull, then more distinctly, a treading and stamping as of a wild horse which some one was endeavouring, but in vain, to master. I for my part have no great fancy for unbroken horses; but Lars Anders, on the contrary, must have had, for he hastened his steps towards the place from whence the noise proceeded. We advanced to an open space, and there making halt, were fascinated, as it were, by the wild, but fine spectacle.

The same man and the same horse which we had seen once before wandering together in such Idyllian peace, we here beheld again; but now in violent contest. The man sat commandingly on the back of the horse, which he would compel to leap over a broad ditch. The beautiful creature trembled and backed. It threw itself to the left and to the right; it pawed, it would not take the leap! and the foam fell from its black and shining body. But, like an intrepid, despotic will, the man sat firm, admonishing, punishing, compelling.

The noble animal developed in this wild strife the whole beauty of his race. His eyes sparkled, his wide outspread nostrils seemed to dart forth fire, while he struck the earth with his hoofs, and with a hundred leaps sought to escape that one leap which he was urged to. The rider sat with unexampled skill, moving himself to the motions of the horse, and ever again was the refractory animal brought to the same spot. The same demand was made, and ever again began the same contest. Thus certainly for a whole hour did the two strive together. The horse then appeared weary, became still, but made no attempt to obey the will of his master. The blood ran down his spur-fretted sides; the man dismounted, and threw the bridle loose; the horse stood quiet and looked at him; he took something from his breast-pocket, held it to the forehead of the horse. "It is the third time we have striven," said he sullenly; "farewell!"

There was a flash before the horse, a shot was fired, and he fell at the feet of his master. We saw it stretch forth its head when dying, as if for a caress; we heard a dull groan, and then all was still.

My husband pressed my arm to him, with a violence which I had never seen before, struck his clenched fist to his brow, and drawing back, exclaimed to himself, "It is Bruno! Lord, my God! yes, it is he!"

"Evelyn Howard, or Mistaken Policy," is a domestic tale, dealing in pathetic sentiment and the incidents of real life, rather than overcrowded action and improbable character, for which the modern appetite of English readers of fiction has become so grossly greedy. To many the scenes in this novel will appear but common-place, the descriptions wire-drawn, and the lessons sought to be taught, mawkish. But the more discerning will perceive that great care has been taken in the composition, and that there is such an earnest belief and purpose entertained by the author, as to place the work in a much higher rank than that to which the greater number of those imaginative productions aspire which sneer at tender sensibilities, poetic purity, and the whole host of refined sympathies; preferring the worldly and the material, and violent excitement to literary refinement as well as to those numerous minute touches that finish a portrait, and give us the gradual and complete growth of character and feeling.

At the same time we could have wished that in this story of trial and suffering,—of a mother's "Mistaken Policy," and the heroine's endurance, that more worthy personages had surrounded Catherine, or that at least the authoress had displayed a higher appreciation of the sense as well as value of the exquisite creation than to allow her to be very heedful or subject to sorrow through so brutish a husband as is here pictured. Still, we repeat that Catherine is a sweet, exquisite creature, in whom indeed the interest of the story centres, and who has worth and beauty enough to outweigh whatever else is disagreeable, unnecessary, or unnatural in the piece. We quote one scene which we have heard much praised, and which forms a fair specimen of the more stirring as well as touching passages in Evelyn Howard's history.

The period in the story is about a fortnight after the inexperienced girl's uuion with the man in whom she trustfully confided, and is represented to have truly loved; by which time, however, she had begun to learn that her future life was not likely to prove of a roseate hue; and the high spirit of the wild, thoughtless, and unsuspecting girl had become considerably sobered. She is seated in one of the smallest rooms at the Ship Hotel at Dover, listening for her husband's step; and when at length it is heard, her tearful eyes happen to be fixed on a letter that lay before her.

It was evening, and more for cheerfulness than warmth, a fire burnt in the grate. Douglas sat down by the fire, and Catherine knelt on the footstool by his side.

"I have not seen you all day," murmured Catherine, with an accent of sorrow rather than reproach.

"M'Maughten and I have been engaged elsewhere," replied Douglas, coolly.

"I detest M'Naughten," said Catherine, pettishly.

"Very possibly," said Douglas, resuming the whistling which the pronunciation of those two words interrupted, and then proceeded to arrange his hair and cravat by the glass over the mantel-piece. "That Pepys knows no more about cutting hair than an ass; he has shorn my locks as completely as ever Samson's were, though I expressly told him not to cut the curls. He has so transformed me, that I no longer think I am my mother's son, but changed at my birth, as was a transatlantic neighbour, who was so persuaded he was a changeling, that he spent a whole life seeking his original self. By-the-by, I forgot to say that M'Naughten dines with us to-day."

"Is he always to be at our fireside? Can you never dispense with his society?" asked Catherine.

"Not easily; for I find him both useful and agreeable. I suppose you have not yet heard from Mr. Sydney."

"Speak kindly to me, Douglas; remember what I have forsaken for your sake—friends, wealth—"

"I hope not, or I shall find it difficult to testify my gratitude. I never asked you to forsake wealth for me—on the contrary; but where is the letter? I see you have received one."

"Do not break my heart with unkindness, Douglas; it is cruel to blame, for had I the wealth of India I would gladly resign it to you."

Without replying, Douglas snatched the letter from her hand, and began to read, but had scarcely perused half-a-dozen lines when throwing it down with an exclamation that made her shudder, he paced the room like one distracted.

Affection, as well as a sense of duty, prompted Catherine to soothe and lull the violence she witnessed, and laying her hand gently on his arm, she said, in as cheerful a tone as she could assume—

"Let us not be cast down; darkest clouds will sometimes pass over without breaking. People are not the less happy for being less rich. I shall soon learn to be poor, if that is my fate; and you will never hear me mourn departed luxuries."

"Away," said Douglas, roughly shaking her off; "you deceived me, and have consequently ruined yourself, and me also. Had you dealt with me fairly and candidly as you ought, and revealed the particulars of your uncle's will, neither you nor I would have been placed in the situation in which we now stand."

"It appears that I have deceived myself," said Catherine, bitterly. "I neither suspected you of interested motives, nor believed my guardian could be inexorable. You said then that you loved me—say so again, Douglas; do not let me think you so base and cruel as to have lured me from a home where I *was* happy, from no other motive than to possess my gold. Say that you had other feelings—that you did not deceive me—and that I have not been the victim of cupidity."

"My *gold!*" repeated Douglas, with a laugh that congealed the blood in her heart—"my gold! Where is it? There seems little chance of handling that; but produce it, and I will tell you again that I love you."

"Heaven forgive you, Douglas," said the heart-stricken wife, and rushed out of the room.

"Father Oswald; a Genuine Catholic Story," fortunately is comprised in one neat volume. We say fortunately, not only because it has saved us a considerable amount of trouble, but that religious, especially controversially theological, fictions, can neither be very faithful pictures of life or character, nor attractive reading to neutral parties, even when truthful representations. To be truthful, however, is next to impossible; so that they generally serve to aggravate and to embitter that which was before offensively virulent. When a partisan sets about feigning personages, actions, and situations, how can he avoid making them to suit exactly his own notions and purposes? And seeing that in nothing do men adopt more narrow and false notions than when they have to figure to themselves what are the religious creeds and practices of other classes, one may be sure that truth, although intentionally sought, can hardly ever be attained in this way.

Still, "Father Oswald" had a fairer excuse than most religious tales, for claiming a niche in the novelist's library, seeing that it is intended as a genuine Catholic counterpart and answer to a little work called "Father Clement," in which, with much tact and cleverness, the Protestant cause is advocated, and its professors contrasted even with the most amiable but *erring* adherents of the Church of Rome. This at least is the duty of every person who has perused the one,—let him also read the other, when perhaps the truth may be discovered to reside pretty nearly on the neutral ground between the two. We must add, that merely as a fiction and a piece of literary workmanship, Father Oswald has very considerable spirit and action; at the same time that the tale is simple, direct, and interesting; although hardly equal in regard to style and construction to the Protestant story, in which also the controversial parts are more skilfully interspersed in regard to literary art, than in the volume before us.

The groundwork story of "Father Oswald" is as follows:—An English Protestant gentleman, of large possessions and influence, has a wife, who leaves the establishment and becomes a zealous and cordial member of the Catholic church; her conversion being in the face of many trials meekly but steadfastly encountered. At length she is repudiated by her husband, Mr. Sefton, and is obliged to separate herself from her children; her austere and harsh partner entertaining hopes that severity and time will bring her back to the *true* sheepfold. In the meanwhile, however, he passes over to France. This is at the period of the revolution of 1830. Here he forms intimacies with the patriots, and the most ardent liberals, who are also the most opposed to what they consider to be the tyranny and soul-constraining dogmas of the Romish faith. Accordingly, they not only push their doctrines to extremes, but drive Mr. Sefton to conclusions which he dreads and yet cannot avoid. Afterwards he finds

himself in Geneva, the fortress, as he imagines, of Protestantism; where, however, the difficulties which beset his creed are increased, both by the errors and the indifference of the professors. He therefore finds himself obliged to prosecute still further his inquiries after Christian truth, and luckily passes into Italy, where an end is put to his perplexities, and he is received into the bosom of the ancient and *genuine* communion. On his return to England, he is of course reconciled to Mrs. Sefton, and everything henceforth goes on smoothly and satisfactorily with the good Catholics.

In the development of the story, a considerable variety as well as number of characters and situations are introduced, among others certain Protestant divines. In the portraiture of two personages of this order, we think that the author has neither given a fair account, nor one most favourable for his own purpose; for he has not merely presented to us bad specimens, but caricatured the class that he undertakes to portray; the bishop being as stolid and vulgar as he is overbearing and proud; while the sporting parson is more thoroughly devoted to the good things of this life and to field pastimes than can exist together, or than in our day would be tolerated in any corner or county of England. It is at any rate impossible that the stern and penetrating Mr. Sefton could have reposed any confidence in Dr. Davison, or thought it worth his while to consult him and implore his services in behalf of a perverted wife. Our extract will sufficiently illustrate the exaggeration and caricaturing mode of the author.

In the meantime, Dr. Davison received Mr. Sefton's letter, desiring him to go to Sefton Hall, and endeavour by every effort to reclaim his wife from the errors of popery; when this letter was brought to the good parson, he was sitting after his dinner dosing over a large fire, with the "Sportsman's Annals" in his hand, or rather on his knees, whither it had inadvertently slipt, after many vain endeavours to keep his attention fixed on its animating contents.

"The Lord be merciful to me, a sinner!" muttered he, with an indescribable groan of dismay, as he perused the zealous contents of Mr. Sefton's letter.

"Did you tell me to ring for the tea, my dear?" said his wife, who was sitting with her back to her worthy mate, engaged on a tambour-frame.

"I did not say so, Mrs. Davison, I did not say so," said the doctor, shaking his head, "though God knows I have need of something to keep up my courage at this particular trying moment; a fine job cut out for me, indeed! as if I could do any good! as if I could stop popery, or hinder folks following their own mad ideas! but he always was, and always will be, a fiery zealot."

"Doctor Davison, are you raving, or are you dreaming?" said his wife, who, not having percieved the entrance of the letter, really thought the worthy doctor was suffering from uneasy dozing.

"I am neither raving nor dreaming," answered he, "I wish I was: but

here is a letter from that hot-headed zealot, Edward Sefton, who wants me to neither more nor less than go and bring that poor wife of his back again from popery."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Davison, "she has too much popish blood in her veins."

"Yes; her father was a Catholic."

"However," said Mrs. Davison, "you know she had a worthy, pious mother, who gave her an excellent Protestant education."

"Aye, aye, and great trouble had I in securing that point; you remember her mother promised her husband on his death-bed, to send their only daughter to a nunnery for her education, and how I had to labour before I could quiet her scruples. But all labour in vain! What is bred in the bone will never be out of the flesh. What hopes, then, can there be of her conversion? Now, my dear, think of my difficulties, think of the folly of attempting such a thing; ill as she is, too, and, what is worse, guarded by that Cerberus of an uncle, whose very bark is enough to terrify one."

"Aye, and what is still worse," said his wife, "constantly visited, as I am informed, by that sly, hypocritical Jesuit, Father Oswald, as they call him; however, for all that, Dr. Davison, I should certainly think it my duty, were I in your place, to make a trial at least, to bring her poor deluded soul back from the horrors of popery."

"Bless me! how you talk, Mrs. Davison; you had best take the Bible to her yourself, I think. How unfortunate is this business, just at the time when the grand coursing match is to come off; I should be sorry to lose that; for you know our greyhound, Spanker, is entered, and I must be there to see fair play. I will thank you, however, to order my tea; that will perhaps throw some light on this difficult matter." Mrs. Davison did as she was desired to do, and called out to Jenny at the top of her voice to bring the tea, and, added she, "bring also, Jenny, at the same time, the doctor's Cogniac."

After a few cups of the refreshing beverage had been consumed, Mrs. Davison recommenced her observations.

"Well, doctor, and what line of conduct do you mean to adopt in this very difficult matter?"

"Why, Mrs. Davison, something I must do, that is certain, or I fear Mr. Sefton is capable of going to the bishop about it. I will write to him, however, and endeavour to soothe him, and persuade him that I will do my best; and I really think, my dear, the most prudent way to begin will be for you to go and call on Mrs. Sefton first, as it might be to inquire after her health."

"Well, I think so too," answered his wife, "and I will take, at the same time, the Bible with me, in case an opportunity should occur."

"No, my dear, no," interrupted the doctor, "the Bible at the first visit! no, it requires the greatest possible prudence, Mrs. Davison; for betwixt ourselves I may tell you, I cannot approve of that mania for Bible-reading which has seized upon the people of the present day so universally."

"How so?" exclaimed his wife, with a look of great astonishment.

"Why, do you not percieve that the Church is in danger; that it is frittered away into a thousand discordant sects? and, believe me, the true

cause of all this is the imprudent distribution of the Bible amongst the illiterate and vulgar. Every madcap reads it, and invents a new religion for himself and his silly neighbours! No, no; it is high time we should exert the authority of the Church to put down these accursed heretics."

"Really, Dr. Davison, you astonish and confound me, to hear you talk in this style; why, I thought to read the Bible was the glorious privilege of Protestants."

"No doubt, no doubt, as far as reading goes I can have no objection; but then people should read it in the sense of the Church."

"Well, really, I can see no use in reading the Bible at all, unless people try to understand it, and form their own judgment on it," interrupted Mrs. Davison; "and pray, doctor," continued she, "how can you bring authority to bear upon Mrs. Sefton?"

"Aye, there is the rub," replied the doctor, with a sigh, "truly, we live in awful and perilous times. If we proclaim authority, the Papists silence us in a moment. If we assert the right of private judgment, the sectaries must undermine us. The Church has been brought into a false position, and I do not see how it can stand long."

"Come, come, doctor, do not let your courage down; I can see a remedy. Why, can you not harass the Papists with the Bible, and awe the Dissenters with authority?"

"Humph," groaned the doctor, "that is an awkward business; yet I see no other way of proceeding."

"Well, then, I will take the Bible with me to Mrs. Sefton."

"No, no, that will not do at all; Mrs. Sefton has read the Bible for years, and she will tell you she understands it as well as yourself. Besides, I should not wonder if that red-hot general was to throw the pure translation of the Word of God in the Protestant Bible out of the window. I have heard him say such things on that subject; you little know him, I assure you."

"Well, my dear, I will be guided by you; only I would not wish to act too tamely in such a cause," answered his wife.

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ART. X.—*Observations on the Admission of Medical Pupils to the Wards of Bethlem Hospital, for the Purpose of Studying Mental Diseases.* By JOHN WEBSTER, M.D., &c. Churchill.

WE are sure it requires no apology, our returning so soon to the subject of Dr. Webster's pamphlet in this its third edition, *revised;* for it is one of very pressing importance, having already, we have reason to believe, been brought before the public in the pages of the Monthly Review, so as to draw to it earnest attention, while the enlightened philanthropist whose name we have just uttered, has so enlarged and strengthened his position by recent investigation and experience, that we think the service is well-timed if we again hold up to our readers the substance of these new "Observations," and

direct their minds to the practical, and also to the philosophic doctrines that are here indicated or developed.

One important doctrine which our author is anxious to inculcate, is this, that public asylums for lunatics, on a large and systematized scale, are vastly preferable towards the cure of mental diseases to private and limited establishments of the kind; and he earnestly strives through the influence of his own professional authority, by the result of his personal inquiries, and by the testimony and opinions of other competent witnesses, to fortify his grounds, which he does most conclusively. And yet it will demand, we believe with Dr. Webster, a considerable lapse of time, many arguments zealously urged, and the publication of numerous actual results, to convince the many, regarding the advantages of large systematized institutions over those where mystery and seclusion in the treatment of the insane are recognized principles.

It is necessary to have such authorities quoted as that of Dr. Jacobi, physician to the Hospital for the Insane at Seigburg, who, in his recent work on the construction and management of hospitals for the insane, observes, "that any inherent reason should exist, to prevent a well organized public establishment from appropriating to itself all the excellences and comforts with which a private one may be adorned, and indeed, in a degree so much the greater, as its means are properly more extended, would be very difficult to establish." M. Foville, a French physician of celebrity on all subjects connected with mania, has likewise recently said, that "it is no longer a question, whether it be proper to treat a lunatic at home, or to isolate him from his family and his habits. Experience has shown how many inconveniences are attached to the first mode, and how many advantages result from the second." These and similar testimonies are adduced by Dr. Webster with a view of disabusing the minds even of well educated and benevolently disposed persons on this subject. The following, in short, are the facts which he holds to be well established and fully confirmed both by experience and discussion,—"that mania is generally augmented by solitude,—that insane patients often become worse when they are deprived of the society of their fellow creatures, or shunned like outcasts from society,—and that so far from the tendency to mental alienation being augmented by congregating lunatic patients together in the same asylum, the very opposite result in many cases supervenes,—the maniacs generally have little disposition to adopt as their own the delusions of other lunatics, but on the contrary, are often accurate observers of, and even will endeavour to correct, hallucinations and foibles of those mad men with whom they associate." Such are the general results of actual experience; and they seem to be in perfect harmony with the truths taught by the philosophy of the human mind.

The new matter in the present edition of Dr. Webster's Observa-

tions has been gathered chiefly in France during a recent visit to that country.

Our Gallic neighbours indeed deserve great credit for the reforms and improvements which they zealously continue to introduce into their public lunatic hospitals; the ordonnances of the King, the laws of the legislature, the science of the physicians, and the philanthropy of the public combining to extend the knowledge of insanity, and to ameliorate the miseries consequent on mental alienation! We quote some account of the alterations which have lately been effected in the French laws relative to lunacy and asylums; these recent changes bearing upon the number of institutions of the sort, as well as upon the modes of their administration; at the same time that the consequences with regard to the study of mental diseases, and amongst a larger proportion of medical practitioners, must be considerable:—

By the Act of 30th of June, 1838, each department is obliged to provide a public establishment, especially destined for the reception and treatmeat of lunatic patients belonging to the district; or to arrange, under the sanction of the Minister of the Interior, with a public or private asylum in the same or a neighbouring department, to receive their insane paupers; and it is permitted in certain cases to appropriate a separate division, in civil hospitals, for lunatics, provided there is sufficient accommodation for not less than fifty patients. As every lunatic establishment is placed under the direction of the Préfet of the department, the President of the Tribunal, the King's Procureur, the Judge of the Peace, and the Mayor of the Commune, and as they must be visited by the King's Procureur of the Arrondissement, at least every six months (in addition to the visits made by the Préfet, and the other official persons delegated by him, or the Minister of the Interior, for that purpose,) there is some guarantee that they will be properly conducted; but besides these regulations, before an establishment can be opened for the admission of insane patients, all rules for their internal administration must be approved by the Minister before they can be put in force. By another clause of the same Act, it is expressly forbidden for any person to establish, or even to superintend a private insane asylum, without the authorization of Government; and in such cases it is also enacted, that every house intended for the reception of lunatic patients, must be entirely separate from any private establishment receiving inmates affected with other diseases; and the King's Procureur of the Arrondissement must visit all the private asylums in the district, at least once every three months, at undetermined periods.

According to the King's ordonnance of the 18th December, 1839, which regulates many details not to be comprehended in the previous Act of 1838, it ordered, that every public asylum for the insane shall be administered under the authority of the Minister of the Interior, and the Préfet of the department; assisted by a commission of five members, acting gratuitously, and appointed by the Préfet. The Director of the establishment, and the Physicians, both chief and assistants, are, in the first instance nominated by the Minister; but if vacancies afterwards occur, the Minister must ap-

point from a list of three candidates proposed by the Préfet. However, the patronage still remains, in reality, with the Minister, as he may add certain parties, of his own free will, to the list of candidates, and then nominate the favoured protégé to the vacant office. Besides, as the Minister may revoke the appointments of director and physicians, upon the report of the Préfet, as he alone settles the amount of the salaries of these officers, and farther, as the Préfets are the servants of the Minister, by whom they are appointed, and at whose pleasure they retain their offices, the Minister of the Interior is, in fact, the sole patron and dispenser of all the important appointments now attached to the public insane asylums in France; much in the same way as the Minister of Justice has the patronage of those in the law. Although the chief physician must reside, according to this ordonnance, within the asylum, he may, nevertheless, by favour, obtain a special permission from the Minister, if he chooses, to live elsewhere; but in that case, he must visit the lunatics confided to his care, at least once every day, and in case he is prevented doing so, this duty must be performed by a resident physician.

Such are some of the general regulations respecting public insane asylums; but when any person is desirous of obtaining a licence to open a private establishment, the applicant must petition the Préfet of the department in which the proposed asylum is to be situated, to whose satisfaction he must prove, that he is twenty-one years of age, and in the enjoyment of all his civil rights; that his conduct and morals have been good during the three previous years, as shown by the certificate of the Mayor of the Commune in which he has resided; and lastly, that he is a Doctor of Medicine. But in cases where the petitioner does not possess this last qualification, he may produce an obligation from some physician, who must engage, with the Préfet's approval, to undertake the medical duties of, and to reside in, the asylum; and as the Préfet can, at any time, revoke this appointment, it is not likely the treatment of the patients will be much neglected.

So much concerning the general administration of lunatic asylums in France. It may be added, that besides the official persons already mentioned, there is also an Inspector General of all the lunatic asylums of the kingdom, whose duties amongst others, are to visit and report upon these establishments to the Minister of the Interior, which office is at present filled by M. Ferrus, formerly physician at Bicêtre, and to whom as well as to other eminent medical gentlemen, Dr. Webster returns hearty thanks for their kindness to him in facilitating his inquiries while in France.

Bicêtre for males, and the Salpêtrière for females, are the only public hospitals for insane patients in Paris. But there is another, the Maison Royale at Charenton, for all of either sex who can pay for their treatment and maintenance. Each of these institutions was visited by Dr. Webster, and is the subject of statements and remarks in the publication before us; some account also being given of the means medical students possess of advancing their knowledge of mental diseases in these establishments.

The Salpêtrière hospital is on a very ample scale, being described as the largest of the kind in Europe; and it is not only an asylum for pauper insane females, but a workhouse for infirm women. There were in the house at the period of our author's visit, 1602 insane and epileptic patients. The following are some of the particulars gathered in the course of our author's investigations with regard to this vast institution:

During the repeated visits which I made to the Salpêtrière, many opportunities were of course afforded me of seeing the mode of treatment pursued in that establishment; but as the object proposed in these Observations is not so much the medical management of insane patients, as to urge the necessity of giving every member of the profession an opportunity of acquiring practical knowledge on insanity, I will only now observe, that the principle of occupying and amusing insane patients has recently been carried out more extensively in this hospital, than at any former period; and although many of the patients are occupied in needle-work, spinning, and in other manual occupations adapted to women, improvements are still going on, as the following amount of the progress recently made will sufficiently demonstrate. The statement is taken from the report of cases belonging to the division of M. Baillarger, which comprises, on an average, about 350 patients, most of whom are incurable. In 1840, the proportion of patients engaged in some kind of manual occupation, was only 23 per cent. In 1841, it was 50 per cent.; but in January last, the number of work-women had increased to 60 per cent., and one insane patient actually gained 77 francs, in two months, by the work of her own hands. These are gratifying circumstances, and notwithstanding many instances of a similar kind might be mentioned, one will suffice. It was that of a poor infirm woman, an incurable idiot, who was often so dangerous that formerly it became necessary to watch her constantly, lest she might commit suicide, to which there existed a strong propensity. This unfortunate creature having been gradually taught to spin, she has become so tranquil, and apparently so attached to her mecanical employment, that she now sits in the ward quietly spinning at her wheel, although only very loosely tied to the back of the chair, to keep her from falling; both her hands being perfectly free. The improvement is quite apparent; nay, when I saw her, she even showed some dawnings of returning intelligence.

Formerly the patients were left much to themselves; but now every means are taken to occupy and amuse them. In one chamber, from 120 to 130 incurable lunatics often assemble together to dine at the same table, when knives and crockeryware are used without any evil consequences. In another apartment, from 40 to 50 frequently meet to play at dominoes, back-gammon, or to work, converse, or learn music from notes chalked upon a large black board placed in the room. Again, three times a week, after the visit of the physicians, those patients who are able, or whom it is thought advisable to give permission to attend, meet at what is called the réunion, under the direction of a music mistress, who presides at the piano. On these occasions, some sing, others recite, and the rest sew or knit at the tables round the room; and frequently from 70 to 80 in each division will thus pass an hour very

pleasantly, and behave quite as well as some more sane and fashionable audiences occasionally do.

M. Falret, one of the physicians, being a great advocate for the cultivation of music as a subsidiary means in the treatment of insanity, zealously promotes the regular réunions held in his division. I attended several of them, and was always much gratified with the performances. The room was generally quite full, and many patients looked in at the windows or listened at the doors. At one of these musical réunions, 80 insane patients were present, besides spectators, some of the latter being ladies. M. Falret occupied the centre of an elevated table, having before him the programme of the exercises for the day, with the necessary books. The Abbé who superintends the religious instruction of the patients, sat on one side, with the schoolmaster and the mistress on the other; whilst one of the house pupils presided at the harpsicord, and a patient led the singing. The performance began with a solo, then duets were sung by different patients, and others recited fables or amusing stories; afterwards, the school-master declaimed an heroic poem, which was followed by three patients reciting the third scene of the third act of Molière's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme." This they did very correctly from memory, and to the great amusement of the audience. Another song was now sung, a dialogue by two of the patients was then recited, and the day's amusement concluded with a canticle, in which nearly every one present appeared to join, when all quietly retired, apparently well pleased with their morning's recreation. As a proof that music is considered very beneficial, not only are these réunions encouraged, but a music-master comes regularly, three times a week, to give lessons in singing to the patients; indeed, every means are now employed to engage the minds of the afflicted inmates of the Salpêtrière in some agreeable or useful occupation, and to gain their confidence by gentleness and kind treatment. This is constantly kept in view; for it is well known that the insane are generally grateful when well treated,—will often become attached to those showing them kindness, and frequently testify their gratitude by endeavouring to check any propensity they may feel to behave absurdly, or commit extravagancies. I might easily dilate at considerable length upon the musical réunions held at the Salpêtrière, but it will suffice to observe, that these meetings not only appeared to give much satisfaction to the patients, but also to act efficaciously in their treatment. In many, the effect produced by the music upon their countenances and behaviour was often quite apparent; and I could cite several instances of its beneficial influence, but one will be sufficient, which I met with in a young female who had beed admitted the previous evening. At the first visit of the physician, only an hour before, this poor girl was morose, stupified, and could scarcely answer questions distinctly; but now, she seemed pleased with the entertainment, talked to her neighbour, and looked cheerfully up to the physician; indeed, she appeared altogether a changed creature, and no one from her appearance or conduct would have said she was either insane, or the inmate of a madhouse.

The Bicêtre is also both a poor-house and an asylum for the insane, the number of lunatics seldom exceeding 1200, including paralytic and epileptic cases. As in the other and larger establishment,

great efforts, both in respect of general system and the individual exertions of medical officers, are said to be employed to ameliorate the condition of the patients. The principle and practice of occupying them in bodily labour have been observed there for almost fourteen years, and with the most gratifying results; there being now two-thirds of the patients constantly engaged in some kind of employment, out-door work being particularly attended to, on account of its suitableness to males. They are often sent to cultivate the gardens at the Salpêtrière; and the "Farm of St. Anne" has been recently formed for the purpose of carrying out the agricultural and out-door work principle.

On the morning I visited the Farm of St. Anne, under the guidance of the director, M. Mallon, who kindly came from Bicêtre on purpose to show me over the establishment, I found 82 insane patients sitting at breakfast, after their morning's work, and behaving with as much propriety and order as could be expected from any other men of the labouring class. They were divided in messes of six at each table, in the large room appropriated for their meals; and if one might judge from their apparently good appetites, all were in excellent bodily health, and had been well employed that morning. The breakfast consisted of beef, bread, and wine, with other accessories, all of which were of excellent quality. The custom of eating in common is justly considered far better for lunatics than taking their meals separately, because not only does the company of other maniacs often restrain individuals disposed to be noisy or extravagant, but all are thereby more likely to be well fed, than if they had distinct portions; because, if one member of the mess does not eat his due portion, another may; and there is then less chance of the provisions being wasted, or disposed of irregularly.

This establishment of St. Anne has fully realized the expectations of its founders, and has proved of much advantage to the numerous insane patients sent to it from Bicêtre, as well by giving them plenty of out-of-door employment, as by enabling them to gain a little money by their own exertions, with which to purchase snuff, or obtain additional comforts; besides, and as a reward, those employed in active bodily labour are always better fed than the idle or indolent. M. Mallon stated that the work of the insane patients of Bicêtre had realised 120,000 francs (4,800*l.*) during the year 1841, and that 20,000 francs had been paid to the labourers themselves, as an encouragement to industry. To M. Mallon such a result must be highly gratifying, especially when it is contrasted with the first effort he made in 1828, to occupy the insane patients of Bicêtre in manual employment. Prior to the experiment made with the six wheel-barrow labourers already mentioned, nothing was gained; now 120,000 francs are realized, besides the great benefits thus accruing to the patients, their increased comforts, and likewise the additional means which can be now brought to bear upon the treatment conducive to their recovery. The system adopted at St. Anne's seems to have answered so well, even in a pecuniary point of view, that it is to be desired that every lunatic asylum should have an establishment annexed of a similar description.

The importance, as a prophylactic means of cure, of giving employment to the insane, has been tested in this country as well as on the continent; the tendency of the patients to injure themselves or others with the implements which they handle, being not only much slighter than might be supposed, but to be lessened by the practice. The principle of affording them judicious amusements is also heartily recognised at Bicêtre; and after the daily occupations, with the variations of musical entertainments are over, many of the insane are to be seen assembled in the evening in a large room, fitted up with forms and writing-desks. This is a school in which reading, writing, arithmetic, history, drawing, &c. are taught. Even occasional short theatrical pieces are represented, without, so far as Dr. Webster could learn, any injurious consequences from what might be supposed to be amusement of too exciting a character. Our author cites a particular case in illustration of the benefits to be derived from a considerate application of the occupying and recreative principle.

As an instance of the advantages arising from mental recreation in the treatment of insanity, I think it will be gratifying to allude in this place, to a case which I saw at Bicêtre. This individual having shown an inclination for drawing, he was supplied with all the materials necessary for such an employment. At first, he was so apathetic that he would scarcely do anything; however, he soon not only amused himself with making sketches and copying drawings, but he also began to give lessons to other patients with advantage both to himself and to his pupils. Some of the drawings made by this patient were pointed out, which were exceedingly well executed. It was indeed truly delightful to see this poor lunatic amusing himself in the cultivation of almost the only talent still left him amidst the wreck of nearly all his other mental faculties; and to know that he was induced by kindness, and the exhortations of those placed over him, to attempt to instruct other insane patients, who had a similar taste with himself. This case is an excellent example not only of the advantages of engaging the lunatic in some occupation congenial to his habits or disposition, but likewise of employing the particular talent of an individual patient in the teaching of others; for if this principle were as fully carried out as it ought to be in insane asylums, the beneficial results accruing to all parties, would be so much the more marked and extensive. If a maniac has a talent for music, he might try to teach other patients who enjoy music; if he has a taste for drawing, he ought to employ it in the same manner; or, if the lunatic is a master of languages, he should be encouraged to occupy his time in giving instruction to those who are fond of literary occupations. This system of mutual instruction is most useful, and it might be more generally adopted than at present without much difficulty, and would be followed by very great advantages.

Lectures have been delivered at both of the great lunatic hospitals of Paris, on diseases of the mind, and not only to large assemblages of students, but some of the lecturers have introduced to the students the insane person upon whose case he lectured, without, it is asserted,

any bad effects resulting from these demonstrations. Indeed, an official report made by the director of the Salpêtrière to the supreme council of the Parisian hospitals, in consequence of that officer having been appointed to attend the lectures, states that the patients introduced "did not appear to feel any disagreeable impression from finding themselves in the presence of the public." Then with regard to Bicêtre we have this account:

During these lectures, an insane patient was frequently introduced into the class-room, in order to illustrate to the pupils the variety of mania which might be then under investigation. On such occasions, the lunatic often described his own case to the auditors, or he answered the questions put by the professor, but the pupils were never allowed to interrogate the patient. The history of the case being finished, and the symptoms sufficiently explained, M. Ferrus would request a pupil to state, in the hearing of all present, his opinion of the patient's malady. In questioning a student, M. Ferrus had other objects in view, besides the instruction of the former; for the professor had often observed, when a lunatic was plainly told that "he was mad," such a mode of examination so far from being pernicious to the patient, was often very beneficial; and I am glad to be able to say, on the authority of M. Ferrus himself, that he thought the circumstance of the lunatic being brought into contact with the audience often produced good effects upon his intellect, whilst it acted as a moral agent in assisting the cure. The opinion pronounced by the student would sometimes produce this important result upon the patient, that it made him disbelieve in the reality of his particular delusions, or induced him to endeavour to restrain his extravagancies, whereby a decided advance was made in the remedial treatment; so that the introduction of an insane patient into a class-room, for the purpose of illustration, would appear to be not only not injurious, but even useful. Indeed, sometimes a patient would request as a favour to be taken to the lecture and shown to the students; but if met by a refusal, he generally felt disappointed.

If all this interesting and striking statement be correct, surely no injurious results would arise from a judiciously systematised practice of admitting medical pupils to the wards of all public lunatic asylums. Dr. Webster besides states that he found the unanimous opinion of the French physicians to be in favour of their admission; while from his own observations, having made repeated visits with the attending physicians, although the party was sometimes numerous,—on one occasion seventeen persons going round at the same time,—no confusion, excitement, or unusual effect was produced on the patients; on the contrary, many of them seemed pleased, some of them striving to conduct themselves as rational beings before the strangers, others talking to the house-pupils, with whom they seemed to be well acquainted.

The establishment at Charenton is for the reception of patients belonging to the better class of society; the total number of in-

mates varying from 450 to 500; there being a female as well as a male side belonging to it. This asylum, of course, did not afford so many opportunities or points for observation as the more public and extended hospitals. We go forward to cite some particulars concerning the kind and extent of medical attendance paid in these institutions, and also a few facts of a statistical nature.

In order to give some idea of the medical attendance which insane patients receive in the public hospitals at Paris, it may be interesting to state, that each physician visits all his patients at least once a day, and usually in the morning before breakfast, when he will sometimes be so occupied for two hours consecutively, besides the additional hour spent, three times a week, at the musical réunions. Indeed, patients cannot be more regularly or better attended, than they are in those institutions; and as a majority of all the hospital physicians are resident in the establishment, besides the house pupils, who are upon the medical staff of the establishment, and one of whom is constantly on guard in each division, there cannot be any difficulty of obtaining prompt assistance in cases of emergency. At the Salpêtrière, there are five physicians for the insane patients alone, three of whom are resident. At Bicêtre there are four, two being resident. At Charenton two, of whom one is resident, besides the inspector of health, and the house pupils. In fact, there is no deficiency of medical attendance; and as there appears to be considerable emulation betwixt the different establishments and the various medical officers, the patients and the public benefit accordingly. In regard to the number of public insane asylums in France, it may be stated there are at present upwards of sixty; and according to the most authentic information, the total amount of recognised lunatics throughout the country, is 17,000; that is about one-third of the number in England relatively compared with the population, of whom more are females than males. In proof of this opinion, and as a curious fact, it was mentioned to me, that the gross number of insane patients admitted, during a period of twenty-four years in the present century, at Bicêtre, the Salpêtrière, and the Charenton, was so marked as to be conclusive on this point, since the admissions indicated a very great disparity of the two sexes, in regard to their comparative liability to insanity. For it appears, during the specified twenty-four years, 10,275 insane women were received into these hospitals, whilst only 7,532 male lunatics were admitted, that is about one-third less male than female patients. According to these data, lunacy is therefore not only more common among women than men (the ratio is 14 to 11 throughout the kingdom), but, judging from the observations which I was enabled to make, when visiting the insane hospitals in France, the former sex always appeared to be more violently affected than the men, were more noisy, and also required to be placed under the restraint of a strait waistcoat, much oftener than the male patients.

The provincial insane asylums of France, Dr. Webster was led to understand, are generally as well conducted as those in the metropolis; some of them having been spoken of by the Parisian physicians in strong terms of approbation.

Our author bears grateful testimony to the fact, that great improvements have taken place recently in this country as well as in France and throughout many parts of the continent, both in the study of insanity and the treatment of the insane. And yet it appears that very considerable diversity of opinion exists even among our Gallic neighbours, regarding the essential nature of insanity. At present they are divided, to speak generally, into two sects, the Anatomists and the Vitalists; the former affirming this principle, "that lunacy always exhibits specific alterations of structure in the brain and nervous system, which characterize the disease;" the latter, on the other hand, asserting "that the changes of structure met with in the brains of certain lunatics, so far from being characteristic, or the real cause of the symptoms met with during life, are merely effects." "Each party think their opponents quite wrong;" Dr. Webster being of opinion that both facts and reasoning "greatly preponderate in favour of the anatomists."

But to come back to something less speculative, and bearing immediately upon the practical treatment of the insane in the two great Parisian asylums, we quote a few words relative to the manner of feeding the patients in both of these institutions.

> The dietary constitutes, with French physicians, as it always ought to do, a very important part of the treatment of lunatics, especially in those remaining within doors, or who labour under any physical disease, in addition to their mental malady; and it is likewise attended to, whether the patient be employed or not in bodily occupation. In all French hospitals, both general and for the reception of lunatics, the same alimentary regimen is adopted; and as it is divided into eight distinct gradations, the physician can thereby easily regulate the exact quantity, or the kind of food, which he wishes a particular patient to receive during the twenty-four hours subsequent to his morning visit. This is immediately written down by the attending pupil, and I must acknowledge, that the great attention paid to the diet and regimen of insane patients in the French asylums, is a very important and useful feature in the treatment; and the system they adopt is well worthy of our imitation, since the dietary is occasionally, I fear, too much neglected in this country, and even is insufficient in some establishments, from false if not reprehensible notions of economy.
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> As a remarkable instance that the sufficiency of food, its good and nutritious quality, have much influence on the health of lunatics, I ought to mention, that at Bicêtre, during the first Revolution, when the constituent assembly of France reduced the quantity of bread distributed to the inmates from a kilogramme (2 lbs. 1-5 oz.) to seven hectogrammes and a half (24 oz.), a great number of the old convalescents relapsed into a state of raving madness; but this system of retrenchment having been afterwards carried to a still lower grade, and even to half a kilogramme, the consequences to the poor maniacs were most disastrous; for in two months of the fourth year of the Republic, twenty-nine deaths occurred among the patients; whilst, in the whole of the year *Two* (that is, when the allowance

of bread was one kilogramme per patient), only 27 deaths were reported during the entire twelve months. These facts furnish a very instructive lesson regarding the dietary of insane patients, and they point out the necessity of attending to the kind and quantity of nutriment which the inmates of lunatic asylums ought to receive. For whatever may be the moral or remedial treatment pursued, unless due attention is paid to such an important point as the diet and regimen of insane patients, any plan of management, however beneficial it might otherwise prove, will not likely realize the expectations of relatives, or fulfil the wishes of a conscientious practitioner.

We have now gone through the principal parts of the new and additional matter to be found in Dr. Webster's Observations, which not only will be felt by the general reader to abound with wholesome suggestions, but to give promise of great improvements in medical study and the treatment of the insane, working out a beneficial revolution in public estimation on these topics, even in conservative and precedent-loving England. In fact, our author gladly acknowledges that a highly encouraging reformation of opinion is taking place with regard to all the main points and subjects touched on in his pamphlet, and this among the medical profession as well as the visiting magistrates, and also the officials in our asylums, even to the already practical improvement of some of the largest of these establishments, as our regular readers must have learned in our pages. To the production of the great, good, and humane results referred to, few have laboured more zealously and efficiently than Dr. Webster in the pamphlet before us, which we are gratified to know is attracting more and more notice among non-professionals as well as the medical world.

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ART. XI.—*The History of the Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece.* By J. A. ST. JOHN. 3 vols. Bentley.

MR. ST. JOHN'S object has been to lay before his readers the practical life, the social and moral character, and the national institutions of the celebrated people of ancient Greece. He says,—"It has been my aim to open up, as far as possible, a prospect into the domestic economy of a Grecian family; the arts, comforts, conveniences, and regulations affecting the condition of private life; and those customs and manners which communicated a peculiar character and colour to the daily intercourse of Greek citizens. For, in all my investigations about the nature and causes of those ancient institutions which during so many ages constituted the glory and happiness of the most highly-gifted race known to history, I found my attention constantly directed to the circumstances of their private life, from which, as from a great fountain, all their public prosperity and grandeur seem to spring.

As could not well be avoided, however, and indeed as necessary to a just and comprehensive view of his subject, Mr. St. John has glanced at larger and more public topics, in a historical sense, than can strictly be understood under the terms domestic economy and private life; for, whether the institutions of a political and religious nature moulded the family condition and private customs of the Greeks, and were the source of their flourishing fortunes aud glorious performances; or whether these institutions were the results and offspring of social manners and the habits and modes cherished by the people in their individual, household, and retired positions, it is certain that there must have been an intimate connexion between their public and private feelings, character, and manifestations; the distinction indeed being necessarily of a most shadowy nature in many cases, and the separate relations often decidedly reciprocal. Our author, therefore, appears to us to have adopted the proper course, when even in the history of the domestic manners and the private customs, or personal condition of the ancient Greeks, he begins with an inquiry into the question, who were the aboriginal inhabitants of Greece? of what character their moral and intellectual peculiarities? and what the geographical features of the territory?—Athens and Sparta being the cities to which he principally directs his search for evidences and illustrations in regard to the people. After this it was right to give a summary of Grecian displays in the large departments, so amply filled by them, of literature, art, and philosophy; nor could a sketch of their principles, attainments, and practices in regard to religion, navigation, commerce, agriculture, and such broad subjects, be consistently overlooked. Slavery, for example, could not but form a broad theme, in a public as well as in a private point of view: and accordingly it has been discussed and illustrated with particular care.

But after these larger and more embracing topics, there was room for a vast number and variety of themes which properly belong to the domestic and private life of any people; and which again may be divided and subdivided under many suggestive heads, and arrayed into separate chapters. Why, the manners and customs that were exemplified by the female portion of the community, as compared or contrasted with those which were characteristic of the males, offer a clear and important line of distinction. Even the females, again, are to be divided into the unmarried, the married, and another more questionable class that figured prominently in ancient Greece. The occupations of the sex, their position in relation to the lords of the creation, and a multitude of matters offer themselves for description. Then, what of the males, take them in their boyhood as pupils, as young men, or as husbands and fathers, &c.? Here such topics as sports and pastimes, as well as education, must have a place. Besides all these, we must expect to find many descriptions and details con-

cerning professions and trades, a number of these being separately [illegible] of them of a useful and necessary kind, others of [illegible] the services of ornament and luxury. Household [illegible] entertainments, fall with in this miscellaneous class of subjects, [illegible] in fact, to convey distinct ideas of the manners that obtained in the different classes, and also to exhibit or pretty clearly [illegible] the condition and habits of the lower as compared with those of the higher classes.

Now, all these and kindred topics are comprised in the [illegible] before us, and discussed in a more popular and entertaining manner than has been usual with antiquaries and archæologists who have addressed themselves to the history and remains of ancient Greece: learning and elaborate criticism having predominated in these works so as to repel and baffle the general reader. Not that Mr. St. John is without classical and ancient erudition, or that his researches and that his consultations of the best and the original authorities have been hurried or limited. On the contrary, he has been occupied for many years in gathering from every source which books, relics of art, monuments and treasured remains, could furnish, materials for his work; having also travelled in the countries described, as well as in others where he could still find living and actual illustrations of ancient usages and things; and hence he has had his imagination awakened, together with giving stricter accuracy of detail than can be expected from the mere book-worm, or the scholar who studies by the fireside. But as we have mentioned, our author's studious researches have not been confined, nor have they been conducted with a patch-work compiler's haste; the ancient and the modern authors, the foreign and the English, having been ransacked by him with exemplary diligence; until, we are concerned to have it to communicate, his eye-sight has gone, so that to his children he was obliged to have recourse for assistants, as amanuenses, towards the conclusion of the History.

Such has been the purpose and objects of Mr. St. John in this large and elaborate work; and the question with us now is,—has the execution come up to his aims?—do his details fulfil his plan? Here, we think, a distinction is to be made: these details in so far as facts, — as manners and customs, with their apt illustrations, are concerned; and also in so far as the author's style, with regard to ease, perspicuity, and tone is to be measured, are not only generally satisfactory but highly pleasing. His composition has force, fluency, polish, and sufficient variety; being well adapted to the needs and even the ornaments of his diversified subjects. But when we come to consider his conclusions, the principles he seeks to develope or establish, and the doctrines which he fancies he has established in a better or more novel manner than his predecessors ever did, we must pronounce him to be frequently at fault, and characterize his philosophy and logic as un-

equal to the mass of his materials he had to work upon. He seems at times to speculate at perfect random, and without any firm certitude as to the precise point he wishes to evoke and fix; on other occasions he is strongly opinionative upon the mere basis of loose or enthusiastic conjecture; while again his conclusions are sometimes not only unwarranted by his facts, but aside from them or directly opposed. This last criticism will be found to hold just, even as regards the great principle with which Mr. St. John sets out,—viz., that the public prosperity and grandeur of the Greeks were the offspring of their private manners and domestic customs; for such a conclusion, whether right or wrong, does not follow from his details.

But these details, as already stated, are exceedingly minute and numerous, and very pleasantly conveyed; there being indeed, no other work in our language, in which so much of Grecian life and manners is to be met with in a popular shape, or perhaps in any shape whatever. At the same time it is always needful that the discerning and reflecting reader should reason upon the facts for himself, and not be led blindfold by the warmth of the author's panegyric when he is in moods of admiration, and when handling a pencil of strong and brilliant colours.

Mr. St. John adopts a natural course in arranging his subjects: beginning, as soon as he properly enters upon *Manners and Customs*, with the Birth of Children, and closing with Funeral Ceremonies,—the intermediate ages and subjects being with sufficient regularity of treatment and sequency of order observed. Take first something relative to Nurseries:

Our readers, we trust, will not be reluctant to enter a Greek nursery, where the mother, whatever might be the number of her assistants, generally suckled her own children. Their cradles were of various forms; some of which, like our own, required rocking, while others were suspended like sailors' hammocks from the ceiling, and swung gently to and fro when they desired to pacify the child, or lull to sleep,—as Tithonos is represented in the mythology to have been suspended in his old age. Other cradles there were in the shape of little portable baskets, wherein they were carried from one part of the harem to another. It is probable, too, that, as in the East, the children of the opulent were rocked in their cradles wrapped in coverlets of Milesian wool.

Occasionally in Hellas, as everywhere else, the nurse's milk would fail or be scanty; when they had recourse to a very original contrivance to still the infant's cries—they dipped a piece of sponge in honey, which was given it to suck. It was probably under similar circumstances that children were indulged in figs; the Greeks entertaining an opinion that this fruit greatly contributed to render them plump and healthy. They had further a superstition, that by rubbing fresh figs upon the eyes of children, they would be preserved from opthalmia.

The Persians attributed the same preventive power to the petals of the new-blown rose. When a child was wholly or partly dry-nursed, the girl

who had charge of it would, under pretence of cooling its pap, commonly made of fine flour of spelt, put the spoon into her own mouth, swallow the best part of the nourishment, and give the refuse to the infant; a practice attributed by Aristophanes to Cleon, who swallowed, he says, the best of the good things of the state himself, and left the residue to the people.

On the subject of superstitions we have this account:

There was not in later times, perhaps, that boundless faith in spells and transformations still subsisting in the East. But in the earlier ages, and in the gloomy mountain-recesses of Arcadia, events equally strange were supposed to have happened. Thus Lycaon having sacrificed an infant to Zeus Lycæos, and sprinkled the blood upon the altar, immediately became a wolf; and it was reported that any one who performed this dreadful sacrifice, and afterwards by accident tasted any of the human entrails, when mingled with those of other victims, forthwith underwent the same transformation. Thus we find the gloomy legend of the Breton forests existing in the heart of the Peloponnesos, where there can, I fear, be little doubt that human victims were habitually offered up. Another ancient superstition, which found its way into Italy, was, that a person first seen by a wolf lost his voice; whereas if the man obtained the prior glimpse of the animal no evil ensued.

The belief in ghosts, coeval no doubt with man, flourished especially among the Greeks. Hesiod entertained peculiar notions on this subject, which some suppose to have been borrowed from the East; that is, he believed that the good men of former times became, at their decease, guardian spirits, and were intrusted with the care of future races. Plato adopts these ghosts, and gives them admission into his Republic, where they perform an important part, and receive peculiar honours. When they appeared, as sometimes they would, by day, their visages were pale and their forms unsubstantial, like the creations of a dream. But, as among us, they chiefly affected the night for their gambols, and in Arcadia particularly, would appear to honest people, returning home late in cross-roads and such places; whence they were not to be dislodged but by being pelted, apparently by pellets made from bread-crumb, on which men had wiped their fingers, carefully preserved for this purpose by the good folks about Phigaleia.

The most remarkable prank played by any ancient ghosts, however, with whose history I am acquainted, did not take place in Greece, but in the Campagna di Roma; where, after a bloody battle between the Romans and the Huns, in which all but the generals and their staff bit the dust, two spectral armies, the ghosts of the fallen warriors, appeared upon the field to enact the contest over again. During three whole days did these valiant souls of heroes, as the Homeric phrase is, carry on the struggle; and the historian who relates the fact is careful to observe that they did not fall short of living soldiers either in fire or courage. People saw them distinctly charge each other, and heard the clash of their arms. Similar exhibitions were to be seen in different parts of the ancient world. In the great plain of Sogda, for example, spectral armies of mighty courage, but voiceless,

were in the constant habit of engaging in mortal combat at the break of day. Caria likewise possessed a favourite haunt of these warlike phantoms. But here the apparition was only occasional, and all its evolutions were performed in the air; which was the case in England, as we have been assured by very old people, before the breaking-out of the American war.

We have in the present volumes not only many proofs of the number of written details which have descended to us, relative to the manners and private life of the ancient Greeks, and of the inferences which have been drawn from relics of sculptures, monumental fragments, and other illustrative remains, but, as already stated, of the industry with which they have been collected by our author, being generally marshalled with demonstrative clearness and compactness. All this may be observed, if the reader will turn to the toys provided for children in classical times, or to the account of the games and sports that occupied the people at different periods of life. Take a passage relative to playing at ball.

Playing at ball was common, and received various names—Episkyros, Phæninda, Apporaxis, and Ourania. The first of these games was also known by the names of the Ephebike and the Epikoinos. It was played thus: a number of young men assembling together in a place covered with sand or dust, drew across it a straight line, which they called Skyros, and at equal distances, on either side, another line; then placing the ball on the Skyros, they divided into two equal parties, and retreated each to their lines, from which they immediately afterwards rushed forward to seize the ball; the person who picked it up then cast it towards the extreme line of the opposite party, whose business it was to intercept and throw it back; and they won who by force or cunning compelled their opponets to overstep the boundary line.

Daniel Souter contends that this was the English game of football, into which perhaps it may, in the course of time, have been converted. This rough and, it must be confessed, somewhat dangerous sport, originally, in all probability, introduced into this country by the Romans, may still on Shrove Tuesday be witnessed in certain towns of South Wales.

We proceed to another branch of the history, which displays the results of careful scholastic research,—viz. in collecting notices about fish:

But the Hesiod of Euthydemos (a creation probably of his own) is but very poor authority compared with Archestratos, who made the pilgrimage of the world in search of good cheer, and afterwards for the benefit of posterity, treasured up his experience in a grand culinary epic. In his opinion, a slice of Sicilian thunny was a rare delicacy, while the saperda, though brought from the Pontos Euxinos, he held as cheap as those who boasted of it. The scombros, by some supposed to be a species of thunny, though others understand by it the common mackerel, stood high in the estimation of this connoisseur. He directs that it be left in salt three days, and eaten before

it begins to melt into brine. In his estimation, the horaion of Byzantium was likewise a great delicacy; which he advises the traveller who might pass through that city, to taste by all means. It seems to have been there what macaroni is at Naples.

Alexis, in one of his comedies, introduces the Symposiarch of an Eranos, (president of a picnic,) accounting with one of the subscribers, who comes to demand back his ring; and in the course of the dialogue, where something like Falstaff's tavern-bill is discussed, we find the prices of several kinds of salt fish. An omotarchios (shoulder-piece of thunny) is charged at five chalci; a dish of sea-mussels, seven chalci; of sea-urchins, an obol; a slice of kybion, three obols; a conger-eel, ten; and another plate of broiled fish, a drachma. This comic writer rates the fish of the Nile very low: and he is quite right, for they are generally muddy and ill-tasted; though the Copts, who have considerable experience during Lent, contrive, by the application of much archestrastic skill, to render some kinds of them palatable. Sophocles, in a fragment of his lost drama of Phineus, speaks of salt-fish embalmed like an Egyptian mummy. Stock-fish, as I know to my cost, is still a fashionable dish in the Mediterranean, especially on board ship: and, from a proverb preserved by Athenæus, we find it was likewise in use among the Athenians.

Again:—

Like the sepia, of which excellent pilaus are made at Alexandria, the porphyra or purple-fish was very good eating, and thickened the liquor in which it was boiled. There was a small delicate shell-fish caught on the island of Pharos and adjacent coasts of Egypt, which they called Aphrodite's ear; and there is still found on the same coast, near Canopos, a diminutive and beautiful rose-coloured conch, called Venus's nipple. On the same shore, about the rise of the Nile, that species of mussel called tellinè was caught in great abundance; but the best-tasted were said to be found in the river itself. A still finer kind were in season about autumn in the vicinity of Ephesos. The echinos, or sea-chesnut, cooked with oxymeal, parsley, and mint, was esteemed good and wholesome eating. Those caught about Cephalonia, Icaria, and Achaia were bitterish, those of Sicily laxative; the best were the red and the quince-coloured. A laughable anecdote is told of a Spartan, who, being invited to dine where sea-chesnuts were brought to table, took one upon his plate, and not knowing how they were eaten, put it into his mouth, shell and all: finding it exceedingly unmanageable, he turned it about for some time, seeking slowly and cautiously to discover the knack of eating it; but the rough and prickly shell still resisting his efforts, his temper grew ruffled: crunching it fiercely, he exclaimed, "Detestable beast! well, I will not let thee go now, after having thus ground thee to pieces; but assuredly I will never touch thee again.

Food, its mode of preparation, and entertainments, afford many curious points for description. Slaves, for example, were frequently instructed so as to perform many domestic duties in the kitchen, such as bread-making and cooking. It appears that ingenious and even odious methods were resorted to, in order to preserve the vic-

tuals from the polluting touch and the devouring mouths of these servants. One philosopher, to keep the bread pure from the fingers of the slaves, caused them to knead the dough with gloves on their hands, and to prevent their breath reaching the food, to wear some sort of gause over the mouth; while some individuals, "who grudged their domestics a taste of their delicacies, obliged them, while employed at the kneading-trough, to wear a broad collar, like a wheel, which prevented them from bringing their hands to their mouths." We have these further particulars with regard to slaves:

Their food was commonly, as might be expected, inferior to that of their masters. Thus the dates grown in Greece, which ripened but imperfectly, were appropriated to their use; and for their drink they had a small thin wine called Lora, by the Romans made of the husks of grapes, laid, after they had been pressed, to soak in water, and then squeezed again, like our *bunnel* in the perry country. That they generally ate barley-bread in Attica was no peculiar hardship, since the citizens themselves frequently did the same. We find, moreover, that to give a relish to their coarse meal, plain broth, and salt fish, they were indulged with pickled gherkins. In the early ages of the commonwealth they imitated the frugal manner of their lords, so that no slave who valued his reputation would be seen to enter a tavern; but in latter times they naturally shared largely in the general depravity of morals, and placed their summum bonum in eating and drinking. Their whole creed on this point has been summed up in a few words by the poet Sotion. "Wherefore," exclaims a slave, "dole forth these absurdities, these ravings of sophists, prating up and down the Lyceum, the Academy, and the gates of the Odeion? In all these there is nothing of value. Let us drink, let us drink deeply, O Sicon, Sicon! Let us rejoice, while it is yet permitted us to delight our souls. Enjoy thyself, O Manes! Nothing is sweeter than the belly, which alone is to thee as thy father and thy mother. Virtues, embassies, generalships, are vain pomps, resembling the plaudits of a dream. Heaven, at the fated hour, will deliver thee to the cold grasp of death, and thou wilt bear with thee nothing but what thou hast drunk and eaten. All else is dust, like Pericles, Codros, and Cimon."

This with regard to footmen:

Travellers among the higher Alps are almost invariably attended by Swiss guides, who, laden with their employers' baggage, climb before them up the rocks, and are less fatigued at the close of the day's journey than the rich pedestrians who carry nothing beyond their own weight. This is an exact image of the style of travelling in antiquity. It was then common even for opulent men to "make their own legs their compasses," as Scribblerus phrases it; but not to load their own delicate shoulders with a knapsack, they were attended, like Bacchos in the Frogs, by a steady slave, who carried the luggage, mounted on a porter's knot, upon his shoulders. To employ more than one valet in the service, was esteemed a mark of luxurious habits; and therefore Æschines reproaches Demosthenes that, during his embassy, he was attended by two domestics with each a carpet-bag. Both by Theophras-

tus and Xenophon this attendant was called an *acoluthos*, or follower, because it was his duty to walk behind his master; but this name in general signified a youthful valet, kept in personal attendance on the great. The simplicity of republican manners at Athens, condemned the habit of maintaining many of those elegant youths; which, moreover, was prohibited by law.

From the severity of manners, however, one evil arose—the single slave was sometimes condemned by vanity to carry the burden of two; and as their grumblings were proportioned to their hardship, their case was soon taken up by the comic poets: not, I fear, so much for the sake of humanity, as because it often furnished them with a good joke or two. By degrees, as no writers dwell so constantly on a fruitful topic, or so frankly imitate each other, it became the fashion of the stage to introduce a miserable devil into every comedy, whose misfortunes, like those of the clown in our pantomimes, usually kept the theatre in a roar. The picture, however, had already grown stale in the time of Aristophanes, who both ridiculed and followed it; for, while his sneers at the grumbling valet are repeated *usque ad nauseam*, much of the humour and interest of the Frogs arise out of the tricks and adventure of a melancholy wag of this description, as Casaubon long ago observed.

When men have usurped an undue dominion over their fellows, they seldom know where to stop. The Syrians themselves, enslaved politically, and often sold into servitude abroad, affected when rich a peculiarly luxurious manner: female attendants waited on their ladies, who, when mounting their carriages, required them to crawl on all-fours, that they might make a footstool of their backs.

We conclude with a specimen of Mr. St. John's literary criticism and character-drawing.

Passing next to comedy, of which Aristophanes must be regarded as the representative, we have a department of literature peculiar to Greece, for its comedy resembles that of no other country. It has never, perhaps, been fairly characterised. They who take part with the poet against the philosopher, exaggerate his merits; the admirers of Socrates, in revenge for the unjust death of that great man, generally undervalue them. Let us endeavour to be just. Aristophanes was a poet of vast genius, quick to perceive and powerful to paint the imperfections, vices, follies, weaknesses, miseries of man in society. He was greedy too, of reputation; in the acquisition of which he spared neither men nor institutions. The youthful, the gay, the thoughtless, reckoning laughter and amusement among the real wants of life (as to the weak and frivolous perhaps they are), he undertook to build his fame on easing the human character of those moral excrements which pass off in grinning and mirth. There is, in fact, a load of small malignity and mischief in most mental constitutions, which, if not expelled, might obstruct the healthful play of the faculties. Mirth is the form it assumes in its exit, and comedy is one of the meansprovided by nature for promoting its discharge.

Now, it appears to us that here are words which indicate a striving after the enunciation and illustration of some new and grand theory,

without, however, any obvious precision or accuracy, force or truth. There is a similitude, besides, in the laboured and indistinct passage, that might with advantage have been shunned, to make room for something more apt and agreeable. However, to proceed with the improved account of the comedy of Greece:

Aristophanes, who comprehended at least this part of philosophy, (that is, the discharge of mirth,) found an abundant harvest of follies in his fellow citizens. He saw, too, that of all men, they possessed the most inexhaustible good nature—to forgive if they could not profit by the satire which was directed against themselves. No one could complain of them on this score. Their risible muscles were at every man's service who could coin a joke or make faces, or draw a caricature, or enact one. Athens was, in fact, the home of laughter; it was the weak side of the national character; and never since merry-making was invented did a more skilful manufacturer of this autochthonal production exist than Aristophanes. He could make round things square, or straight crossed; he could invest the noblest and most sacred things with burlesque and ridicule; he could convert patriotism into a laughable weakness, genius into puerility, virtue into a farce. He knew how to make the brave man (as Lamachos) seem to be a mere gasconader; the man of genius (as Euripides) a dealer in rhythmical jingles; the possessor of the highest wisdom and most unsullied integrity, a babbling impostor and a thief. Such were his prodigious powers. Another excellence he had, not unakin to the former; he could, when it suited his purpose, place the most nefarious vices on the same level with very harmless foibles, so that both should appear equally laughable and equally odious.

But the Athenians must have been a base people had these been the qualities which rendered him popular. They were not: on the contrary, they formed the great drawback on his reputation. His attack on Socrates caused the first cast of the Clouds to be hooted off the stage. But great and crying as were his delinquencies against morals and philosophy, his genius triumphed, and became popular in spite of them; and in spite of them he has continued to be a favourite among scholars down to the present day. No mean amount of creative power could have achieved a triumph like this. He possessed, in fact, the quality, whatever it be, which confers vitality in the offspring of the mind. Each of his plays, however extravagant its conceptions, however improbable the plot or wild the scene, or fantastic the characters, still developes a distinct cycle of existence, into which the breath of everlasting life has been breathed. To every individual whom he brings upon the stage has been assigned a distinct type of character, a marked individuality, a moral and intellectual physiognomy as peculiar to himself as his mask. No one exhibits greater vanity in a smaller compass. When he is working out a character, every word tells; and his ease is infinite. Nothing appears to have proceeded from him in a hurry. Like the wind, which now rises in gusts, now sinks to a whisper, but never suggests the idea of weakness,—Aristophanes may trifle, but always because he desires to trifle.

This part of the account of the character of the great comic poet of Greece appears to us to be much more satisfactory than the dim

and feeble theory, or random conjectures contained in the paragraph first quoted. The following is also good:—

Moreover, however barren the subject may be, however rugged, bleak, intractable, he pours over it the dews of poetry, and clothes it magically with flowers and verdure. Look at the comedies of the Frogs and the Birds. By whom but Aristophanes could they have been rendered tolerable? And yet what marvellous effects grow out of them in his hands! How completely is the imagination detached from the common every-day world, and sent drifting down the dreamy intoxicating streams of poetry. Not in the island of Prospero or Philoctetes, not in the savage-encircled nest of Robinson Crusoe, not in the most visionary vale that opens before us its serene bosom in the Arabian Nights, do we breathe more at large, or more fresh and wholesome air, than among the fogs and fens of Acheron, or the eternal forests of the Hoopoo King.

With an art in which Shakespere was no mean proficient, he opens up a more culpable source of interest in the frequent satire of vices, condemned as commonly as they are practised. He unveils the mystery of iniquity with a fearless and by no means an unreluctant hand. No abyss of wickedness was too dark for his daring muse. He ventured fearlessly upon themes which few since or before have touched on, despising contemporary envy and vindictiveness, and the stern condemnation of posterity.

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# NOTICES.

ART. XII.— *Chess Exemplified.* By the late President of a Select Chess-Club. Part I.

So far as we can judge of the scientific game of chess, this little volume, with a chess-board, presents not only a new method, but professes nothing more than it performs, when the author says that the exemplification is in a "concise and easy notation, greatly facilitating practice," and that it will prove "an introduction to the game, on a system of progressive instruction and exercise." This at least is manifest to us, that while the elements of the subject are laid down, so as to appear simpler and calculated to be more readily understood than we ever found them before, the description and explanation are not less clear and neatly conveyed, at the same time that the new notation for elucidating the written directions has adequate and kindred qualities; the instruction and the manœuvres mutually assisting and illustrating each other. This little book affords a striking proof of how much may be accomplished by a clear head, a sound judgment, and sufficient knowledge, how difficult soever the task.

ART. XIII.—*The Parents' Hand-Book.* By J. C. HUDSON, Esq., Author of "Plain Directions for Making Wills."

A "GUIDE to the Choice of Professions, Employments, and Situations; containing Useful and Practical Information on the Subject of Placing out Young men, and of Educating them with a view to Particular Occupations." All true,—a hand-book that should not merely be thoroughly consulted by every parent and guardian, who has any share in the directing of a young man to the choice mentioned, but which should be studied anxiously by every youth who meditates taking perhaps the most decisive step he ever can do, in relation to his future as well as present welfare and happiness. The liberal are the professions which have engaged Mr. Hudson in this Guide; and although he may not be equally enlightened and competent, so as to give the fullest and soundest directions on every branch which the book comprises, we are convinced, that as respects each one of them, nowhere else will so much that is good and accurate be found in a printed shape; while, taking the whole circle of his subjects, which of course it is necessary for those persons to do for whom the work has been written, nothing at all approaching to its usefulness, in the same way, can be found in our language. One wonders how it was and where it was Mr. Hudson or any one else, could gather so many minute and practically-valuable facts, extending even to a close account of necessary expenses. The book is the production of a sensible, prudent, philanthropic, earnest, and widely-informed man.

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ART. XIV.—*Miscellaneous Poems and Essays of* ROBERT BIGSBY, LL.D., F.R.S., *&c. &c.*

IT is not possible to convey to the reader by any general statement, or any samples for which we can find space, an adequate notion of these Poems and Essays; for, unlike almost every collection that has fallen under our notice, we are bound to declare that there is not one piece in this stately volume that is not beautiful, graceful, and rich, and therefore deserving of being pondered and preserved. And yet Dr. Bigsby has given them birth and to the world, as mere relaxations, in the intervals of grave and severe pursuits. Still, the poetry presents all that can be sought for under the general laudatory terms which have now been used,—a fine perception of the lovely and impressive in nature, a warm sympathy with all that is touching and noble, an abounding soul of thought, and a taste chastened in the purest school of classicism, characterizing the pieces. The language and modes of expression, have the coy winningness, the apt ease, the swelling wealth, that meet and most welcomely surpass expectation,—for our poet is master of great variety. If these indeed be his pastimes and sportings, what must be the offspring of his utmost and long-cogitated efforts? It is in short manifest to us that all his scientific pursuits must be not only softened and gladdened by a poetic sentiment, but based on the throne of poesy.

We had intended to have devoted considerable room to these Poems and Essays; but having had too many of our pages occupied by Mr. Macaulay's

ballads, and being too much pressed for room for a variety of works which have arrived towards the close of the month, to do more than speak of them in vague terms, while others of mark have to stand over for a future opportunity, we trust that what we have said will be sufficient to attract attention to the enviable volume before us. Indeed, the moment that it is opened, or that our short specimens are seen, the competent reader will pronounce that the mint is full of invaluable treasure which has issued such sterling and excellent coin.

We have already alluded to Mr. Bigsby's fine perceptions of the natural, —and whether internal or external, they are exquisite as well as intense; nor can the reader who is desirous of testing his qualities do better than turn to the poem entitled "Repton, or Hours of Rural Solitude;" having for its origin, its matter, and its emotions, the author's visit to scenes endeared to him in childhood, most fondly cherished by memory, and lovingly decked with all the resources of a teeming and cultivated imagination.

Our attention has been called to one of the most becoming features and attributes that can belong to the poetic temperament, as exemplified in these pieces,—we mean their charmful gladfulness; and we quote an illustration, —being an address to the sun:—

"Oh! glorious to the fair, green earth
Is the Sun in its noontide power,
He lights up her mountain-halls in mirth,
And gladdens each forest bower.
The sea his wide-stretched mirror is,
And he laughs at his dancing rays,
As they sport in the pride of their purple bliss,
O'er Ocean's foam-clad ways.
Then let others boast of the mimic Moon,
With her feeble and borrowed light;
But I will sing of the mid-day Sun,
Full-robed in his splendour bright!

"The night's pale host in his rays are lost,
And the chilly moonbeams die,—
Oh! he sitteth alone, like a king on his throne,
And filleth the boundless sky!
The lord of all bright things is he,
From the rainbow's fleeting pride,
To the comets which trace their fiery race
Through the realms of creation wide.
Then let others praise the Moon's dull rays,
Or the dim stars' twinkling light;
But I will sing of the giant Sun,
In the strength of his wondrous might!

"Oh! the sweetest joys which our bliss bespeak,
Through his generous care we prove;
He plants the rich rose in the virgin's cheek,
And moves her young heart to love!

He ripens the stores of the vintage bowers,—
Then blest be his beam divine!
For love gilds the flow of life's darkest hours,
And the brightest are cheered by wine!
Then let others boast of the starry host,
Or the dim-robed Queen of Night;
But I will sing of the Day's proud King,
In the blaze of his glory bright."

He who wrote these verses must walk in joy and sunshine. Akin to, and indeed inseparable from, such a white and smiling soul, is his earnestness for humanity's sake, for the exaltation of man's nature and pursuits, and for the enlargement of the aspirations and sympathies of the entire people. Take as a proof and illustration, his suggestion of a national museum, as characterized and so far furnished with specimens, by the prose passage from one of the essays, which we conclude with:

"Amongst the more important and well-authenticated memorials preserved in the halls and cabinets of the nobility and gentry, and in our royal and public collections, may be enumerated the sword of that great and wise monarch, Edward the Third, reposing in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and the armour of his illustrious son, the Black Prince, lately retained in the King's Guard Chamber. The sword of Henry Hotspur, Lord Percy, who was killed in the battle of Shrewsbury, fighting against King Henry the Fourth, is preserved at Petworth, while that of the immortal Wallace remains at Dumbarton Castle. The armour of Sir Philip Sidney is shown at Warwick Castle; and at Buckland Abbey are the sword and shield and other relics of the famous Sir Francis Drake, whose astrolobe, presented by myself to his late Majesty, is established at Greenwich Hospital. At the Herald's College, London, may be seen the dagger of the gallant and unfortunate James the Fourth of Scotland; the crozier of the celebrated William of Wykeham, bishop of Winchester, appears in the chapel of New College, Oxford; and in the Ashmolean Museum are deposited various interesting relics of different periods. We learn from Granger that the Duchess of Monmouth had a lock of Lady Jane Gray's hair, which 'looked as if it had been powdered with gold-dust.' He also informs us that the Duchess of Portland had a pearl taken out of the ring of Charles the First's ear. The late Sir George Bromley possessed a ring containing a lock of that monarch's hair. The sword or dagger with which Sir William Walworth wounded Wat Tyler in the presence of King Richard the Second, in Smithfield, is still extant at Fishmonger's Hall, the worthy knight having been a member of that worshipful fraternity. To come down to later times, it may be noticed that the refracting telescope invented by the immortal Newton, the tube of which is constructed out of the cover of an old book, is preserved with great veneration by the Royal Society. I might add various other relics of different periods, such as the sceptre of Mary Queen of Scots, discovered a few years since in Lock Leven; the tobacco-box and pipes of Sir Walter Raleigh, in the collection of the late Mr. Thoresby of Leeds; the celebrated ring given by Queen Elizabeth to her favourite Essex, still

in the custody of one of his lineal descendants; but I shall conclude the list with the notice of an object of curiosity in my own possession, viz. the tobacco-box of Sir Francis Drake, constructed of the horn of some foreign animal, and bearing his arms beautifully and elaborately carved upon the lid, and having his name subscribed above the crest."

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ART. XV.—*Scotch Courtiers, and the Court.* Dedicated to the Poet Laureate. By Catherine Sinclair.

IN a few prefatory remarks to a short historical account of northern palaces and castles which her Majesty honoured with a visit, Miss Sinclair says that she "has ventured to bring before the public a slight sketch (it is in verse) of all she saw, trusting that it may afford some amusement to the many who witnessed those scenes with herself, and to the few also, who did not." The Highland portion however of the Queen's tour the author had not an opportunity of sketching from personal inspection, and therefore she does not attempt to describe it, "as all she could paint must be gathered from hearsay, or from contemporary descriptions already in the press." But "Fancy itself must fall short of the reality in attempting to conceive the Queen's reception among the Highland hills, and would have exhausted a pen of forty-Scott power to give the faintest idea of it."

But we cannot discharge our duty either to the reader or to the author otherwise than by declaring that this attempt is a failure, the best things in the publication being the prose parts; for the metre is sheer doggrel, without humour, poetry, or felicitous spirit anywhere sufficient to prove deservedly a passport to popular favour. We shall be glad to meet Miss S. in her old walks; but let her eschew verse, whether the vein be facetious or serious. A few lines will afford convincing evidence of the justness of our verdict. The Drawing-Room:—

"August was that scene, when the presence was enter'd,
And raising our eyes now, our passing glance ventur'd;
'Twas not the bright circle of talent and rank;
Mere splendour and pageantry there seem'd a blank.
'Mid all that is greatest and noblest in man,
Frail mortals they are who exist but a span;
For better and deeper emotions the time,
For man's highest feelings,—the moral sublime.
Yes! there stood the Monarch,—
* * * *
The names that adorn'd her ancestor's court,
With pristine allegiance the throne yet support;
When James the Vth's nobles attended his levee,
This congress of titles appeared in the bevy.
* * * * *
————Hopetoun, Scott, Selkirk, and Lauder-
dale, Primrose, Lord Roseb'ry,—the Thane too of Cawdor;
A chess-board besides, of knight, bishop, and pawn,
With many, like limpets ou rocks, to court drawn.
* * * * * *

Here's Alison, first of historians and writers,
As sheriff, a hero mid colliers and fighters;
Our bishop, whose talents adorn his station,
Dean Ramsay, well known and admir'd in the nation.
Next comes Patrick Robertson, grave as a *Judge*,
The master of wit, jest, humour, and fudge;
Draws tears, smiles, and verdicts from juries at will,
While sombre himself, he all others can kill.
Like diamond cut diamond, here Wilson he hails,
Their humour bespangled with wit that ne'er fails;
Their eagle-ey'd genius no stranger may scan,
The brighter their humour, the graver the man.
Here Allan, whose Turkish scenes give such delight,
Is made now at length *an Arabian knight*.

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ART. XVI.—*Fisher's Juvenile Scrap-Book*, for 1843.

FINDING that we cannot this month do anything like justice to the merits of the number and variety of Messrs. Fisher's pictorial publications, each of which demand particular notice at this season as well as very high commendation, we have arranged so as to leave room for an article in the next number of our journal, on the subject of Illustrated Works in general, and where the splendid productions before us will constitute the more definite text. In the meanwhile, therefore, we profess little else than to announce the due and punctual appearance of the following:—

The Juvenile Scrap-Book, by Mrs. Ellis, the author of "The Women of England" and a long list of justly-esteemed volumes, contains this year sixteen beautiful and highly finished engravings, to which is wedded letter-press articles that cannot in shorter and truer phrase be characterised, than to say, that sweet amusement, pure entertainment, and inspiring instruction, are skilfully blended, and with all the interesting reciprocities which can be interchanged between these elements. The binding is very elegant, having rich and elaborate designs in gold on both sides. And yet with all these attractive and valuable features, the price of the volume is only eight shillings.

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ART. XVII.—*Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap-Book; with Poetical Illustrations.* By the Author of "The Women of England."

As in the case of the preceding Annual, it can hardly be necessary to utter another word in the present brief notice, than to state that the Drawing-Room Scrap-Book, for 1843, will bear out a comparison with any one of the series that has ever yet been submitted to our opinion. Another occasion, however, is to occur for a specification of the merits and attractions of the poetry, as also of the thirty-six plates that here gladden us. Nor

must the binding be forgotten, which is not over-rated when called unique and unusually splendid. It is covered with a design, wrought in gold, but perfectly chaste, including the portraits of the Queen, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal. This may well be designated The Royal "Favourite Annual."

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ART. XVIII.—*Italy, Greece, and the Rhine, Illustrated.*

MESSRS. FISHER stand pre-eminent as the projectors and publishers of Foreign Views, and other Illustrated works; and which would fill a number of portfolios with varied and splendid scenes. The series now named fills two quarto volumes, accompanied with historical, classical, and picturesque descriptions by the Rev. G. N. Wright, author of the "Life and Campaigns of the Duke of Wellington," &c.; and altogether the work is one of the most desirable that can be imagined. It is unnecessary to specify what are the peculiar kinds of interest which attach to the subjects and the parts mentioned in the title,—these having no rival in regard to their combined attractions of natural scenery, productions of art, and poetic as well as historic associations. With regard to the engravings,—they, like the whole of the Foreign Views which the spirited publishers undertake to furnish, are executed by engravers of celebrity from drawings taken on the spot by competent artists; and when, as in this instance, the accompanying descriptions are not only furnished by a scholar, but a writer accustomed to provide popular reading, it cannot but result, that information of the most agreeable and also useful nature will be provided; embracing such facts and features as familiarize the eager mind with the most remarkable and characteristic objects, names, and events of other countries and communities. This is truly one of the foremost of the class of publications to which it belongs, and must be pronounced cheap beyond what could be presumed to be the price of so much labour and enterprize.

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ART. XIX.—*Rev. Thomas Scott's Family Bible, Divisions* 3 *and* 4.

FISHER'S illustrated edition of this elaborate and practical work, is to be completed in about eight divisions, or in forty monthly parts. Each part is embellished with a steel engraving of high finish, the views consisting of the principal places mentioned in scripture, and from drawings taken *on the spot.*

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ART. XX.—*Historic Illustrations of the Bible.*

THESE Illustrations, after the best originals of the old masters, together with a judicious selection of the scriptural pieces of some of the modern painters, have reached the seventh division. When the number of pictures

are considered, their definite and diversified subjects, the excellence of the originals, the truth of the plates, and the explanatory accompanying matter, it will be gratefully acknowledged that, besides being a rich collection of pictures, whose themes are of unparalleled interest, the work constitutes, as it were, a living commentary on the holy writings. It is difficult to say whether the biblical scholar, or the unlearned and even juvenile reader will derive most benefit and delight from these Historic Illustrations.

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ART. XXI.—*Bells and Pomegranates.* No. III. *Dramatic Lyrics.* By ROBERT BROWNING.

WE have only had a moment's time to glance at these Poems, which Mr. Browning in an advertisement says, come properly enough, he supposes, under the head of Dramatic Pieces; "being, though for the most part Lyric in expression, always Dramatic in principle, and so many utterances of so many imaginary persons, not mine." Even these few words, however, will show to our readers that his usually quaint manner has not been departed from in these pieces. We quote a portion of one of the more intelligible and impressive of them, entitled "Madhouse Cells." It has strength and great earnestness:—

"There's Heaven above, and night by night
I look right through its gorgeous roof;
No suns and moons though e'er so bright
Avail to stop me; splendor-proof
I keep the broods of stars aloof:
For I intend to get to God,
For 'tis to God I speed so fast,
For in God's breast, my own abode,
Those shoals of dazzling glory past,
I lay my spirit down at last.
I lie where I have always lain.
God smiles as he has always smiled;
Ere suns and moons could wax and wane,
Ere stars were thundergirt, or piled
The Heavens, God thought on me his child,
Ordained a life for me, arrayed
Its circumstances, every one
To the minutest; ay, God said
This head this hand should rest upon
Thus ere he fashioned star or sun.

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ART. XXII.—*A Popular History of British India, &c.* By W. COOKE TAYLOR, LL.D., &c.

WE had purposed, on account of the opportune appearance of Dr. Taylor's work, to have made it the subject of the first paper of our present number; but other publications coming to hand, of a more immediate character, also

relative to the East, and instead of being compilations or traversing so wide a space as the pages before us, confining themselves to the present and the most recent times, and being besides original works, we have exactly reversed the arrangement, and placed the "Popular History of British India, Commercial Intercourse with China, and the Insular Possessions of England in the Eastern Seas," last in the list. This thick, and carefully written volume, cannot, however, be consulted unseasonably or out of place by any one who is desirous of obtaining a clear, succinct, correct, and impartial account of any past period, or any notable circumstances in the history of the countries, in so far as England is directly concerned, named or indicated in the title of Dr. Taylor's book; and when it reaches another edition, as no doubt it will, of course we shall have equal justice done to the great triumphs of our troops in China and Affghanistan, the tidings of which have arrived since the volume has been published.

We have characterized the work as a compilation: but it is a performance of the sort of the best kind; the author not merely being master of his subject, but so well imbued with its details and spirit, as to give us an admirably digested, and very satisfactory view of all that it undertakes to lay before the general reader. It is crowded with facts; while the remarks are sober and pertinent. It is unnecessary to add, for the sake of persons acquainted with any of the author's former writings, that the execution is that of a fluent and skilful hand,—lively and agreeable.

The volume contains a history of India, down to the Affghan war; a rapid sketch of our intercourse with China, a fuller narrative of the late warlike expedition thither; and there is also a brief account of the Indian dependencies. The arrangement is plain and natural. Besides a glance at the intercourse of the ancients with India, the earlier chapters contain a summary of the Hindoo story, after which comes that of the Mahomedan conquerors. The discovery and settlement of India by the Portuguese also necessarily obtains a preliminary space to the rise and progress of the British. We particularly at this moment recommend to attention the author's dispassionate and informing judgment of our wars in Affghanistan and China. Altogether, the work fills up a void which must have lately come to be keenly felt by the general reader, and all who have neither time nor money to command access to preceding histories; which, while meagre in encyclopedias, are too elaborate and minute, involved and protracted, in the works that treat at large of India. As soon as Messrs. Madden and Co. issue a second edition, with a narrative and an admeasurement of the recent grand events already referred to, the volume, we hope, will not only present to us a history that closes at a memorable epoch, but an imposing view of a magnificent power firmly consolidated.

G. Lilley, Printer, 3, Queen's Head Passage, Paternoster Row.

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